

HERALDS OF THE CROSS
OR
THE FULFILLING OF THE COMMAND.



BY THE AUTHOR OF
The Cross Conquer.

CHAPTERS ON MISSIONARY WORK.

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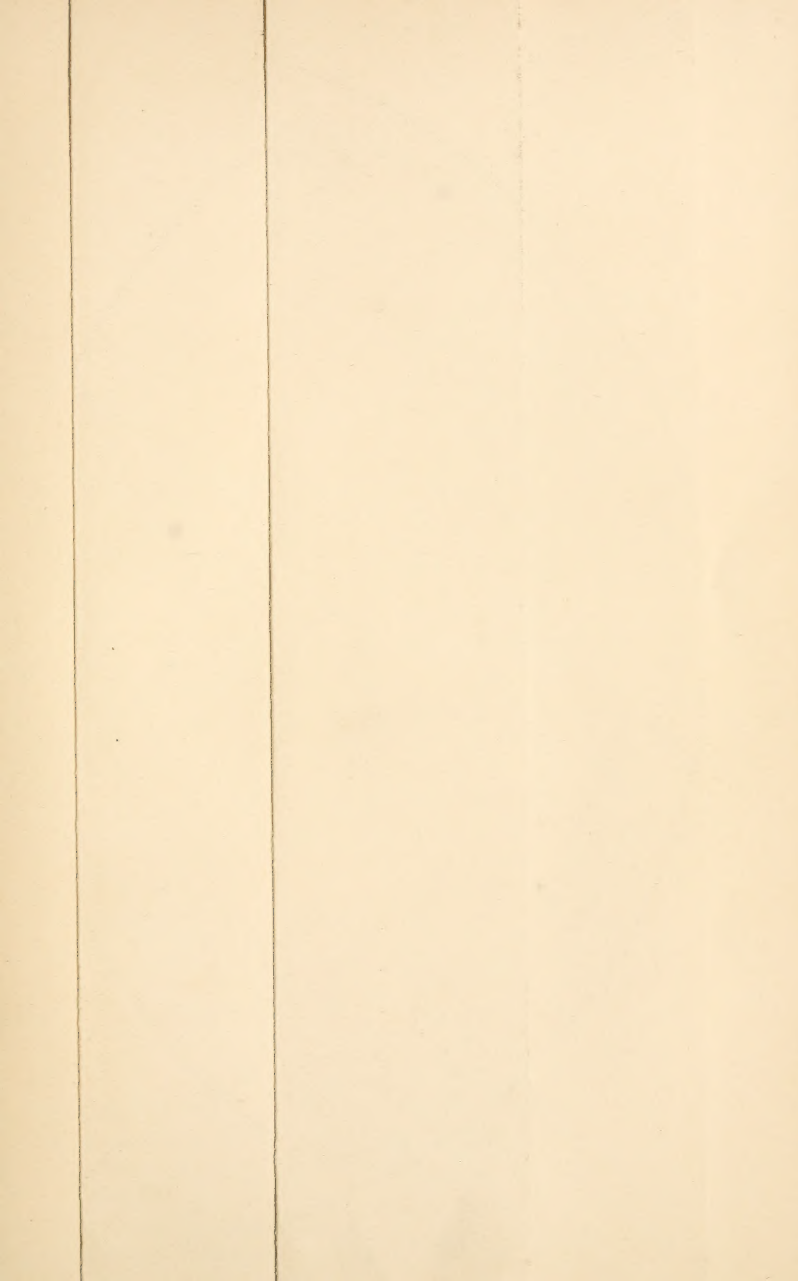
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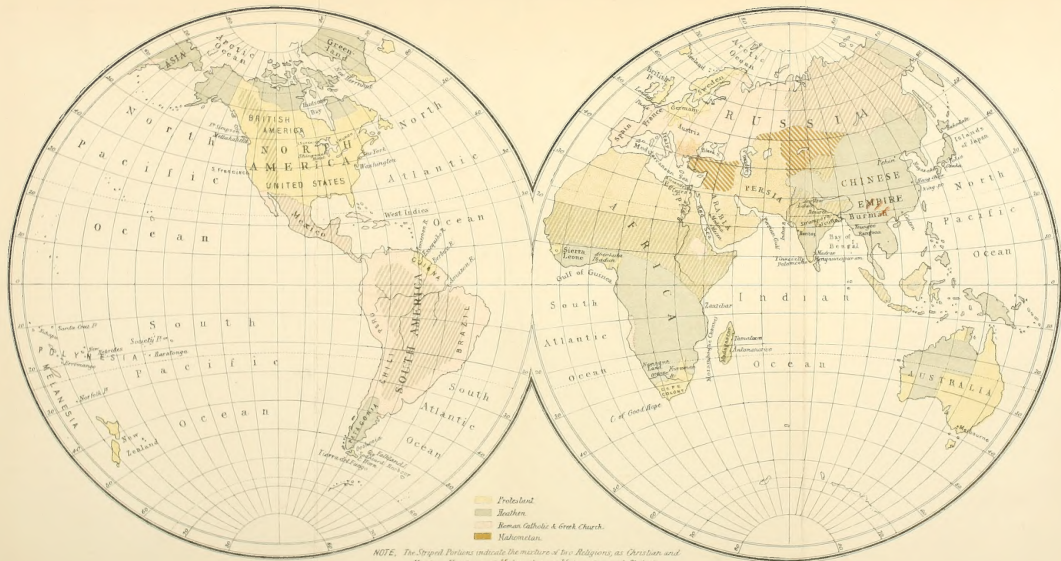
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Heralds of the cross

HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

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NOTE, The Striped Portions indicate the mixture of two Religions, as Christian and Heathen, Heathen and Mahometan, or Mahometan and Christian.

HERALDS OF THE CROSS

OR

The Fulfilling of the Command.

CHAPTERS ON MISSIONARY WORK.

BY

F. E. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Second Edition.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

LONDON:
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.

1883.

P R E F A C E.



READERS of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" may remember his fanciful paper on "The Art of Book-making." In it he describes his visit to the reading-room of the British Museum, where he finds a number of writers busily employed in "manufacturing books" out of the stores of knowledge painfully collected by now forgotten authors.

This unacknowledged borrowing of other men's labours at first stirs him to indignation, but after a while he reflects that "this pilfering disposition" may be "implanted in authors for wise purposes:" that this may be the appointed way by which "the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age;" that in this way the fine thoughts of ancient and forgotten writers are "caught up," and cast forth "again to bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time." He sees, too, that some books undergo a kind of change and "spring up under new forms," and so he allows the theft on the ground that

it is for the general advantage, and really serves to extend the usefulness of the books to which the wrong is done.

The following chapters on Foreign Missions cannot claim to contain anything original, and thus they may well fall under the same condemnation as those "manufactured books" of which Washington Irving speaks. Yet perhaps they may plead in their defence the excuse which he allowed, that they were written in the hope of "dispersing" knowledge, by putting within the reach of child-readers facts which would else have been inaccessible to them or above their comprehension.

The subject of missions to the heathen is one in which children are easily interested; but they cannot be expected to collect information regarding it for themselves out of missionary reports or magazines or books of travels:—it requires to be put before them in a form which they can understand.

Many books have been laid under contribution, and a list of those, from which the histories of particular missions have been taken, is given below. More exact references have not been given—only because in a book intended for children foot-notes would have seemed pretentious and out of place; nor has it been thought necessary to mention the

books from which the general descriptions of the various countries, their religions and customs, have been woven together.

"Heralds of the Cross" is intended for children from ten to fourteen years old, or for reading aloud at village working meetings.

Children are apt to have very vague ideas concerning the duties of a missionary. They picture him only as preaching to naked savages, and do not realise the existence of any civilisation or any "book-religion" other than our own.

Terms such as "Caste," "Brahman," "Moslem," convey very little to them, and for this reason their attention often flags while listening to some account of missionary enterprise, which with a very little more knowledge would become full of interest. In the following pages nothing is taken for granted but an ordinary elementary-school knowledge of geography, and it is hoped, therefore, that they may serve as a preparation for fuller accounts of special missions.

It may very likely be said that, in describing the various countries and religions, facts have been stated too generally and too broadly. In writing for children it is impossible to qualify everything that is said. A general fact they may perhaps remember,

but not so a number of exceptions. Those who afterwards go on to more advanced books will find out for themselves that there are other races in India besides the Hindu, other religions besides those here described, and so in many like instances that might be given. It was necessary, however, to guard against the serious danger of overloading the book, and so wearying the little readers instead of interesting them. For children cannot take in a great deal at one time, and as the Chinese proverb warns us, "A small boat must not have a heavy cargo."

The most that can be hoped is, that however serious the omissions, nothing will be found in what is here told that is positively misleading, or that will require to be unlearned.

It may also be objected, that an undue amount of space is given to very trivial details ; but it should be remembered that the book is intended for children, who, speaking generally, are great lovers of detail, and not apt to profit much by generalisations.

A place has been given to Nonconformist as well as to Church of England Missions, after the plan of Miss Yonge's "Pioneers and Founders ;" indeed, it has not been thought necessary to distinguish very carefully between them. Children are not quick to recognise denominational differences : and moreover,

missions to the heathen seem, more than anything else, to afford a common ground where Christians of all persuasions have worked side by side, thinking less of their differences than of their common Christianity.

It may be well to state here, however, that of the missions specially mentioned in the following chapters, twelve belong to the Church of England: namely, those at Benares (C.M.S.) and Amritsar, and in Tinnevely (C.M.S. and S.P.G.); the Hang-chow mission in China (C.M.S.) and all the missions mentioned in Japan (C.M.S.)* The Yoruba mission (C.M.S.) and Miss Whately's mission in Cairo; Melanesia (S.P.G.); Metlakahtla (C.M.S.);* Mr. Wilson's mission on Lake Superior; the mission to the Indians of British Guiana (S.P.G.), and that to the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego (South American Missionary Society): all these are under the care of the Church of England.

William Carey was a Baptist, and so too were the Burmese missionaries, the Masons; but since the death of Mrs. Mason, the Karen mission has—with the consent alike of the missionaries and of the native Christians—been transferred to the Church of England (S.P.G.).

John Williams, of the Polynesian mission, and Dr. Moffat were both sent out by the London Missionary

* See note on page xiii.

Society; a society whose name will always be honourably connected with the history of Christianity in Madagascar. Of late years, however, the Church of England (S.P.G.), believing that there is still room in the island for fresh efforts, has sent out a missionary Bishop, and established mission stations both at the capital and elsewhere. The Greenland mission has always been the special charge of the Moravian Church.

This book by no means professes to be exhaustive, or, indeed, to do more than describe a few representative missions. For various reasons—partly because they are already so well known—some of the most celebrated of our missions have been omitted: as, for example, the Sierra Leone Mission, and the Missions of Bishop Mackenzie and the Judsons; while those which are still more or less in a pioneer state—such as the Central African, or the Amazonian Missions—have also been passed over.

It should be added that the supplementary chapter,—“How Children can help Missions”—is intended, not for the children themselves, but for their elders.

Very grateful thanks are owing to the secretaries of both our great Missionary Societies, the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for their never-failing courtesy in

supplying information, and for the free use they have allowed to be made of their magazines, reports, and other publications. The same liberality has also been shown by the Committee of the South American Missionary Society ; and, indeed, throughout the whole course of its preparation this little book has invariably met with the most ready helpfulness from all whose help was sought.

The following are the books from which the histories of particular missions have principally been taken :—

Carey.—"Life of William Carey," by his Nephew.

Benares.—"Recollections of an Indian Missionary," by the Rev. C. B. Leupoldt, missionary of the C.M.S. First and Second Series.

Zenana Mission.—"Reports and Magazines of the "Indian Female Normal School Society." "Women of India," by Mrs. Weitbrecht.

Tinnevely.—"Church Missionary Intelligencer." Magazines and Reports of the S.P.G.

The Karens.—"Civilising Mountain Men," by Mrs. Mason. "Personal Recollections of British Burmah," by Bishop Titcomb.

China.—"The Story of the Cheh-kiang Mission," "China as a Mission Field," and "Four Hundred Millions," all

by the Rev. A. E. Moule. "Church Missionary Intelligencer."

Japan.—"Japan and the Japan Mission," by Eugene Stock, of the C.M.S. "Unbeaten Tracks," by Miss Bird.

Yoruba Mission.—"Seventeen years in the Yoruba Country : Memorials of Mrs. Hinderer."

Egypt.—"Among the Huts in Egypt," and "Letters from Egypt to Plain Folk at Home," both by Miss M. Whately.

Madagascar.—"Narrative of the Persecutions in Madagascar," by Messrs Johns and Freeman of the L.M.S. Sibree's "History of Madagascar." "Three Visits to Madagascar," and "Madagascar Revisited," by the Rev. W. Ellis.

South Africa.—"Missionary Labours in South Africa," by Dr. Moffat. "A Life's Labours in South Africa." Reports of the L.M.S.

Polynesia.—"Missionary Enterprises," by the Rev. J. Williams. Miss Yonge's "Pioneers and Founders."

Melanesia.—"Life of Bishop Patteson," by Miss Yonge. "Sketches of the Life of Bishop Patteson," published by the S.P.C.K.

Metlakahtla.—"Stranger than Fiction," by the Rev. J. J. Halcombe. "Metlakahtla," by Eugene Stock, of the C.M.S.

Lake Superior Mission.—"The Algoma News." Reports published by the Mission.

Greenland.—Crantz's "History of Greenland." "Romance of Modern Missions," by Miss Brightwell.

British Guiana.—"Indian Missions in Guiana," by the Rev. W. H. Brett; Magazines of the S.P.G.; and papers by Mr. Brett in "Mission Life."

Tierra del Fuego.—"Story of Allen Gardiner," and "First Fruits," both by the Rev. J. W. Marsh. Books, magazines, and reports, published by the South American Missionary Society.

Much use has also been made of Mr. Tucker's "Under his Banner," and of the "Missionary Atlas" published by the C.M.S.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SINCE these pages were written, Mr. Duncan of Metlakahtla, and Mr. Denning of Hakodate, in Japan, have both ceased to belong to the Church Missionary Society. In each case the Society has grieved much, as well over the separation as over the causes which led to it. These causes, however, were not of a nature to affect the good work previously done by both these missionaries, and it has not, therefore, been thought necessary to make any alteration in the chapters that relate to these missions.

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HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMMAND GIVEN.

“ Nor after resurrection shall He stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To His disciples, men who in His life
Still followed Him : to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of Him they learned,
And His salvation.
All nations they shall teach ; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world :
So in His seed all nations shall be blest.”

—*Paradise Lost.*



CHAPTER I.

THE COMMAND GIVEN.

MORE than eighteen hundred years have passed since the day when our Lord Jesus bade farewell to His disciples, and ascended up into heaven. While He was yet speaking to them, He was parted from them, and hidden from their sight. But still the disciples stood looking up into heaven, watching their Master as He went up; and as they thus watched, they heard the voice of an angel, comforting them with the thought that their Lord should one day come back to earth again. He should return again, and meanwhile He had left them a work to do for Him.

His very last commandment to His disciples was this: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and to this commandment the Lord Jesus added a promise full of hope and encouragement: "I am with you," He said, "always, even unto the end of the world."

You know how much people think of the last wishes of any dear one who has gone from them—how earnestly they endeavour to carry them out;

and you can fancy how diligently the apostles set themselves to obey the last command of their beloved Lord.

First of all, they preached to the people of Jerusalem, making known to them that He whom they had crucified was indeed both Lord and Christ, and that through Him alone could they receive forgiveness of their sins.

Of those who heard, some repented and were baptized, but the greater part hated the Christian teachers, and stirred up persecution against them. St. Stephen was stoned to death; and many others were obliged, in order to escape death, to leave Jerusalem and take refuge in the more distant parts of the country. Yet even out of this evil God made good to come; for those who were driven away from their own homes and scattered abroad, preached the gospel in every place into which they came, thus helping to fulfil Christ's commandment.

It was only to the Jews, however, that these first missionaries preached; only, that is, to the chosen people, to those who already believed in the One True God, the maker of heaven and earth. They spoke to the Jews, but they had as yet no word for the Gentiles, the *heathen*, as we should call them—they did not fully understand that the good news of Christ was meant for the Gentile as well as for the Jew.

But by and by God showed His servants that it was not for the Jews only, but for the whole world, that His Son had died; and first St. Peter, and after-

wards St. Paul, went out among the heathen, making known to them the story of Christ's love.

The last fifteen chapters of the *Acts of the Apostles* are full of the history of St. Paul's missionary journeys and adventures. In them we read of his journeys by land and sea, of his many dangers and hardships, of his being stoned in one place and imprisoned in another, and of his sermons in the different towns and villages to which he came. All this and much more is told us in the *Acts of the Apostles*, the book which has been well called "the oldest missionary book in the world."

In time the apostles all died; but others were left to carry on their work of making Christ known among the heathen. Missionaries were sent to the different countries of Europe, and among others to our own England—then in much the same ignorant and half-civilised state as many of the countries to which we now send missionaries.

Not all at once, but very gradually, England became Christian, and then she in her turn sent out teachers to other nations who were yet sitting in darkness.

It was a custom in England in the olden days, when there was any news of special importance to be spread throughout the land,—a splendid victory, or the fear of a foreign invasion, or the like,—for those to whom the news first came, to light a bonfire upon the top of some high hill or beacon, where it might be seen from a great distance. Then those who saw the light would kindle another fire as a signal to those

beyond them to do the same, until by means of this chain of beacon fires the news was spread from one end of the country to the other. So it was with the preaching of Christianity. Those who had themselves learnt the good news of Jesus Christ, made it known to others, until by slow degrees the light of the Gospel was spread throughout the whole of Europe.

In name at least Europe became Christian. We know only too well that in every country of Europe things are done which ought not to be done in any Christian country. We know that in our own large cities there are many who are living lives not very different from those of the heathen, and we feel how never-ending is the need for patient, loving, Christian work; but here the Name of Christ has at least been preached, and churches and Bibles are within the reach of nearly all who care to use them.

Whatever may be her sins, England is a Christian country, and to her God has, in a special manner, entrusted the task of making known His Name to the millions who have never even heard of Him, and who have no opportunity of doing so except from the missionaries who may be sent to them.

CHAPTER II.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

“We are too apt to walk by sight. We are impatient in our cravings for results. We must be like the husbandman who waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it. The thought of failure ought never to enter our minds. All results must be left in the hands of God. We have nothing to do with time ; for we are the servants of a God with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.”—BISHOP SELWYN.

CHAPTER II.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

GRADUALLY, as we have seen, Europe became Christian. From the little country of Judea, in the south-west corner of Asia, the Christian religion slowly spread itself over very nearly the whole of the then known world. Some part of northern Africa and part of Turkey were, it is true, not Christian, but Mahometan ; a form of religion of which we shall have something to say presently.

If you were to look at a map of the world drawn five hundred years ago, you would find it very different from the map you are accustomed to ; you would look in vain for either North or South America or for Australia, for they had never been heard of. Of Africa all that you would find would be Egypt and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and instead of the clearly-marked divisions of India and China, you would perhaps see " Kingdom of Cathay," this being the name that was then given to all the imperfectly known region of eastern Asia.

The world that was known five hundred years ago was, you see, much smaller than the world of to-day ; but explorers went out in all directions — Vasco da

Gama sailed right round Africa: Columbus discovered America: ships sailed as far as India, and on its southern coast trading stations were set up.

All these newly-discovered nations were heathen: many of them were in a half-savage state; so you see what a great work lay before the Christians of Europe in converting and civilising them. Three hundred years ago, however, there was no very strong feeling about the duty of missions to the heathen. Some few noble men there were who gave themselves wholly to the work, but they were but few and ill-supported by friends at home, and it was not much that they could do.

Those parts of the world where Europeans went and settled—North America especially—became Christian; but the settlers generally gave little thought to the natives who surrounded them, and even where they did not positively ill-treat them, they for the most part left them uncared for. Gradually, however, Christian men and women began to feel that in thus neglecting the heathen around them they were disobeying their Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The two great missionary societies—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society, were established, and missionary work was taken up again in prayerful earnest.

When the friends of missions came to consider the work before them, they must have felt that "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." If you turn to the coloured map at the beginning of this

volume, you will understand more clearly how much of the world still lies in darkness, and how much has been already brought to the light of Christ's religion.

Those countries which are coloured yellow, like England and the United States of America, are Protestant Christian; those which are red, like France, Russia, and South America, are also Christian, but are either Roman Catholic or else what is called Greek Church.

A great part of this map is coloured, like the northern half of Africa, brown. The people in this part of the world are called Mahometans, from the name of their great teacher Mahomet, whom they call God's prophet. They believe in One God, but they are not *Christians*, for they do not worship our Lord Jesus Christ, or own Him to be the Son of God. In some parts of the map you will observe a still darker colour, almost black; and this black shows the heathen countries of the world, such as China and central Africa.

We propose to take a journey throughout the different heathen countries of the world, and see how the command is being fulfilled in each of them, and whether there seems any hope of the dismal black being changed into the bright colour which tells that the people have passed from the darkness of heathenism to the light of Christianity.

First, we shall travel through India and China; then through parts of Africa; and lastly, we shall come home by North America.

We shall visit many different scenes, pass through

many strange changes of climate, and find ourselves among people wholly unlike what we are accustomed to, in dress, in habits, in speech, or in religion.

We shall go first to India—that country where so many of our friends go as soldiers or rulers; and here we shall learn some curious things about the ways of the natives, and the sad shut-up life of the women and girls.

From India we must cross the mountains and travel eastwards—and a long and difficult journey we should find it in reality—to the great empire of China, that wonderful old country, with its strange, unchanging customs.

See how few spots of colour there are in the whole map of China, and you will feel that there is no part of the world where missionaries are more needed.

From China we must take ship and sail across the sea to Africa, the home of the dark-skinned negro, the land of fierce heat and burning sand. Here we shall have to tell you of dangers of all sorts, dangers from the climate, dangers from wild beasts, dangers from savages; but we shall have also to tell you of the brave deeds of missionaries in the face of all these dangers, of the many lives cheerfully laid down for Christ's sake.

Then we will pay a passing visit to those beautiful islands in the blue waters of the Pacific, where the land is so fertile that the people scarcely need to work for their living, and where the little active copper-coloured boys are so early taught to swim,

that they are said to be as much at home in the water as on dry land.

Leaving these fair islands we must pass to the bitter cold of North America, the land of furs and of frost; and if we have time we will go still further north, to Greenland, where the long dark winter lasts for half the year; and in all these countries we shall see something of what is being done for Christ by brave men and women who have given themselves to His service.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORKERS.

“With savages religion and civilisation should go hand in hand. The missionary should be able to heal the sick, to teach something of the common arts of life to his rude hearers, and to aid in raising to some measure of material comfort those whom it is his chief business to save from sin. . . . It is possible to care for the temporal good of the people, whilst preaching the healing truth to their souls; it is possible, for it is just what Jesus did.”—ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORKERS.

BEFORE beginning our journey, we must say a few words about the messengers who carry through all the world the glad message of peace, who make known to all they meet the good news of God the Father's love in sending His Son to die for all people. We give to these messengers the name of "missionaries," which means "sent," because they are sent out from home to preach the gospel.

The life of a missionary to the heathen has many trials and difficulties, and is far from being an easy one. In the first place, he has to part from his friends in England, perhaps never to see them again. Some missionaries indeed come home from time to time, but there are others, like the good Coleridge Patteson, the martyr-bishop of Melanesia, whose work lies so far away that they can never spare the time for the long voyage, and who have to make up their minds to the sorrow of never seeing their dear ones again on earth.

Then, too, there are many missionaries who labour in countries whose climate is quite unfitted for English children, and who are obliged therefore to send their

little ones away to be brought up in England. It is not a light trial thus to leave father and mother and children and home for Christ's sake and the gospel's ; but we may be sure that those who freely make this sacrifice shall not lose the reward that our Lord Himself has promised them—"in the world to come eternal life."

When the missionary leaves his English friends he goes to make a new home for himself among complete strangers—among people whose language is at first unknown to him, and who care nothing for all that most interests their teacher. If he would win their love and trust he must put aside his own feelings and convenience, and learn to live in and for his people, and this want of sympathy on their part makes the missionary's life a very lonely one.

Sometimes, too, he may meet with great unfriendliness from the chiefs or head men of the district, and when the chiefs are unfriendly, there is very little chance of succeeding with the common people. A powerful chief may endanger the life of the missionary, or drive him out of his country ; and even when he does not go so far as this, he may annoy him in a hundred ways, and lessen his influence for good.

There are many parts of the world where the missionary is exposed not only to hardships, but it may be to actual want. In the lonely far-off tracts of North America, for example, he may have to work hard with his own hands to supply himself and his family with the bare necessities of life—food, shelter, and fuel. Many missionaries have told of the anxious

time of waiting, when all the chances of food for the winter depended upon the success of the crop planted by themselves. They know that it will be useless to look to the natives for help, for they are too careless to have made any provision for times of scarcity, and will either starve, or wander far away seeking what they may find.

People at home, who are accustomed to send to the nearest town or village for every little thing they need, find it difficult to imagine how entirely the missionary in many parts of the world is dependent upon himself. "Every missionary," writes Bishop Patteson, "ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook," and there are some who from their own experience would add to the list some knowledge of farming and of doctoring.

Hard work such as this is made all the harder when it has to be done in bitter cold, and in North-West America there is cold such as we know nothing of. A few winters ago the frost was so severe as to freeze a bottle of wine kept in a small living room, where there were fires burning day and night.

To those who are unused to such cold, the suffering from it is very great. The missionary at a place in this same district wrote home that the books actually froze to his little boy's hand as he was giving out the hymn-books in church, and the father himself on reaching home found one of his feet frost-bitten and useless. "And now," he adds, "I felt beaten—cold, lame—for the first time incapable of work!" Yet still he forced himself to work on cheerily, doing all he

could to make the long winter bright for those around him.

Trying though this intense cold is, it is far more healthy for English people than the damp heat of Western Africa, where so many brave missionaries have worked patiently for a few years, and then died of illnesses brought on by the deadly climate. There is one place in particular, Sierra Leone, to which the name of "the white man's grave" has been given, from the number of English who have died there. Yet dangerous as they know the climate to be, missionaries have not been wanting, and many of the bravest of Christ's soldiers have given their lives for Africa. Happily, however, the need for English missionaries in Western Africa is less than it was, because there are now many Christians among the negroes, some of whom have been made clergymen.

Being *natives*—that is to say, being born in the land—they are accustomed to the climate, and it does not hurt them; by and by we hope that there may be enough coloured clergymen to teach all the coloured people; but for the present we still have to send out missionaries from home.

Even where he has not, like the American missionary we spoke of, the extra care of providing for his own bodily wants, the missionary's day is a very hard one. In many cases his district, instead of being the size of an English parish, is as large as one of our counties, or perhaps larger, and if he would get to know all his people he must be constantly travelling about, whether on foot, on horseback, or by boat.

At the different villages he comes to he will try and gather the people round him, that he may read or speak to them. And always he must be on the watch to take advantage of any opportunity that may arise of doing good, and gaining new followers for his Lord.

And when he is at home his time is as fully taken up as when he is travelling. He has a new language to learn, and you know very well that new languages are not mastered without a great deal of patient work; he has his school to teach, he has to have long talks with visitors who come into his house at all hours, perhaps even quite late at night, asking him all sorts of questions about his country and his religion, and about that "good book" of which he has spoken.

Yet these are none of them the hardest trials of the missionary's life. He would gladly suffer discomfort and weariness, he would think little of the long years of work, if only he might have the happiness of knowing that his labours had borne fruit.

But it is not always God's will that this should be so. For years the missionary may live among a people, patiently preaching to them and teaching, yet without winning so much as one man to the side of Christ. A Danish missionary named Hans Egede passed fifteen years on the frozen shores of Greenland, labouring among the ignorant natives, and when at the end of that time he was called back to Denmark, he had not made a single convert.

Both to the old man, and to those who knew his

story, it seemed as if all his efforts had been in vain. As Egede himself said : " I have laboured in vain : I have spent my strength for nought : yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." Yes, he was right ; his work was with God, and therefore it could not be lost. Other missionaries went out to take his place, and one evening it happened that as they were reading aloud the story of our Lord's death, one of the natives started up, crying, " Tell me that once more, for I would be saved too." At last their interest was aroused, they wished to know more, and soon they came in large numbers seeking to be made Christians. And thus at last the seed sown so long ago in the midst of troubles and discouragements, began to bring forth fruit.

Sometimes, too, the missionaries have that worst of sorrows, the seeing the best and most hopeful among their converts fall away, and go back to the evil customs that they had given up.

In the midst of trials and disappointments such as these, the missionary would often be tempted to despair, had he not before his mind the example of his blessed Master, of whom it is written, " He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth." *He shall not fail nor be discouraged.* This thought shall cheer the missionary, and lead him to work on patiently ; looking to God for guidance, comfort, strength ; doing the best he can, and content to leave the rest in God's hands.

From what I have told you, you will see that the missionary, generally speaking, leads a very lonely life,

often a very sad one, and therefore the sympathy of friends is of special value to him. People who live quietly at home may yet do a great deal for missionaries by praying for them and taking an interest in their work.

One of the best friends of foreign missions was a Miss Mackenzie, an invalid lady in a quiet English home, who took as lively an interest in all the affairs of many different missions as if she were herself a missionary. She knew the special wants and difficulties of each one, and did what she could to supply them; and when a few years ago Miss Mackenzie died, there were people all over the world who, though they had never seen her, yet felt as if they had lost a dear friend.

There is hardly one of us who may not by thoughtful sympathy such as this do at least something to help and cheer those who are working for Christ in far-off lands; and by so doing we shall be obeying St. Paul's words, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA : THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

“ Saviour, sprinkle many nations ;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be :
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee !
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.”

—BISHOP COXE.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

SHALL we begin our journey by going across the sea to India, that great country of which all have heard, and of which all know something? If you turn once more to the map of the world, and find first our own little islands, and then India, you will see at once how great is the distance between the two.

It is impossible to get from the one to the other in less than three weeks, and the commoner way of going takes not three weeks only, but three months! Yet, far-off though it is, many English people go out to India, many English children are born there, because the greater part of it belongs to our Queen, who is called Empress of India. She sends out soldiers to defend the people, and rulers to govern and teach them. Then other English people go out, some as merchants, some as clerks, some as manufacturers, and some, as we shall see, as missionaries.

Yet many as are the English in India, they are but a drop in the ocean compared with the number of the people of the land. The country is so immense, that in parts you might travel for days without meeting a single white man.

India has also another name by which it is sometimes called—"Hindustan," but both names have the same meaning, and both come from the great river "Indus," or black river, which flows through the northern part of the country. The people of the land are called Indians or Hindus; but before we come to speak of the people, we must learn a little more about their surroundings.

When I tell you that India is as big as half Europe, you will easily understand that one part of this great country may be different from another part. You know that France is not exactly like England, nor the French people exactly like the English, and yet France and England are much nearer to one another than are North and South India. What is true of one part of India may therefore not be equally true of another part, but what I am going to tell you in this chapter will apply to almost the whole country.

In the first place, then, the climate of India is exceedingly hot. Sometimes, on summer days here, people say, "It is as hot as India," but in reality there is a great difference between the worst heat we ever know here and the heat of India. We at home never learn to look upon the sun as an enemy, however brightly it shines; we are never afraid to go out of doors, but English people in India are obliged to get up at four or five o'clock in the morning, and take their walk or drive before the sun is risen, as later in the day it becomes so hot that it is not safe to go out again until the evening, and they must stay indoors with blinds closed to keep out the fierce sun.

The natives are accustomed to the heat, so they are better able to bear it than the Europeans, yet even they are glad to rest from their work during the hours of noon. This great heat, however, does not last all the year round. India, like England, has its seasons, only instead of four it has but three, which we may call the hot season, the rainy season, and the cold season.

The hot season begins in April and lasts till July or August, by the end of which time the grass is looking parched and dead, the water in tanks and rivers is beginning to be dried up, and men and nature are alike in need of the refreshing rain. At last it comes, cooling the sultry air, clothing the hard burnt ground with bright green grass, and causing the graceful rice-plant to spring up with wonderful rapidity.

So needful is the rain that it is welcomed by all, though at the time it is far from pleasant. Day after day showers fall with a violence quite unlike anything that we are accustomed to, even in rainy England. A few hours' rain is often sufficient to make the rivers overflow their banks, and this may happen so suddenly as to carry away many unfortunate people living beside the water, almost before they are aware of their danger.

One very serious annoyance is the damp, which creeps into every corner of the house, spoiling wood-work and clothes, and making the very writing paper unfit for use.

Yet notwithstanding all these inconveniences the natives know well that no worse misfortune could

befall them than that the rain should be denied. Anxiously they watch for the first signs of the rain, for they know that a dry season means a failure of the harvest; and that failure of the harvest means to thousands not merely suffering and want, but actual starvation! Those terrible Indian famines by which so many lives are lost, so many children made orphans, are all caused by want of sufficient rain.

Generally speaking, however, the rainy season lasts till the beginning of October, when the cold season sets in. This is the winter of India, but not such a winter as we are accustomed to at home. Though the evenings are fresh enough to make a wood fire seem very pleasant, the days are still quite hot, and except in the high lying mountain regions, ice and snow are unknown.

The next five or six months are the pleasantest as well as the healthiest time of the year. White men, and even the natives themselves, are better able to work now than in the hot weather: long journeys are undertaken, and those missionaries who have the charge of very large districts seize upon this as the best opportunity of travelling from place to place, and making known their message. Too soon, however, the winter comes to an end, and gives place once more to the trying hot season.

We have spoken of two of the dangers to which the peasantry of India are from time to time exposed; dangers from flood, and dangers from famine; another danger is to be found in the wild beasts and snakes, of which the country is full.

The huge elephant, which you may have seen perhaps in menageries, is a native of India. When properly trained he becomes very gentle and of great use to man, but in his wild state he is looked upon as a most alarming enemy.

Seventy or eighty years ago there used to be great herds of them in the forests of North-east India, and from time to time they would come rushing down into the plains: overrunning the fields of rice; unroofing with their strong trunks the lightly built huts, and helping themselves to any stores that they might find in them; even with their powerful feet trampling down whole villages as if they had been cities of sand, while the frightened people saved themselves as best they could—climbing up into trees to escape the danger. Now happily nothing of this sort happens any longer: there are plenty of elephants still, but they are tame ones, and there are scarcely any wild ones remaining.

The most dangerous of the wild beasts now left in India are the tigers, and of these there are still a good many, though the number becomes less year by year.

A missionary living in the south of India tells of the sickening fear that fell upon the neighbourhood when it became known that there was a tiger, of the kind called by the people a “man-eater,” wandering about the district. So secret and cunning was he in his movements that the unhappy villagers could never feel themselves safe from him. One day he would suddenly pounce down upon a party at work in the

fields, and carry off one of their number; the next he would seize upon some young girl ten or fifteen miles away.

So it went on for four months, almost every day bringing the horrible news of some fresh death, until more than a hundred people had been carried off, and whole villages were deserted by their frightened inhabitants. At the end of the four months the cruel "man-eater" was at last shot, and the people round breathed freely once more.

You would naturally suppose that the natives would be anxious to do all in their power to rid themselves of so dreadful an enemy, yet curiously enough, the poor people have such a superstitious feeling about the mysterious power possessed by a tiger, that it is only when one has been committing an unusual amount of mischief that they are willing he should be killed. Many of them believe that a tiger can overhear all they say, and therefore they speak of him with great respect, and call him "his Rajahship," or "his Lordship."

The natives have this same feeling of respect for snakes, the same unwillingness to kill them, although the bites of these creatures are so poisonous that every year more than 10,000 people die from them. One will creep noiselessly into the mud houses, and lie curled up in the dark corners where often some barefooted member of the family may step upon it, not knowing that it is there.

This practice of going barefoot is a most unsafe one in a country so full of snakes, and a large number

of the deaths from snake-bites are caused by it. If the bite is properly treated at once, people may recover ; but it is very seldom that any remedies are successful. The snakes would be still more dangerous than they are, if the hissing noise which they make in moving themselves along the ground did not give warning of their coming, and cause those who hear it to be on their guard.

There are some men in India who claim to have power over all kinds of snakes, and it is certainly wonderful how freely they are able to handle even the most dangerous of them. Bishop Caldwell gives an account of the visit of one of these "snake charmers" to his school in South India. The man went into the garden and played upon a pipe, and first one snake and then another crept out from under the stones and came round him, lifting its head from the ground, and making the movement which the natives call "dancing to the music." There was one great creature six feet long which was of a very poisonous kind, so the Bishop insisted upon having it killed. This made the snake-charmer angry. He said the snake was his god who gave him his bread, and he refused to charm any more.

There are many people in India who think, as this poor man did, that the cruel, cunning serpent is a god ; and on many Hindu temples you may see pictures or carvings of the cobra or hooded snake, to whom many prayers are said by the unhappy people who have never learnt to pray to a loving Father in heaven.

Snakes are not, however, the only or the chief gods worshipped in India ; on the contrary, there are so many gods that I might fill pages, and yet not tell you the names of them all. There is the god of fire, and the god of air, and the god of the river, and each particular village has its own special god. The number of them is so great that it would be impossible for any one person to pray to them all, so a man will choose out certain ones to be his special gods.

It is sometimes thought that there may once have been a time long ago, when the Hindus knew something of the one true God, for they still have a god called "Brahma," who they say is greater than all the others, and used once to be the only god worshipped in India. Now, there are two other gods, Siva (pronounced Seeva) and Vishnu, to whom more honour is paid than to Brahma, but he is still a most important god, and in the missionary history of India you will often hear his name.

The Hindus have some very old books, which they look upon as holy, and out of which their religion is chiefly taken, but these books are very different indeed from our holy Book, the Bible.

There are certain people who have the right to read these books, while everybody else—all the women and the common people—is forbidden to do so. "Why do you believe such and such a thing?" a missionary will sometimes ask a poor man. "Because it is written in our books." "Have you ever read the books yourself?" he asks again ; and the man will answer "No." Yet even if they were allowed to read

them, there is little in them that ignorant people could understand.

There are no stories, no plain words of comfort and help and warning, such as we find in all parts of the Bible, and though there are some beautiful hymns and passages in them, there is very little that can help even those who read and understand them to know more of God, and to lead a better life. Then, too, these books do not always speak of the gods as being just and righteous, but tell of their fighting one another, and doing things which the men who read about them know well are evil and not good.

In all the towns and in almost all the villages you see temples, sometimes very beautiful ones, built for the worship of the gods, and here the people come to pray and to offer gifts or sacrifices to the god of the temple.

In some temples there are small images of the god made of painted wood, or stone, or gold, before which prayers are said and presents laid, and these are what are called "idols." It is not uncommon for a man to have one of these idols in his house and to worship it there instead of going to the temple.

What was said of the heathen long ago is still true of many of the Hindus—"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, and speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, and yet they hear not." Ah! when shall they learn not to "put their trust in them," but in the Lord God, who is the helper and defender of all that trust in Him!

The prayers to be said to the gods are so numerous that it would take four hours to get through them all ; but, as you will suppose, very few people say all these prayers, and there are many who content themselves with repeating the name of their favourite god while they are washing themselves ! How different this sort of prayer is from that speaking to a Father, and asking Him for whatever we need, which the Lord Jesus tells us is the true way of praying !

There is one more thing which I must tell you about the religion of the Hindus. They believe that when a man dies and his body is laid in the grave (or rather when it is *burnt*, for it is the custom among the Hindus to burn dead bodies instead of burying them), they believe that his soul then passes into some other body, it may be of a man, it may even be of an animal.

If the man has led a good life they think that it will not be long before he is allowed to become one with the gods, but if he has been wicked, they think that he will be obliged to spend hundreds of years in passing from one body to another. This passing of the soul into different bodies is called "transmigration."

It is a strange, sad belief, and we know that it is very unlike all that the Bible tells us about the state of the dead.

CHAPTER V.

HINDUS AND THEIR HOMES.

“ Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.
Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands,—
All must be His at length ! ”

—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER V.

HINDUS AND THEIR HOMES.

PICTURE to yourselves a small village lying in the midst of a wide tract of flat land, divided up as far as the eye can reach into cultivated fields. Raised a little above the village is a lake, edged with trees. This piece of water is the boast of the village, and the cause of much of its beauty; for it is the stream-lets flowing from this reservoir that make the surrounding fields look fresh and green even in the heat of summer.

From the lake we pass down into the village, and thread our way through the narrow, dark streets, noticing on our way the temple, standing a little outside the village, and there, in the principal street, one house somewhat bigger than the others. Here all the public business of the village is carried on, and here travellers are allowed to spend the night.

These "rest-houses" are found in every Indian village, where they take the place of inns. One of our missionaries, who lives in a much-travelled part of India, has wisely set up such a "rest-house" close to his own door, and he finds that it gives him many

opportunities of making new friends among the passing natives, and speaking to them of his message.

And now we pass a humble one-storied house, in no ways better than the others, which is, we are told, the village school. Look in, and you will see a number of boys sitting cross-legged on the floor—some writing, some doing sums, while a few are standing before the master repeating to him the lesson written upon a slate which they hold up in front of him.

Children accustomed to an English schoolroom would think the room very bare-looking. There are no desks or benches, for the scholars sit on the ground, and no maps hanging against the walls, for geography is not taught in these village schools, which deal with little beyond the three important subjects—reading, writing, and arithmetic.

The Hindu boy's first copy-book is the sandy floor, on which he learns to draw with his finger the letters of the alphabet. This may remind some of you of the account in St. John's Gospel of our Lord stooping down and writing with His finger upon the ground. You see that what was the custom among the Jews 1800 years ago is still the custom among the Hindus. When a boy can write fairly well he is given a pointed pen made of iron, and a long narrow strip of a kind of rush called the papyrus, such as is generally used in India instead of paper. No ink is needed, for the marks of the iron pen show plainly enough upon the smooth green leaf, and are in no danger of rubbing out. Slates are sometimes used

for the arithmetic lessons, but the Hindus are specially fond of mental arithmetic, and in schools more sums are done in the head than on slates.

And now perhaps some little girl is wanting to hear about the girls' school. What will she say, then, when she learns that there are none, except those set up by Christians? It is thought in India that education, though useful for boys, is unnecessary for girls, and thus the poor girls are brought up in ignorance.

That they are ready to learn, and as well able to do so as their brothers, is shown by the progress which many of those in the mission schools make. By and by it is to be hoped that Hindu husbands and fathers will come to feel the need of intelligent well-taught women, and then schools for girls will become as common as they are in England.

But by this time the noisy schoolroom is empty, and the children are out playing in the streets, for it is nearly sunset, and in India school hours begin far earlier than with us—usually at six o'clock in the morning.

Let us follow one of the boys to his home. Like all the other houses in the street, it is a low thatched building with walls and floor of hardened mud. Like the schoolroom it is without chairs and tables, but if the mistress of the house were wishing to be very polite to her visitors, she would bring out mats and spread them as seats upon the floor. Very dismal and unfurnished the room would seem to you, and indeed beyond the mats, the great earthenware jars

containing the store of grain, the brass pans used for cooking and eating, and perhaps a hand-loom, there is little furniture of any kind.

There, busy over her cooking, stands the mother: a slight, dark-skinned woman, with long black hair. You must not think of the Hindus as being a really black people like the negroes of Africa. Their skin is brown rather than black, and the farther north you go, the fairer you find the people.

The dress of the poorer natives is not the same in all parts of the country, and has been a good deal altered of late. The warmth of the climate causes very little clothing of any sort to be required, and the commonest plan is to have two long straight pieces of stuff, not made up in any way, but thrown, the one across the lower part of the body so as to form a kind of tunic; the other brought over the shoulders in such a way as to leave the arms bare.

The material varies from cotton to beautifully worked muslin or costly silks; the many colours that are employed making the whole costume look very bright and pretty. Both men and women go barefoot. The outdoor dress of the men is completed by a piece of stuff wound round the head to protect it from the hot sun; this head-covering is called a turban, and both by rich and poor is worn instead of a hat.

One very noticeable point of the Hindu dress is the quantity of jewellery and ornaments worn. You may see that even the woman in this little house, untidy and poor-looking though she is, has silver bracelets upon her bare arms; and you will find as

you walk through the streets that such ornaments are not at all uncommon. The wealth of many a poor family consists of their jewels, and when in times of great poverty all else has been sold to buy food, these will, last of all, be brought out for the same purpose.

Not unwillingly we leave the dark smoky house and step out again into the street, where, gathered round the well in the middle of the village, we find the men resting after their long day's work in the fields, and talking together.

Here, too, the missionary comes. Ever watchful to lose no opportunity of fixing the attention of the people, he joins in the conversation, and gradually contrives to ask some question, or say some word, which shall sink into the minds of his hearers, and by rousing their curiosity incline them to listen to his regular preaching. Oh, how earnestly the missionary longs to gain the hearts as well as the attention of those to whom he speaks!

Before he came, the message of God's love had never been heard in this village, and when he leaves, it may be years before another Christian shall chance to visit the place. It is not in the villages as in the great towns: in the towns the natives have many opportunities of learning about Christianity, but in the country there are still thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the name of Christ. The country is so great, the inhabitants so numerous, and the missionaries, alas! so few.

Often as these patient workers look sadly upon

the great work still waiting to be done, our Lord's words must come into their minds, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM CAREY'S DIFFICULTIES AND SUCCESSES.

"With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
The Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of His truth."

—J. G. WHITTIER.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM CAREY'S DIFFICULTIES AND SUCCESSES.

BEFORE going on to tell you something of the work of those who are now seeking to fulfil the command in different parts of India, I should like you to know the history of William Carey, one of the first missionaries to go out from this country to India.

Carey was born nearly a hundred years ago in a little village near Northampton. His father was a schoolmaster, and the boy himself was brought up to be a shoemaker. It seems, however, that he did not succeed very well in his trade, for by and by we hear of his setting up a little school in addition to his shoemaking.

One of the subjects that he undertook to teach was geography, and so, that he might learn more of it himself, he pasted up over his shoemaker's bench large sheets of paper upon which he drew a blank map of the world. Upon this map he wrote down all that he could find in books about the climate, customs, and religions of the different countries.

In doing this, he could not help noticing how great a part of the world was heathen. The thought of all these millions of people sitting in darkness, knowing

nothing of the true God, filled his mind with sadness. He longed earnestly to help them, but knew not how; he spoke to some of his friends of the duty of missionary work; but so little was missionary work then thought of, that some, even good men, told him that to preach to the heathen was not only needless, but wrong!

Still Carey was not to be discouraged: the fire of love to his Lord burnt strong in his heart and was not to be quenched. Patiently he waited and talked the matter over with his friends and relations, till many of them were persuaded he was right, and agreed to do all they could to collect the money needed for his passage to India. At last, after endless difficulties, the young missionary set sail with his wife and family of small children, and after a long voyage reached India in safety.

Even then his troubles were not at an end. At this time missionaries were looked upon by the English rulers of India with great suspicion, and scarcely had Carey landed in India than he was forbidden to settle in any part of the country belonging to the English.

Here was the poor shoemaker, newly landed in a strange country, ignorant of the language of those he had come to teach, in want of money, and with no one to help him except one friend who had been in India before, but who was, unhappily, not a very wise or a very helpful person. In this trouble what was he to do, where was he to go?

Find in your map the mouths of the river Ganges,

and a little above Calcutta you will find a place called Serampore. This town belongs, not to the English but to the Danes, and the Danish governor gave Carey a kind welcome, and allowed him to settle near Serampore. Before long he found employment as manager in a great indigo factory. This was not the kind of work he had hoped for when he left England, but he was glad of any means of supporting his family, and besides, he felt that his position gave him the opportunity of learning the language, and seeing a great deal of the many natives who worked in the factory.

After a time money was sent him from home, and he was able to spend more time in missionary work, in preaching to and talking with the natives, and in preparing a translation of the Bible. Yet it seemed as if all his efforts were in vain: for seven years he worked on, and not a single convert was made, not a single native declared himself a Christian.

At last, one man named Krishna came to him, and began to inquire very earnestly about Christianity, and, after he had been carefully prepared for it, Carey had the happiness of baptizing him. Before long, others also came to be baptized, and from this the missionary learnt that his patient work had not been in vain.

Now, too, his life became happier than it had been; not only was he cheered by hope, but he had the comfort of having friends to help him in his life's work. His son Felix was growing up as whole-hearted a missionary as his father, and two other

missionaries, a Mr. Ward and a Mr. Marshman, had lately been sent out from England with their families to join Mr. Carey. They were both of them earnest men, as anxious to do good to others as Carey himself.

Their special wish was to spread the Bible abroad as much as possible, and for this purpose Carey and Ward toiled unceasingly in translating and printing. They had a printing-press of their own, which was of the utmost value to them; and you can understand, therefore, how great was the loss when one night the press was burnt down, with a large quantity of the types and of the unprinted translations made with such care and labour. The loss was terrible: but Carey's cheerful perseverance was not less great now than of old; and in the same letter in which he tells of their misfortune, he reminds his friends how much worse it might have been, and says how he intends to set to work again at once to make good the loss.

Carey had a wonderful gift for learning new languages, and no sooner had he learnt one language than he would take up another. The wish of his heart was that every people in India should be able to read the Bible in their own language, and before he left Serampore he had the happiness of knowing that he and his friends had translated the Bible—either the whole of it or great part—into twenty-six different languages.

Carey was getting an old man when letters came to him from the heads of the English Government at Calcutta, begging him to take the office of teacher of

Eastern languages at a college for young Englishmen, that was just being started. There was no one but the missionary shoemaker able to fill the post, so Carey did not feel it right to refuse. The rest of his life was spent at the college, his time being divided between teaching and translating.

William Carey was what we call a *pioneer*: that is to say, he prepared the way for others. He did not himself win very many of the heathen to Christ, but by his writings and his translations of the Bible he opened the way for many other missionaries. The amount of work he did was something extraordinary. The secret of his doing so much was this; an untiring perseverance, springing from an unfailing faith in God and a deep desire to serve Him.

Surely William Carey is among those to whom it shall one day be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPLENDID CITY.

“Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our hearts are not at rest till they rest in Thee.”—ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPLENDID CITY.

THERE is one great river in India with whose name you are all familiar,—the Ganges. It rises in the snowy Himalayan mountains, and flows along through one-half of Northern India, receiving streams from either side, and broadening as it goes, till at length the mighty waters become one with the sea.

Ships sail to and fro along this great river, bringing English goods to the numerous towns that line the banks, and carrying back in exchange cotton or indigo, or perhaps some of those delicate Hindu manufactures of which we shall hear more by and by.

But it is not for its size or its convenience that the Hindus are so proud of the Ganges; it is because they believe it to be a holy river. From all parts of India the Hindu will come to bathe in the Ganges, and it is no uncommon sight for the English traveller, as he goes up the river from Calcutta, to see a dead body floating down towards the sea. Those who live near the river often entreat their friends to put their bodies after death into the water, and many even come from far, in their last illness, in order to die beside the sacred river; for it is generally believed that great and

special blessings will be granted in another world to those whose dead bodies have touched the Ganges.

But if the whole river is holy, still more holy in the eyes of the Hindus is that part of it upon which stands Benares, the holy city, or, as the Hindus themselves generally call it, "Kashi," *The Splendid*. And if you were to see the city from the river, you too would think it very splendid.

From the water's edge rise up stately palaces of marble, ornamented with rows of gracefully carved pillars. Behind the flat roofs of the houses you catch sight of the rounded domes surmounted by a spire, which shows the building to be a temple. Most of the empty spaces along the riverside are planted with trees, and the brightness of the whole picture is increased by the Hindu fashion of painting over the outsides of many of the stone houses in brilliant colours, red, yellow, or blue.

And now our boat nears the landing-place, and we find ourselves standing upon one of those noble flights of stone steps leading from the river to the town, which are the pride of Benares. All through the day, from dawn to evening, there are people coming and going upon these steps, some on business, many to bathe themselves in the sacred river, and there repeat their prayers.

One of the finest of these stone staircases is gradually sinking down and disappearing. At the time when the steps were built, the owner ordered that the foundation should be dug six feet deep; the mason warned him that unless he dug somewhat

deeper his steps would be resting only upon sand ; but the master foolishly held to his own opinion, and now the consequence is, that the sand is sinking down lower and lower, and the beautiful steps are sinking with it. The missionary, who has seen this happening, says that it reminds him of our Lord's parable of the man who built his house upon the sand.

Seen from the river, Benares does indeed appear splendid, but a nearer view of the town will perhaps somewhat alter our impressions. The streets are dark and winding, and most of them so narrow that no carriage could pass along them.

In former years foot passengers used to be much inconvenienced by the white bulls that used to wander freely about the streets. The cow is a sacred animal in India, and in Benares especially it is held in high honour. At last the annoyance of these big creatures blocking up the narrow thoroughfare became so serious, that the English Government ordered that they should be turned out to grass on the other side of the river.

For a time the inhabitants were very angry about this, and some of them requested the Government to recall the sacred bulls and send away the missionaries ! Neither of their wishes was granted, however ; and most likely the Hindus are as glad now as every one else, not to have to push their way past these spoilt pets, who would come boldly thrusting their noses into the hands or pockets of the passers-by in the expectation of finding some sweetmeat, put there on purpose for them.

The smaller houses are very much crowded together, and even the palaces appear less magnificent when seen quite close. In all Hindu houses, rich and poor alike, there is a want of neatness and order which looks very ill to English eyes, and such untidiness is the more noticeable when it is side by side with costly splendour.

An English lady, who went to a party given by a very rich native, thus describes the house:—"The magnificence of the building, the beautiful pillars supporting the upper galleries, and the expensive and numerous glass chandeliers with which it was lighted, formed a striking contrast with the dirt, the apparent poverty, and the slovenliness of every part that was not prepared for exhibition: the rubbish left by the builders had actually never been removed out of the lower gallery; the banisters of the staircase were broken in many places, and I was forced to tread with care, to avoid the masses of dirt over which we walked."

In the next chapter we shall hear a little more about the inside of these grand houses; but the fact is, that no Englishman ever sees very much of a native gentleman in his own home; for however friendly they may be when they meet, no Hindu would think of saying to an Englishman, "I want you to know my wife and family, come home with me and have dinner with me." He would never think of saying anything of this sort, for by eating with a Christian, a Hindu would at once "lose caste," as it is called; and death itself is less dreadful to the Hindu than losing caste.

You may well ask what is this wonderful thing, caste, which it is so all-important to keep unharmed? In order to make you understand what is meant by CASTE, I must remind you of the name of the greatest of the Hindu gods, Brahma, and of those old sacred books which I told you of.

In those books it is written that long, long ago Brahma made man. He made, it is said, four different kinds or classes of men. There were the Brahmans, who came out of the god's head; these were the greatest and most honourable of all; then there were the soldiers, who came out of his arms; the husbandmen, who came out of his legs; and last of all, the Sudras, who came out of his feet, and were looked upon as the lowest and most wretched of men. Each of these divisions is called a *caste*: thus we speak of the Brahman caste, the soldier caste, and so on.

By and by as time went on there came to be a great many more divisions than there were at first; and now there is the weaver caste, the carpenter caste, the sweeper caste, and many others besides; but still, as of old, the Brahmans are the most honoured of all, for they belong to what is called the highest caste. A Brahman need not be rich—he may even be a homeless beggar,—but if he be a true Brahman, he will be treated everywhere with as much respect as if he possessed great riches; and food and shelter will be gladly given him as his right. It is only the Brahmans who are allowed to read the sacred books, and it is only from this caste that the

priests are taken : indeed, the Brahmans have numberless rights that no other caste has.

The Brahmans have been compared to the Pharisees of whom we read in the Gospels, for, like them, they are as a rule proud and haughty, with little compassion for the wants of those of a humbler caste than themselves.

You may wonder perhaps why, since the Brahmans are so well off, every one does not try to make himself a Brahman ; but this would be altogether impossible. No man can ever rise out of the caste in which he was born. In England if the son of a blacksmith wishes to become an engineer or a school-master, there is no reason why he should not do so, but the son of a Hindu must follow his father's trade, whatever it may be.

There used to be a caste called Thugs—happily now there are very few of them left—whose whole business was to waylay travellers, and then to rob or even murder them. One of these men owned, when taken by the police, to having killed four hundred people. When asked if his conscience did not blame him, he answered, "Why, am I not born a Thug? If I had been born a carpenter, should I not make houses? but being born a Thug, what can I do? I do the work for which I am born."

But though a man has never any hope of rising to a higher caste, he may easily lose his own caste, and sink lower and lower. Very foolish and very cruel are many of the things which make a Hindu lose his

caste. Suppose a man of high caste were walking along the road, and were to see a man of low caste lying by the wayside, ill and suffering ; or a little baby forsaken by its parents. If, like the good Samaritan in the parable, our traveller were to go to the help of the sick man, or if he were to take in his arms the fatherless child, then by this act of charity he would have *lost caste*. His friends will now have nothing more to do with him, and he must eat alone and live alone until he has paid a sufficient sum of money, or undergone some punishment which will give him back his lost position.

That which most of all causes a man to lose caste is eating with one of lower caste than himself, or touching food which has been touched by one of lower caste. An English gentleman, who was travelling lately by train in India during the hot weather, tells how a Brahman came into each railway carriage offering the passengers water out of a cup, which he carried. If the water had been carried by a weaver, for instance, none of the Brahmans would have dared to buy it, but as it was in the hands of a Brahman all was well. For the same reason the food in great houses has all to be cooked by Brahmans.

Nor is it only the Brahman who looks down upon the other castes. The soldier despises the carpenter and the carpenter will have nothing to do with the washerman or tanner. Thus each caste in turn despises those below it, till we come down to people so low and miserable that they belong to no caste

at all. With what glad surprise do these poor neglected ones hear of a Father in heaven, Who has made of one blood all nations of men, and Who loves all His children alike : of a Saviour who taught His followers to love as brothers, and to bear one another's burdens.

Among the Hindus it is often the poor and the wretched who are the first to listen to the missionary, and become Christians. Those of a higher caste know well that by becoming Christians they for ever lose their caste, and that by losing caste they separate themselves from all their friends, and sink to a lower position. They have to give up very much, and therefore they hesitate longer, yet there are many, even among the Brahmans, who, when Christ has called to them "Follow me," have, like the apostles of old, straightway left all and followed Him.

The more the missionary lives among these people, the more he gets to know of their religion and their customs, the more he longs that they may turn away from their own dark and imperfect beliefs, and become sharers in all the blessings of Christianity. How then shall he find his way to the hearts and consciences of those around him? how shall he persuade them of the unequalled importance of the change that he presses them to make?

It would clearly be of no use for the missionary when he comes to a new place to go to any chapel or room, and begin preaching there, for most likely there would be no one to preach to. A few might perhaps come now and again out of curiosity, but

only very few of the heathen would have enough interest in what the white man might have to say to take even as much trouble as this. If the missionary always found ready listeners half his difficulties would be gone : as it is, he must go in search of his congregation and collect it, before he can preach to it.

The best preaching places, naturally, are those where the greatest number of people is to be found, and therefore the missionary often chooses for his pulpit some busy thoroughfare, the steps by the riverside, or it may be some spot in the market-place or bazaar.

You all know what a bazaar is ; only there is this difference between English and Indian bazaars, that while with us bazaars are chiefly for the sale of fancy articles, in India all the necessities of life are sold in them, and shopping of all kinds is done there. In some towns the stalls are merely set up in the open air, each one sheltered from the sun by a pent-house of thatch ; in others there is a building on purpose ; but in either case the bazaar is the great meeting-place and the centre of all business, for here everything is to be had, from costly jewellery and the most finely woven muslins, down to grain and fruit, and all the commonest necessities. Here therefore the missionary often comes, knowing that if he can only gain the attention of a few, a crowd will quickly gather round him.

Dr. Wilson, who was for many years a missionary in the west of India, tells of some of the ways by

which he managed to collect his congregation. One day as he was passing through a village, he saw a great number of people carrying a heavy tree that they had been cutting down. They put it down and stopped to rest for a while, and Dr. Wilson going up to them said, "I see a heavier burden on your backs than that you have now put down." "What!" said they, "you must be speaking to us by parables."

"Well," answered the Doctor, "what is the burden?"—"It is the wife and children!" cried one. "Oh no, don't say that, your wife does more than half the work of the family."—"It is," cried another, "the Government which imposes on us heavy taxes."—"Oh, don't complain of the Government," said Dr. Wilson; "with the taxes it levies from you it furnishes you with roads and bridges and such like conveniences, and pays for a police and army to protect your property and lives." Still the people went on guessing first one thing and then another; at last they said, "What, then, can you possibly mean?"—"I mean," he answered, "THE BURDEN OF SIN,—and thus," he adds, "I had at once found my text and an attentive audience."

Another day Dr. Wilson saw a man sitting by the roadside at the entrance of a village. He went up to him and began to talk to him, and asked him what his employment was. "My employment," answered the man, "is that of going forwards and coming backwards; I am the postman, and carry the bags three miles forward, and bring them three miles

back again every day." The postman in his turn then inquired, "Pray, what is your employment?" "It is that, I trust," answered the missionary, "of going forwards."—"Where are you going to?" asked the native, and he began to name first one place and then another yet more distant, but whatever place he mentioned, the missionary always replied, "Beyond it," till at last the postman began to guess what was meant, and said, "Is it to another world?"—"You have found out my meaning at last," answered Dr. Wilson, and then he found the way ready to speak to the letter-carrier, and to the others who had now gathered round them, of the Christian pilgrimage.

There are certain reasons why Benares is a specially promising city for missionary work. One of these reasons is, that besides the regular inhabitants, there are thousands of people from distant parts of the country who come to the splendid city, at the time of the great Hindu feasts, to bathe themselves in the waters of the holy river. Most of these pilgrims come on foot: some who can afford to do so come in carts drawn by oxen, which in India take the place of carriages; but a great number of them have taken lately, now that railways are becoming commoner, to travelling by train.

When railways were first made in India the people were immensely astonished at them, and Mr. Leupoldt, a missionary at Benares, once heard a native give a very amusing description to a wondering crowd of his first railway journey. He told how

he got to the station, and was standing looking at the long line of large carriages resting upon two thin rods of iron, and calculating how many pair of oxen it would take to draw them, "when," said he, "I was terrified by the snorting and roaring of a dreadful monster which came along at a fearful rate, and stopped near the carriages, giving at the same time a tremendous hiss, which shook all the carriages. Well, that awful and terrible creature was to be harnessed, and was after all more docile than many a horse of ours, for it stood very quietly while it was fastened to the carriages by a mighty chain."

And now the bell was ringing, and our poor frightened traveller was forced into the train, much against his will. "At last," he went on, "the bell rang a second time, a terrible squeak was heard, like the voices of a hundred elephants, and off we started. No sooner had we gone a little way than the anger of the creature that drew us subsided, and it went on dragging us as if we were nothing. Thus we went quietly on till we reached another station; but no sooner did we stop than the creature became furious. This time, however, it seemed to be thirsty, for the coachman unharnessed it, and took it to a high tower, where it drank I cannot tell how much water. It then received a feed of some black stuff, and having well eaten and drunk, it went on again; yes, on, on, on, the creature seeming never to get tired. We reached Calcutta," added the man, "in no time."

The stay of the pilgrims in Benares generally lasts about a fortnight, sometimes less, sometimes more;

and during the time of their visit the missionaries give themselves with special diligence to street preaching, that as many as possible may hear the word of salvation. Of the thousands who listen to the sermon, the preacher knows well that by far the greater number will go back to their homes and quickly forget what they have no further opportunity of hearing about; yet he knows also that there may be some few among the congregation who may gain lasting good from even a single sermon; and so, like the sower in the parable, he is content to scatter the good seed whenever he is able, praying that some at least may spring up and bear abundant fruit.

Nor are the missionaries disappointed in this hope. Mr. Leupoldt, who was for forty years a missionary at Benares, and has only quite lately returned to England, says that often in travelling through the country he found himself welcomed, and his preaching gladly listened to, by men who had happened to hear him speak at Benares, and who had never forgotten what they had then learnt.

At one village, a carpenter came up to Mr. Leupoldt, and asked him if his new church was finished. He said that he had been at Benares at the time of the feast, and had heard Mr. Leupoldt preach. Being a carpenter, the church had attracted his notice, and he had gone in to look at it. Mr. Leupoldt asked what he thought of it, and he answered, "It is a beautiful and large building. I went inside, and seeing no image and no god there, I asked about them. Your man told me that you worshipped no images, but

only the true God, because God had forbidden the worship of idols; I have since thought much about this.”—“You were told aright,” answered the missionary, and he went on to explain to the man our Lord’s words, “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

A building set apart for the worship of God, yet without a single image in it, must have seemed strange to a Hindu, accustomed as he is to see idols set up everywhere. Benares is full of them, and when Mr. Leupoldt once asked a Brahman how many he thought there were in the town, he answered, “I cannot say; but sure I am that there are more idols in Benares than men.”

It happened once at the time of one of these great feasts, that Mr. Leupoldt was asked to go with several other missionaries to a town called Patna, a little lower down the Ganges than Benares. They arrived in the afternoon, and spent the rest of the day in going about among the people, who showed themselves unusually willing to listen to the preaching and to receive the tracts that were offered them.

Next morning about six o’clock the missionaries left the boat in which they had spent the night, and again set out upon their rounds. By seven o’clock they had given away all the tracts they had with them, and were obliged to go back to the boat for more. As they were coming off, a little crowd began to collect around the boat, and it struck Mr. Leupoldt that he should be better heard if he spoke from where he was, than if he went and stood amidst the crowd.

He began to speak to them therefore, and in half an hour's time he had not less than three thousand people listening to him.

At the end of an hour and a half Mr. Leupoldt found himself growing very tired: still the crowd showed no signs of dispersing, and glad enough he was to be joined by two other missionaries who now took their turn in reading and preaching. This went on until twelve o'clock, till all three missionaries were fairly tired out, and Mr. Leupoldt was obliged to come forward and tell the people that they were unable to speak to them any more. When they heard this they cried out, "If you are tired, go lie down and rest; we will sit down on the shore and rest ourselves, for we, too, have stood here during the whole forenoon."

The missionaries followed the advice offered them, but they had only been asleep half an hour, when they were waked by the entrance of two men, one of whom said rather shyly to Mr. Leupoldt, "Sir, the people without send to you: they think you have now slept long enough, and that you might now come out again and tell them something more of what God has done for them." "After such an invitation," says Mr. Leupoldt, "what could we do?" He and his companions went again therefore on to the deck, and continued reading and preaching till four o'clock.

The next day was spent in the same way. The people gathered round the boat, under the hot sun from half-past six in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, many of them standing up to their waists in the river, in their eagerness not to miss a

single word. At the end of those two days Mr. Leupoldt's voice was gone, so that for a fortnight after he could not make himself heard, but he did not grudge the fatigue, for it was, as he says, a glorious time—an opportunity for good not to be lost.

Such attentive congregations as this were far from being the rule in Benares. Constantly in his preaching, whether in the streets or in the mission churches, Mr. Leupoldt was purposely interrupted in ways which must have tried his patience to the utmost. One afternoon as he was preaching in one of the chapels to an attentive congregation, he was greatly disturbed by two men who, in the most violent language, abused both the missionary and the religion he was preaching.

Mr. Leupoldt begged them to let him finish his sermon, promising afterwards to answer any questions they might like to put to him. This the men would not consent to, however, for their only purpose in coming was to make a disturbance. Their behaviour now became so bad that two soldiers who were in the congregation lost all patience with them, and jumping up, seized them and put them out of the door. Mr. Leupoldt ran to the door, and was only just in time to save them from a good beating. "We shall soon silence you, fellow," they said, and marched off, leaving Mr. Leupoldt to finish his sermon.

All had settled down into quietness again, when the door was opened, and there appeared a monkey dressed up like a soldier. The creature walked on his hind legs towards Mr. Leupoldt, took off his cap, made him a low bow, and then went out. The sight was so

ridiculous that the whole congregation burst out laughing, and Mr. Leupoldt, though a good deal annoyed, thought it wisest to say no more that day, but to close his book and return home.

Often indeed the sight of the untiring patience of the missionaries, under these vexatious interruptions, speaks more powerfully to the hearts of the natives than many a sermon would do.

There was a certain man in Benares who used to make it his business to interfere with Mr. Leupoldt's work in every possible way. Wherever he saw an attentive crowd collected he would push his way in, insisting upon making himself heard, and by his foolish, or worse than foolish questions, try to throw ridicule upon all that Mr. Leupoldt had been saying. One day this man strode up, and began behaving in his usual manner. Mr. Leupoldt quietly told him that in the Book he held in his hand there was a description of a man who was just like him. "Let me see what is said of him," and taking Mr. Leupoldt's open Testament in his hand, the man read aloud, without pausing to look at it, the verse in the Epistle to Timothy, which the missionary had named: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works." He read the verse twice; then handing back the book walked silently away.

The unspoken rebuke had done good, as was shown a few days afterwards. Mr. Leupoldt was trying without much success to collect a congregation, when this same man passed by. "You cannot collect a

congregation," said he, "I shall have to collect one for you." And taking hold of the Testament he read a few verses, and began explaining them at the top of his voice. A crowd quickly came together, and turning to the missionary he said, "I have fulfilled my promise : now your part is to keep them together and preach to them."

The natives are impressed in spite of themselves by the wonderful perseverance shown by the Christian missionaries. A native soldier who was standing by one day when Mr. Leupoldt had been preaching, called the attention of the crowd to the book which the missionary held in his hand. "It is the New Testament," they said. "Yes," answered the soldier, "the New Testament, but what is that? I will tell you," he went on: "This is the gospel axe into which a European handle has been put. If you come to-day you will find them cutting; come to-morrow, you will find them doing the same, and at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism; at our religion: it is a noble and glorious tree, but these men come daily with the gospel axe in their hands; they look at the tree, and the tree at them; but it is helpless, and the Gospel axe is applied daily. Although the tree is large and strong, it must finally give way."—"Well spoken," said Mr. Leupoldt; "may the tree soon fall, and then we will plant a new one, which will blossom and bear fruit to the glory of God."

Important though preaching is, the missionary cannot give his whole time to it. He has to study

the language, to attend to his schools, and to receive at his own house the many visitors who come to him to learn more about the new religion which they have heard spoken of. Such visitors take up a great deal of his time, but much good is often done in these quiet conversations, and therefore the hours so spent are not lost. Then if a man comes and says he wishes to be a Christian, he must be carefully taught the great truths of the Bible and diligently prepared for his baptism.

One day a Brahman soldier came to Mr. Leupoldt and told him he wished to become a Christian. Mr. Leupoldt questioned him as to what had led him to make this wish. The man answered by telling the story of his life : how for twenty-five years he had been trying to find the true religion, and had never been satisfied. He felt that Hinduism was bad, and he gave it up and became a Mahometan, but still he was restless and anxious to find a better religion.

At this time he joined the army, and was thrown a great deal with English soldiers. Now he would see, he thought, whether these men had the true religion. He watched them closely, but, alas! he found that their lives were careless and bad, and he was led to think that Christianity was no better than Hinduism.

Twenty-five years passed, and at the end of that time he joined a new regiment. The English captain who was at the head of it was a man who made himself loved by every one. He was so kind and gentle to his soldiers that they would all have been ready to die for him. When our poor soldier learnt to

know the new captain, he said to himself, "Well, this man has the true religion," and he made up his mind that he would go to his house at dinner-time, and if he found that such an interruption did not make him angry, then he would venture to ask him about his religion.

The lives of Christians are, as St. Paul has said, like letters, open letters, "known and read of all men." See how this man's words and deeds were being watched, and how the sight of his unselfishness and kindness was leading those about him to seek to know more of the religion which made him what he was.

At dinner-time, therefore, the old soldier went to his captain, and found as ready a welcome as ever; but still he could not bring himself to ask the question that was in his mind. Day after day he still delayed, till at last he was taken dangerously ill and was carried off to the hospital. As he lay there suffering and wretched, the door opened, and in walked the captain, come there on purpose to visit the sick soldier. He sat by his bedside and talked to him, and spoke to him of Jesus Christ.

As soon as the soldier was well enough he went to the captain's house, and asked him what his religion was. He answered that he was a Christian. At this the soldier was much surprised, for how different was this good man from his English comrades, who were also called Christians! Then the captain explained to him that not all who call themselves Christians are Christians indeed.

The soldier said that he wished to become a

Christian, so the captain sent him to Mr. Leupoldt, that he might be properly taught and prepared for baptism. Mr. Leupoldt found that the man was thoroughly in earnest, and truly anxious to learn the true and the right way. He was an old man now, but Mr. Leupoldt found him employment that was exactly suited to him in his great orphanage, where one of his favourite duties was that of drilling the boys, and making them as soldier-like as possible.

At last the old man had found the truth for which he had been seeking so long, and the close of his life was a very happy one. At the end of nine months he was again taken ill, without hope of recovery. Mr. Leupoldt visited him at the hospital, and asked him how he felt. "I feel happy," he answered; "my hope and trust are in Christ; He died for me, and I am sure He will not forsake me." The last words they heard him say before he died were, "My Saviour is my judge!" and then the old soldier passed away, to be for ever with the great Captain of salvation.

Another Hindu who came to Mr. Leupoldt's house to talk quietly to him about religion, said that he had first been led to think about Christianity by reading a tract which had come into his hands. He was anxious to learn more; and after some time he declared himself a Christian, and was baptized by the name of Nathanael. He was a man of a very quiet, holy nature, and gifted with a wonderful power of preaching. He became a Bible-reader, and was of the greatest possible use to Mr. Leupoldt in all his missionary work.

By their father's wish, his three boys were baptized by the names of Abel, Noah, and Moses; but to his great grief his wife altogether refused to become a Christian. She came to the school to learn to read and write, and she attended church regularly; but whenever her husband spoke to her of the Saviour, she made answer, "Do you really believe that God sent His Son from heaven to die for sinners? I shall never believe it! If we were good people I could believe it, but for such people as we are He could never send His Son." And when he talked of baptism, she would answer that she lived in Benares, the holy city, and so long as she died *there* she should be sure of going to heaven. She was quite determined not to change her religion, and her husband said that all he could do for her was to pray.

Some time after, Nathanael was taken ill and died, and only a few days later the poor widow had the sorrow of losing her eldest son as well. Her grief was great, and she did not yet know the heavenly comfort which had been her husband's support in his troubles. Before a year had passed a fresh sorrow came upon her; the second boy died also, and the youngest—the last remaining one—was taken ill.

In deep despair the poor mother brought the child to Mr. Leupoldt, crying, "Oh, make my son well, or he will die also!" Sadly Mr. Leupoldt told her that the child was beyond the reach of human help, and that all that he could now do for her was to pray to the Good Physician.

Two days later the little boy died, and the poor

widow was left childless. Her grief was terrible, and in her trouble she called upon the Lord, and began to pray to that Father in heaven whose love she had so often heard about, yet without believing in it. Sorrow seemed to have touched her heart and done for her what nothing else could do. She became an earnest, patient Christian, one who could truly say of herself, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble."

At her baptism she chose the name of Naomi, because her own sad story was so like that of Ruth's mother-in-law. Soon after this, some of her husband's still heathen relations came to invite her to live with them, but she was quite determined never to leave her kind missionary friends at Benares; and the rest of her life she spent with them, a willing and useful helper in the girls' orphan school.

These schools took up a great deal of Mr. Leupoldt's time and thought. He had several under his care: separate day-schools for both boys and girls, as well as two large orphan homes. Great pains were taken to give the girls a thorough knowledge of needlework, for the parents, finding that they were able to earn money by their needle, sent them the more readily to the school.

One girl who had left the school came back to Mrs. Leupoldt, and asked to be allowed to have the making of some of the boys' clothes. She was to be paid for her work by the piece, and day after day she came to the house at seven o'clock in the morning, and sat on till half-past six in the evening, taking

no food but a few parched peas she brought with her.

The reason of her working so hard was that her father had run away and left his wife and children wholly unprovided for. The mother, like most Indian women, was unable to sew or do anything for her living, and this girl by her earnings was keeping her mother and her two sisters. When Mr. Leupoldt said he was afraid she would forget all she had learnt, she told him that when she had a farthing or two to spare she spent it on lights, and then after supper she would take her Testament and read aloud to the others, "And, sir," she added, "when you have an examination you will find that I am not behind the other girls in Scripture knowledge."

From time to time we in England hear of terrible famines that are taking place in India, and our help is asked for the poor sufferers. It was one of these dreadful famines, caused by want of rain and failure of the harvest, that led Mr. Leupoldt to enlarge his orphanage, and make it the important institution that it has since become.

All through the north of India, old and young, the strong as well as the weak, were dying of starvation. The English did what they could to relieve the distress, but it was beyond their power to feed all this scattered people, and thousands died before help could reach them. Many children were left orphans, and others were deserted by their parents, who in their passionate longing for food would come up to some stranger and ask him to buy their child for a

few pence, that they themselves might go and get a handful of rice, and eat it and die.

An English gentleman, touched by the miserable condition of these unhappy little ones, collected about five hundred of them, and sent them down to Mr. Leupoldt at Benares. It was a somewhat large family to arrive all at once, but friends were ready to share in the expense, and Mr. Leupoldt, knowing well that delay would mean death to the children, did not hesitate to take upon himself this new burden.

To many of the little ones, however, help had come too late. They were so weak from starvation that good food and kind care could do nothing for them, and they died almost as soon as they entered the Home. Of fifty-one boys, who were taken into the orphanage on the same day, one alone recovered.

It is difficult to give you an idea of the wretched state of these poor little children. They had been so long without proper food that they had lost their liking for it, and would greedily devour tallow candles or soap, rather than take the rice and bread which was provided for them.

The saddest thing of all was that their minds had been as utterly neglected as their bodies. They had never been taught that it is wrong to lie and steal, and for a long time after they came to the orphanage it was impossible to believe a word they said, and unsafe to leave a single thing within reach of their thievish hands. Neither kindness nor punishments seemed to have any effect upon them: they were more like wild animals than children, and it was with

the greatest difficulty that Mr. Leupoldt could keep them from running away.

To train such little savages seemed a hopeless task, but Mr. Leupoldt's love and hope were unfailing, and he worked on patiently, in spite of many discouragements. At the end of a year he was rewarded by seeing a wonderful improvement in his troublesome charges. They were becoming gradually tamer, and were being trained to habits of cleanliness and order.

At first when they were set to do real work, and to help in carrying bricks for the building of the house, they made a difficulty, and complained that gentlemen's sons were not to be expected to work. Mr. Leupoldt, on hearing of it, came out, and only saying to the boys,—“Who will carry with me?” himself set to work in good earnest. Before he had carried three loads all the boys had followed his example, and from that day forward there was no more grumbling of this kind.

The day was divided between school teaching and work of various kinds. Their lessons were very much the same as those of boys in a good national school in England. Besides the lessons, each boy was taught some trade; and all the work of the house and garden, even the cooking and sweeping, was done by them.

The boys learned to work hard, and fairly earned their dinner, which was, however, not in the middle of the day, as it would be with us, but between five and six o'clock, at a time when the worst heat is over. They ate it in Hindu fashion, sitting cross-legged upon the floor, with their iron plates in front of them.

As the boys became more trustworthy, Mr. Leupoldt began to make them of use in his work. A certain number of monitors were chosen each day, whose duty it was to help in keeping order. It was part of Mr. Leupoldt's plan to set the noisiest boy to keep the others quiet, the greatest thief to be the watchman, and the most careless to prevent idling. He always found that the being specially trusted in this way did more than anything else to help the boy to conquer his faults.

Nothing rejoiced Mr. Leupoldt more than to see signs of improvement, however slight, in boys who had seemed the most hopeless. There was one boy who had been punished for stealing several times; he promised, when found out, that he would steal no more, and yet no sooner was he dismissed than he was guilty of the same fault again.

One day Mr. Leupoldt had lost something; he questioned all the boys as to whether they had found it, and they answered, "No." At last this boy said, "I know where it is; it lies in the garden in such and such a place." "Why did you not take it up?" asked Mr. Leupoldt. The boy answered, "I was passing by and saw it, and it looked so nice, but I thought, 'you shall not get me,' and so I left it." How glad and thankful Mr. Leupoldt was when he heard this, to find that the poor little boy was at last beginning, by God's help, to fight against temptation.

The school was just getting into very good order when fever broke out among the boys. The doctor

declared that they must be removed from Benares immediately, and the weather being at this time well suited to an open-air life, Mr. Leupoldt determined to remove the whole school at once to a place in the country about seven miles distant.

Those who were sick went in waggons, those who were well enough walked. They carried a couple of tents with them, intending as soon as possible to set up a large shed of dried grass, which would afford a sufficient shelter from the sun. No one thought of providing against rain or cold, for it wanted many months to the rainy season, and in India the weather is far more settled than with us.

Mr. Leupoldt waited to see all the boys off, and then he himself set out. As he left his house he was made very uneasy by noticing a dark thunder cloud overhanging the sky, and he had not gone far before a heavy thunderstorm burst upon him. Brilliant flashes of lightning lit up the dark sky, and the rain fell in torrents.

It was too late now to go back. The waggons would by this time have returned to Benares, and the boys were far too ill to walk home. When Mr. Leupoldt reached the spot where the tents were pitched, he found the poor children standing huddled together under the trees, drenched and miserable; while his own bed and a few pieces of furniture were carefully put under the tents.

"If *we* get wet," said the boys, "we shall get dry again; but if your things get wet they will be spoiled." Mr. Leupoldt thanked them heartily for

their thoughtfulness, but explained to them that they mattered more than the things, because if they got wet they might die, while the things could not take cold.

As he spoke, he noticed one boy lying on the wet grass sleeping. He blamed his being allowed to sleep in the wet and cold, and took him by the hand to rouse him. The poor fellow did not wake, and Mr. Leupoldt found that instead of being asleep he was dead.

It was now evening, and the storm still continued. Where were they to find shelter for the night? There was an inn close by, and to this Mr. Leupoldt went; offering high payment for a single night's lodging. The master of the house, however, would have nothing to do with Christians, and was deaf to all entreaties. Sadly Mr. Leupoldt turned away, and went in search of some place of shelter.

At last he had the good fortune to discover a good-sized shed, full of wood and stones, but perfectly dry. "Of this we will take possession," he cried, "if it belong to the king of Benares," and with the help of those of the party who were well enough, he set to work to clear the shed, and to carry in those who were sick. By half-past ten o'clock all were safely housed, and when they had knelt together to thank God for this welcome shelter, all settled themselves for the night.

The next day Mrs. Leupoldt and her two little children arrived, and her first care was to nurse her husband, who that very morning had been taken ill

of fever. In two days he was up again, and able to help in the nursing, but he found that even in those two days many of the boys had died.

Happily by this time the weather had cleared, and become all that they had expected it to be, but still the boys continued very ill, and for a month Mr. and Mrs. Leupoldt were constantly with them. A few days more, and all the boys were sufficiently recovered to be able to walk back to Benares; and so they left the spot where they had spent such a sorrowful five weeks, and where so many of their companions lay buried.

It was, indeed, a time of deep trial, and yet a time of blessing. In their trouble they learnt the comfort of prayer, as they had never done before: as Mr. Leupoldt said—"These were days of sorrow; but days of sowing the good seed."

When they were settled once more at Benares, he had the great satisfaction of observing real improvement in many of the boys: signs that they were indeed trying to "live unto God." They were learning to be honest and truthful; they were more diligent than formerly, and Mr. Leupoldt saw with pleasure that some of them were beginning to know the happiness of doing good to others.

There was at this time another of those terrible famines, such as there had been when these boys came into the orphanage. Collections were being made for the sufferers; and when Mr. Leupoldt was telling the boys about it, he asked those who could help to do so.

A few of the boys had a little money, and they were all most ready to give what they had. One of those present said sadly, "We too should like to give something, but we have nothing."—"Whoever has nothing," answered Mr. Leupoldt, "can give nothing: but although you cannot *give*, yet you can *do* much for them; you can pray for them."—"That we will do," he replied, "and still we should like to give." Mr. Leupoldt repeated what he had said before, and left the room.

When he was gone, this same boy got up and said to the others, "Listen to what I have to say, and I will show you a plan by which, although we have nothing, we shall yet be able to give much." The others declared that this must be a wonderful plan, and bade him explain it. He went on: "You know that the present month has thirty days and that the month after has thirty-one." They agreed, and he went on again,—“You know further that it is very hot.”—"We need not be told that," cried they, "we feel it."—"You know also that it is not good to eat much during the hot weather, for then we are not so likely to get the fever;" but this the others were by no means ready to admit, and one of them declared that it was good to eat much at all times.

Still they all wanted to hear his plan, and told him to go on. "You know," said he, "we have very, very much to eat, more than we can eat." At this there was a shout of "No, no," but he repeated what he had said, and then added: "I propose that during two months we give up part of our food, and content

ourselves with half a breakfast and three-quarters of a dinner. The amount thus saved will be in one day so much; in thirty days so much; and in sixty-one days—I have it all by heart—it will be the large sum of three pounds; and this sum we will subscribe to The Famine Relief Fund.”

Everybody thought his plan an excellent one, and two of the boys came to Mr. Leupoldt to ask him if he would agree to it. Knowing that what they proposed would do them no harm, he consented to it, and paid down the money. Often during the next two months, when dinner-time came round, he could see that the boys would have been glad to find a little more food on their plates, but all of them kept faithfully to their bargain, and not a word of complaint was heard. On the contrary, they had all the more pleasure in their gift, because it was not one which had cost them nothing.

Perhaps if we were all of us as anxious to give to missions as these Benares boys were to the Famine Fund, we should, like them, contrive to find out some wonderful plan by which, “although we have nothing, we shall yet be able to give much.”

CHAPTER VIII.

PRISONERS AT HOME.

“Prisoner of Hope thou art ! look up and sing
In hope of promised spring.”—KEBLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRISONERS AT HOME.

BEFORE we leave India you will like to see something of the inside of those great houses which we have already admired from the outside; and first, I must tell you that if it were not for the visit of lady missionaries, we should know very little indeed about the inside of Indian houses, for women alone are allowed to enter that part of the house where the women of the family live by themselves, carefully shut off from the rest of the world.

Not long ago I saw a model of a grand Indian house. It was built, as Eastern houses often are, round a courtyard, and the rooms looking to the front had plenty of windows and were cheerful enough, while those looking on to the courtyard had scarcely a window to lighten them. The one were the men's rooms, where they sat and ate and entertained their friends; the other—the dismal rooms at the back—belonged to the women.

Sometimes the women's rooms are in far-away corners upstairs, to be reached only by travelling up long crooked passages; but in any case they are as

much out of the way as possible, and if by chance they should look upon the street, care is taken to place the windows so high as to be out of reach of the women.

If any of you lived in as dull a place as this, I am sure you would spend as much time as you could out of doors; but Hindu ladies of rank never stir beyond their own door, except that now and then they put on their veils, and are taken out in a covered carriage or curtained chair. What little exercise they get they take in the garden or courtyard, or perhaps upon the roof of the house, which, being flat (like the houses mentioned in the Bible), affords a pleasant, airy place for walking upon.

When a missionary once reproved one of these poor women for repeating her prayers without any thought of the meaning of the words, and told her that was not praying, but only what a parrot might do, she laughed, and said, "Yes, I am like a parrot, and this" (pointing round the room) "is my cage!"—meaning that she was imprisoned like a bird in a cage.

If, as sometimes happens, they are obliged to go through the town, or to take a long journey, the greatest care is taken to prevent their seeing or being seen by any one. They muffle up their faces in long veils and travel in closely-covered carriages.

An English gentleman describes how once, just as he was leaving India, a covered boat drew up alongside of the steamer. A native gentleman stepped on board and spoke a few words to the captain, and

then gave orders to his servants to bring on board the ladies of the party. One by one the ladies were carried up—sitting in a curtained chair which completely hid them from view—and placed in the cabins provided for them.

Here they stayed for several days, never venturing to come up on deck and breathe the fresh air; and the only change they enjoyed during the whole voyage was coming now and then into the large saloon, where they could chatter with those of the English ladies who understood their language, and examine everything about them. This was a great treat, but it happened very seldom, and only when all the gentlemen on the ship had promised to keep away out of sight.

When at last the long voyage came to an end, and Arabia was reached, the unfortunate travellers were again placed in their curtained chair, and carried through the streets to their new home. Poor ladies! a blind person might have more pleasure out of a journey than they were allowed to have!

The well-to-do ladies in India must often be inclined to envy their poorer neighbours. *They* are allowed to go about freely, indoors and out, and they have plenty of work, in minding the house and cooking the meals: though even they are not allowed to eat with their husbands, but must wait till they have done, and then take their own food.

One day when a lady missionary entered a house which she was accustomed to visit, she found all the women looking very dismal. She inquired what

misfortune had happened, and was told that a baby had been born, and that it was a *little girl*. If it had been a boy there would have been great rejoicings, but no, it was only a girl!

The English lady told them that she should be delighted to have a nice little girl, and that many people would give a hundred pounds to have one: but they looked at the matter quite differently. Thirty years ago it is quite possible that the poor, unwelcome, little one might have been put to death, but happily a new law has now been passed forbidding such a horrible practice.

For the first seven or eight years of her life a Hindu girl is allowed a good deal of liberty. She has no lessons to learn; unless indeed her parents are persuaded to send her to the mission school.

Like English children of the same age, little Indian girls are very fond of playing with dolls, and making grand feasts for them, and so much is thought of these playthings that it is not an unheard-of thing for rich parents to give their children as much as twenty-five pounds to waste upon a doll's wedding.

When a girl is seven or eight years old,—the age when in England she would be just leaving the infant school,—her father gives her in marriage, it may be to a boy scarcely older than herself, it may be to an old man. Until the wedding-day comes the poor little bride has never seen her bridegroom's face, perhaps never even heard his name.

All that she clearly understands about it is, that it is a day of great rejoicings and feastings; that she is

more gaily dressed than ever before in her life ; and that at the end of the evening (for Indian marriages are generally at night, like the marriage we read of in the parable of the ten virgins) she is parted from her mother and little brothers and sisters, and carried away to a strange house.

It would clearly be impossible for a baby-bride like this to keep house for her husband, so the newly married couple go to live with the bridegroom's father and mother. If there are other married sons they also live at home, and so it often happens that there are four or five families collected under one roof. The management of the household is in the hands of the grandmother, or if she is too old for such cares, her place is filled by the eldest of the daughters-in-law. The women and children all live together in the women's part of the house, or "zenana," as it is called, from two words which mean "place for women."

From this time the wife must never be seen by any man but her own husband, and if she should accidentally meet even her brothers-in-law she must at once draw down her veil and cover up her face.

Shut up within four walls, from week's end to week's end, what do these poor prisoners find to do with themselves? They attend to their children, and, if they have not servants to do it for them, look after the cooking; but the long days pass heavily enough. Hardly one among them can read; nor have they books in their own language which would be fit for them to read. Great part of their time is spent in doing beautiful pieces of needlework.

The younger women often join the children in playing with their favourite dolls, while the elder ones occupy themselves with games of cards. Such an idle life leaves plenty of time for gossiping and quarrelling, and you will easily fancy that unless the mother-in-law is a kindly, peaceable woman, the little wife does not lead a very happy life. Until the birth of her first child she is generally allowed to spend half her time at her old home, and glad indeed must she be to find herself again with her own mother.

At one zenana, which a lady missionary visited, she found that the poor little wife of eight years old had run away to her father's house and refused to come back. Her mother-in-law was very angry with her, and threatened that her husband would punish her. At last she either came back of herself or was brought back, and the visitor had to talk to the poor little thing, and make her understand that it was naughty to run away.

The first few years of an Indian girl's married life are often very miserable, but as soon as a son is born to her she becomes happier again. All the family rejoices over this event, and the young mother will now be treated more kindly and with more respect than formerly. And how delighted she is, poor thing, to have a son of her own to nurse and care for.

When the boy comes to be named, a great feast is made, and a number of women are invited to the house. In some parts of India it is the custom to place a number of small lamps round the cradle, and then for all to join in singing a hymn, while the

cradle is gently rocked to and fro. After this the mother places in the baby's mouth some sugar or a drop of honey, at the same time repeating aloud his name. Names such as "Health," "Sight," "Peace," and the like, are the most common. From the time of her first son's naming the mother loses her own name, and is known instead by her son's ;—just as if a woman called Alice were, after her baby's christening, to be always spoken of as "the mother of James."

Until a Hindu boy is old enough to go to school he is constantly with his mother, and naturally he learns to love her far more than his father. His mother nurses him and dresses him herself, and as he grows older tells him about the heathen gods in whom she believes, and teaches him all that she knows, but alas ! how little that is.

It is sad to see the despairing grief of these poor loving mothers when their little ones are taken from them by death. They sit upon the floor of their house weeping aloud, and friends will come in and sit down beside them to "mourn with them," as it is called ; but not one among them can speak words of true comfort, or tell the broken-hearted mother of that Good Shepherd in Whose loving arms her baby is safe for evermore. The missionaries often find that in such times of trouble their visits are gladly welcomed, and their message of hope more readily listened to than at other times.

One little child who used to go to the mission school was taken ill and died. Her teacher went to try and comfort the poor mother, whose grief was

such that she seemed hardly to care to live any longer. She told her of the Saviour's love for little children, and how He called them to Him. "Oh yes," said the mother, "she often said that text. If I believe, shall I see her again?" And another was comforted in her sorrow by hearing that though her baby would not return to her, she might one day go to it.

Cheerless and wretched as are the lives of Hindu wives, their condition becomes ten times worse if they should have the misfortune to become widows. It used to be the custom in India when the husband died and his dead body was burnt—as is the way in India—for the living wife to be burnt with him. Now the English Government has said that this horrible custom of wife-burning, or "Suttee," as it is called, shall no longer be allowed, but it is impossible for any government to prevent these unhappy widows leading the most miserable of lives.

She may be only a child of ten or eleven lately married to a husband of whom she knew nothing before, and whom she has not yet learned to love; but she is a widow, and the hard cruel rules are alike for all widows. She must never marry again; she must never stir outside her mother-in-law's house; she must cut off her hair and wear the coarsest clothing; she must eat but one meal in the day, and that she must take by herself, sitting apart in a corner; and twice in the month she must eat nothing during the whole day.

Such is the life which thousands of widows in India

lead, for fifty or sixty years it may be: and so wretched is it, that some among them have declared that it would have been happier for them if they had been burnt by the side of their dead husbands.

When the married life has been a happy one, there is all the grief of mourning for a loved husband; but it too often happens that the child-wife scarcely knew her husband, and that her only thought on hearing of his death is, that now there are long years of misery in store for her. A lady missionary tells of one such young wife who, on hearing that her husband was dying, ran and put on every jewel she possessed, because she knew that when she became a widow she might never wear them more!

The missionaries do all in their power to make the hopeless lives of these unhappy women brighter and richer, by teaching them to find work for the long sad hours, and leading them to look forward to another and a better life. Of late, too, a law has been passed allowing widows to marry again, but this is looked upon by the Hindus as so wrong a thing that only very few venture to do it.

The work of lady missionaries in India is of two kinds. They hold schools for the little children, and for such of the lower caste girls as are allowed to come to them, and they visit the ladies of rank at their own homes, in the zenana or "women's place."

Sometimes the ladies, and sometimes their husbands, object to the visits of English strangers, and the missionary has the disappointment of finding the door of the zenana closed against her; but this

feeling is less common now than it was, and, generally speaking, the zenana missionary herself is gladly welcomed, even where her teaching is little valued.

Let us go with one of the lady missionaries on her rounds, and see what her work is like. Following her, we thread our way through narrow streets and lanes, with so many turns and twists that we should soon, if left to ourselves, be utterly bewildered. The streets are for the most part dirty and ill-smelling, and the fierce sun beating down overhead makes walking very tiring; but in such narrow lanes only foot passengers can pass.

Now and then an unseen voice cries out to the missionary to come into her house; the speaker is some zenana lady who is established on the house-top, in some corner whence she can see without being seen. But the missionary is on the way to visit some new zenana, and cannot stop now.

At last we turn down a passage, more crooked than the rest, and climb a steep, rickety staircase, which leads us outside the door of the zenana. We go in, and find ourselves in a bare, white-washed room—not over-clean perhaps; there are no carpets, no curtains, no pictures on the walls; no chairs or tables even; nothing to sit upon but one very large low stool, almost the size of a bedstead, which takes up the middle of the room.

The master of the house now comes forward and explains to the missionary that he wants his wife to learn English and reading; the missionary agrees; only saying that she cannot teach anything unless she

is allowed part of the time to teach the Bible. The husband hesitates, but the missionary is firm, and at last he gives his consent. Then he goes away, promising to send in some chairs from the other part of the house, for the gentlemen's rooms are comfortably and even richly furnished; it is only the zenana that is left so empty and cheerless.

And now the lady missionary turns to make friends with the inmates of the room, who have all this while been eyeing her curiously from a distance. An examination of their jewels is often the first step to friendliness, for Indian ladies are proud of their jewels, and like showing them off.

Very soon their shyness wears off, and they begin to ask their visitor all manner of questions, whether she is married, how old she is, how much her dress cost, who made it, why she does not wear a ring in her nose as they do, and so on. When their curiosity is partly satisfied, it is the turn of the missionary to ask questions, and she tries to find out a little about the family, to learn all their names, and to get to know their favourite employment.

This last inquiry is soon answered, for what most Indian women like best of all is to *do nothing*. When one native lady was asked how she spent her day, she answered, "We just sit here till we are tired, and then we sit there!" The Hindus are naturally an indolent people, and it is not such a punishment to them to be doing nothing as it would be to English people. They dislike trouble of all sorts, and they have a proverb which says, "If I can ride I do not

walk; if I can sit I do not stand; and if I can lie I do not sit."

On a first visit the missionary does not attempt any teaching; but when she leaves, they all eagerly invite her to come and see them again. The next house we visit is much tidier looking: a white covered table surrounded by chairs is set in readiness, and all is prepared for the lesson. A zenana soon begins to look more comfortable after a few visits from an English lady, for the native ladies seem, almost without knowing it, to learn something of her nice ways. Here the aged grandmother, the daughters-in-law, and the little children sit side by side, learning their letters or reading out of some easy book.

They like their lessons, on the whole; but they are in some ways troublesome pupils, for they have never been trained to fix their minds on what they are doing, and if a neighbour comes in, or the baby cries, or the tame parrot makes a noise, the attention of the whole party is at once distracted.

Sometimes a lady will say that she is too old, or too ignorant, to learn to read, and will ask to be taught fancy work instead, and to this the missionary generally consents, on condition that the Bible lesson is not neglected. Their favourite kind of work is very bright-coloured Berlin-wool work, and proud indeed they are when they have made their first pair of slippers.

The strict Hindus are afraid of touching the English ladies, or even of putting anything into their hands, lest by so doing they should *break their caste*; and at

first they will throw their books or work on to the floor for their teacher to pick up, but in time they forget their prejudices, and even begin to laugh at them.

Once when the lady missionary was putting the finishing stitches to a pair of slippers, she reminded her pupil how often she had handled them, and advised her to give them a thorough washing ! The girl looked at her for a moment, and then burst out laughing, saying, " How very absurdly I have acted ; I shall never throw books or work to you again, for, after all, we are all human beings ! "

At the next house the missionary is gladly welcomed, and her Bible lesson attentively listened to, and yet on her first visits to this zenana she was so rudely treated by the elder women, that she might well have despaired of ever finding a way to their hearts. They sat on a mat in a distant part of the room playing cards and gossiping, and whenever the visitor tried to make friends with them, or invited them to come and listen to the Bible reading, they would answer, " We have no time to listen to you."

Day after day the same excuses were repeated, yet still the missionary was determined to win them, and one morning, placing herself where they could hear her, she began to sing a hymn. " She is singing something we can understand," cried one of the party, and throwing down their cards, they gathered round the lady, and begged her to go on singing. Verse after verse was sung, and the meaning of the

words explained, while all the women listened with eager attention.

After this they always came in to take their part in the Bible lesson, and when some time later it was asked what had become of the cards, they answered, "Don't mention them to us again; it was all very well to gamble when we did not know any better, but now we have given the cards to the little children to build houses with."

In another zenana there was an old widow lady who was very anxious to learn to read the Bible, but was prevented by the dimness of her eyesight. By her own wish, however, the missionary came and read aloud to her. On one of her visits the teacher asked if she could remember anything about what had been read to her the first time, and to her great pleasure her blind pupil began to repeat all that she had been taught out of St. Matthew's Gospel as correctly as if she had the book before her. It appeared that this old lady was in the habit of gathering her friends round her in the evening, and then telling them all that the missionary had read to her.

The Hindus are, as a rule, very quick at learning by heart, and it is a habit the blessing of which many of them come to feel when their Bibles are taken from them by their heathen relations. The *book* they may take, but as one girl said, "The chapters I have learnt by heart they cannot take from me."

In the last house we visit this morning the only pupil is a pleasant, intelligent lady, about five and

twenty. She went to the mission school before her marriage, and has learnt to read and write well. She has a Bible of her own, over which she spends a great deal of time, and whenever the lady missionary comes, she has plenty of questions to ask about all that she has read.

She has not yet openly declared herself a Christian, for she fears the anger of her husband and all her heathen relations. But the missionary has good hopes that in time her love for Christ may lead her to conquer her fears, and that at last the Christian wife, by her loving, patient life, may be the means of bringing her husband also to Christ.

And so the missionary prays for her pupil—one of those earnest believing prayers, so unlike the meaningless prayers of the heathen, that even an old Hindu lady was struck by the difference, and said, “You Christians, when you pray, seem as if you were talking to some one whom you really saw up there; but as for us, our gods seem all to have gone to sleep of late.”

There is a beautiful verse in the Psalms which says, “The entrance of Thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple,” and the missionaries ever find that as soon as these poor neglected women begin to take an interest in the Bible, and begin to believe in God’s love for them, they become better wives, wiser mothers, and lead happier and more useful lives.

And how ignorant they are before they are taught! One poor woman said when she was asked if she did

not wish to have her sins forgiven, that she did not, because it would cost her too much money. The missionary spoke to her of God's forgiveness freely offered, "without money and without price," to all who seek it; but she seemed hardly to believe that such a thing was possible.

Another poor woman was grieving sorely over the sudden death of her husband. The missionary went to her and tried to comfort her. She spoke to her of heaven, where there shall be no more pain, or trouble, or weeping, and where those whose sins are pardoned shall rest for ever with their Lord. She bade her pray for forgiveness and comfort, telling her that God has promised to hear the prayers of all who ask in His Son's Name. "Do," said the woman, "write down that name for me, for fear I should forget it when I pray." The lady had no paper with her, but she said she might remember that it was the "Son of God," for whose sake our prayers are heard, and the poor woman said, "Oh yes, I can remember that."

One of the zenana missionaries working at a town in North India, called Batala, is A. L. O. E., whose writings many of you know so well. Several of her stories have been translated, and are as great favourites among young Indian readers as among English ones. Before the zenana missionaries began their good work, there was not one woman in a thousand who could read. All the schools you remember were for boys, and not one of them for girls; however, now, wherever there are lady missionaries, there are also good schools for girls.

The daughters of men of high caste are not allowed to come out to school after their marriage, but there is no rule of this sort for the people of a lower position, and in many a mission school you may see middle-aged, and even grey-haired, women sitting side by side with little children learning their letters or listening to the Bible lesson. At the end of the half year the scholars are examined, as they would be in an English school, and prizes are given.

In a large town it is necessary to have a great many schools—perhaps twenty or more—and as the lady missionary cannot teach all of them at once, she has to find teachers from among the best of her scholars, who take the regular charge of the school, while she visits it as often as she can.

In all these schools the Bible is read and explained, and hymns are sung, but you must understand that nearly all the scholars in them are heathen or Mahometan. They are taught about our Saviour, and if when they are old enough to know their own minds they come and ask to be baptized, then they are gladly received : but no one is forced to become a Christian.

But perhaps some of you think that you hear enough about schools at home, and so, instead of telling you more about lessons and examinations and school treats, I will tell you the story of a girl in one of these schools, named Toti.

Toti's home was at a town called Amritsar, which stands in that north-westerly corner of India known as the Punjab, or country of the five rivers. It is a

large town, with some very beautiful temples. The most famous of these is the "Golden Temple" in the centre of the town, which stands upon the edge of a large artificial lake. This piece of water is looked upon as sacred; and from it the city has taken its name of beautiful meaning—Amritsar, or "The City of the Waters of Life."

Some of the inhabitants of Amritsar are of one religion and some of another; but the greater number are Mahometans, followers of the prophet. It would seem most natural that those who already believe in the one true God, and pray to Him, should be the most ready to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. But this is not so: the Mahometans place their prophet Mahomet far above our Lord; they repeat over and over again their famous sentence: "There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet." They know almost by heart their own sacred book, the "Koran," and they turn away from the New Testament; they hate Christianity far more than the heathen hate it, and do all in their power to prevent its spreading.

Toti's father and mother were Mahometans, but still their daughter was allowed to go to one of the mission schools, because, as we have seen, there are no other schools for girls in India. The daughters of Mahometans are not married so early as the daughters of Hindus, and until she was fifteen or sixteen Toti came regularly to the school. Each day she would come, wrapped up in the great white veil in which all Indian girls cover themselves when

they go out, running quickly from door to door, pausing now and then to hide herself from the eyes of some passer-by.

Toti was an attentive, thoughtful pupil. She listened earnestly to the Bible teaching, and the words which she heard with her ears began to take a firm hold upon her heart. When her relations at home discovered the change that was coming over the girl they beat her, and often kept her without food for the whole day, hoping by this means to make her give up her new belief.

Toti bore all their cruel treatment very patiently, but it did not shake her in her wish to become a Christian, for one morning she came to the lady missionary, Miss Wauton, and begged that she might be baptized. Miss Wauton hardly knew what to advise: she reminded the poor girl that her parents would be sure to take her away from the school, and that if she were known to be a Christian she would have to undergo much ill-treatment. Then she knelt down with her and prayed that she might have wisdom and courage to do what was right.

After some weeks a day was fixed for the baptism. Each morning before school time Miss Wauton called her, and spoke to her of the sufferings that might be before her. Each time Toti answered quietly but firmly, "Yes, I do wish to love and confess Christ;" and once she added, "What does it matter? even if they kill me, I would rather confess Christ."

The day came at last, and Miss Wauton and Toti, and some of the Christian girls belonging to the

school, met together in the church. As soon as Mr. Clark, the clergyman, had come, he called Toti into the vestry, and asked her whether she was being baptized in order to please Miss Wauton. "No," she answered, "I come because my heart tells me to."

Once more she was plainly reminded of all the hardships she might be bringing upon herself; but when Mr. Clark saw how fully she was resolved to take up her cross and follow Christ, he no longer hesitated to baptize her.

And so the cross was signed upon her forehead to mark her as Christ's faithful soldier and servant, one who should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner unto her life's end.

You have often heard the words read in church over little babies who lie peacefully sleeping, knowing nothing as yet of troubles or of fighting. But to-day those same words were said over one who would have from that very time to begin to show herself Christ's true soldier, in a hard and weary fight.

When the service was over, they all went to the house of a native Christian, where some food was prepared; but poor Toti was hardly able to touch anything. After the things were cleared away, they read a chapter of the Bible together and prayed, and that seemed to give them all comfort and strength.

For two or three hours they were left undisturbed. At the end of that time a crowd began to gather round the house; Toti's mother came in, and after a long talk, took her daughter away with her. The

relations did not appear angry just then, though of course they would not hear of the poor girl's entreaty to be allowed still to come to school and church.

From this day Miss Wauton was never allowed to see her pupil again, and sad indeed are the accounts that reach her from time to time of the way in which Toti is being treated. Sad indeed, and yet most joyful; for although she hears that her friends have shut her up in a room by herself, and done all in their power to bring her back to Mahometanism, she hears also that Toti is bearing all rather than give up her faith. "What can we do?" the relations themselves say; "it all seems to be graven on her heart: we cannot get it out; the Christians have bewitched her."

I am telling you an unfinished story, and no one can say how it will end. It was only in August 1878 that Toti was baptized, and the last news that Miss Wauton heard of her a year later was that she had been forced to marry a Mahometan, and had gone to live at a town called Lahore, about forty miles from Amritsar.

One of the lady missionaries went to the house in hopes of seeing her; but the husband refused to give her leave. The missionary had some talk with him, however; he was terribly angry and violent in his language, but he could not say that his wife had turned Mahometan again; and from his whole manner Toti's friends had the unspeakable comfort of feeling sure that this poor lonely girl was still fighting the good fight of faith.

Earnestly do they pray that she may be strengthened with power from on high to "endure unto the end:" most deeply do they wish that some among them might be near her to encourage her in her heavy trial; yet they comfort themselves with the thought that—

"Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone."

There are many other women and girls in India who, like Toti, have to suffer much, and to bear persecution for the sake of their love to Christ: and the patience and steadfastness with which they have undergone all has proved the truth of their love.

We read in the Bible, and in our histories, of the martyrs who suffered many things for their Lord, and died for Him. Let us remember that even now in these peaceful times there are still martyrs, like this Indian girl I have told you of;—there are still many who, for their Saviour's sake, have given up friends and comfort and happiness, and have joyfully borne trouble and persecution and loneliness.

Should not we, who are allowed quietly to worship God without fear, think with love and admiration of those brave soldiers who are fighting so nobly for Him? should we not pray that He will strengthen them with His Holy Spirit, and in His own good time bring them out of all their troubles, and turn the hearts of all that persecute them?

CHAPTER IX.

THE INGATHERING IN TINNEVELLY.

"Prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—MALACHI iii. 10.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INGATHERING IN TINNEVELLY.

TWO or three years ago, in the beginning of 1880, there were great rejoicings in that part of Southern India, which is called Tinnevelly. English people and natives had met together in Palamcotta, the chief city of this district, to worship God in His house. There, side by side with the English bishops and missionaries, stood a band of dark-faced Indian clergymen. The eager listeners who filled the church were not white men and women, but the people of the land, who by the preaching of the missionary had come to know that the God of the white man was also their God; that all are "one family" in Christ Jesus.

A hymn was sung, and then one of the bishops, Bishop Caldwell, explained to the great congregation why it was that they had met together that day.

He told them that they were celebrating the *centenary* of the establishment of the Tinnevelly mission, or, as we might say, that they were keeping the

hundredth birthday of Christianity in Tinnevely. It is more than twelve hundred years ago since Christianity was brought by missionaries into England, but it is only a hundred years ago since German and English missionaries, in their turn, brought Christianity into Tinnevely.

If you look at the map you will see that Tinnevely is a district about the size of Yorkshire, lying at the south-east corner of India, between the sea and the mountains; you will see, too, that it is coloured bright yellow, the colour which stands for Protestant Christian.

But though there are more Christians in Tinnevely than in any other part of India, you must not suppose that it is altogether Christian. England did not become Christian all at once, and we cannot expect that India should become so either; especially when we remember how few are the missionaries, and how many the heathen around them.

But we are not talking now of the whole of India—only of one small corner of it: and if the first missionaries to Tinnevely were alive now to see the great change that has come over this part of the country, they would say with thankfulness, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

A hundred years ago this town of Palamcotta was the only town in Tinnevely where there were any native Christians at all, and even here there were but forty. The little church which was built for their use was then the only native church in Tinnevely.

But if you were now to travel through Tinnevelly, you would see many a neat little church reminding you of home. The very names of some of the villages would tell you, if only you could understand the language, that they were built by Christians. Here is "Grace village," and "Gospel village," "Christian town," and another, whose name is very dear to Christian ears, but must sound strange to the heathen around—"Nazareth."

I cannot tell you here all the history of the Tinnevelly mission; how the little handful of Christians at Palamcotta became a goodly congregation; how one by one these Christian villages sprang up, each with its churches and schools, and how by degrees Indian clergymen and schoolmasters were trained up to take the charge of them; I can only tell you the story of one such village, and something about Tinnevelly as it now is.

The village that I am going to tell you about has a very long name—Mengnânapuram. It is so long that I am afraid you may not be able to remember it, but at least you can easily remember the meaning of it, which is, "Village of True Wisdom."

This Village of True Wisdom stands in the middle of a great sandy plain. The colour of this sand is bright red, so that if you climb up to the top of one of the church towers, and look down upon the flat country beneath, it is like looking down upon a plain of fire.

In the hot, dry sand, nothing will grow except palm-trees and a few shrubs, but here and there are

bright patches of green covered with fruit trees and flowers, and whenever we see this we may be sure that there is water near at hand. Near Mengnânapuram, however, there were scarcely any of these bright spots, and a dismal-looking place it was when Mr. Thomas, the missionary, first came there in 1837.

Another missionary had been there before him for some little while, and when Mr. Thomas came, he found that there were already some Christians in the village, and that a tiny church had been built them. But although about half the people in the village itself called themselves Christian, the other half were still heathen, and all the people in the surrounding villages and country were also heathen.

One morning, not long after his arrival, he was taking a walk in the early morning, when he saw by the roadside a crowd of people standing outside one of their heathen temples. He went up closer, and saw an old woman stooping over a newly-killed sheep. She drank some of the blood of the sheep, and then began dancing, in a wild and dreadful manner, to the sound of music, while she balanced on her bare head a pan of burning charcoal.

The crowd stood looking on with admiration and awe, for this woman was what is called in this part of India a "devil dancer," and was revered by all the people, because she was supposed to be possessed by a devil.

Sick at heart, the missionary turned away from the

horrible sight, but by and by he went back and spoke to some of the men, and tried to show them that such dreadful customs must be displeasing to God. They only answered that they were following the custom of their fathers.

The people of Tinnevelly are not the same as the people of North India. They speak a language called "Tamil," which is quite different from the language of the north of India. Their language is different, and their religion used in old times to be different too.

The people of Tinnevelly knew nothing about the Hindu gods until the Brahmans pushed their way into Tinnevelly and settled there. Then they put up temples to their own gods, Vishnu and Siva and all the others, and by and by the dwellers in the towns began to follow the Hindu religion.

But the poor people in the country were too ignorant to understand about all these many gods, and so they kept to their own religion, and a dark and dreadful religion it is. They have no god at all to pray to, and all their worship is given to evil spirits or devils. They believe that these devils have power to harm them, and so they build devil-houses, where they offer sacrifices to the evil spirits, to bribe them not to harm them.

The Brahmans did not care very much what religion these poor people followed, so long as they paid enough respect to the Brahmans and the other men of high caste. Before the Brahmans came into the country the people knew nothing about high or

low caste, but now they care as much about caste in Tinnevely as they do in other parts of India.

And now to go back to the Village of True Wisdom. Nearly all the people in this village belonged to the same caste, and nearly all were occupied in the same business.

This business was the care of the palm-tree. I told you that these trees would grow where nothing else would grow, and without them the village would indeed have been poor. The rich people of the village own the trees, the poor people look after them. But perhaps you are astonished to hear of a tree needing to be looked after, and you will be still more astonished when you hear that there are numbers of people whose chief business it is to climb these trees every day, for more than half the year, and who are therefore known as "climbers!"

Perhaps some of the boys who hear about this think that to be always climbing trees would be rather a pleasant way of getting one's living, but if they had forty or fifty trees under their charge, and each one had to be climbed two, or even three, times a day, I think they would soon have had more than enough climbing.

And now you may naturally wonder what is the use of all this climbing. Well, the reason of it is to get the sap or juice out of the stalk of the palm-leaves. The climber carries up with him a pail, and when he has bruised the stalk he lets all the sap flow out into his pail. This palm-juice is what the poor people of Tinnevely principally live upon.

They eat it either fresh or boiled ; they use it in all sorts of ways, and what they do not eat themselves, they can sell, and so get money to buy rice.

But this is not the only use of this wonderful tree ; its root and its fruit can both be eaten : its stem is used for the woodwork of houses, and there is no end to the use made of the leaves. They are strong enough to be used as thatch for the roofs of the houses, and a single one is large enough to be made into a bucket. Little pieces of these leaves serve the school-children for copy-books and the grown-up people for writing paper.

But Mr. Thomas was anxious that other things should grow round about the village besides the palm-trees, so he set to work to dig wells deep down in the hot, dry sand. Soon tiny streams were running in all directions, and the thirsty land was changed into a fruitful ground on which grew roses and jessamine, grapes, pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts. It was wonderful to see how great a change had been made in a short time by the digging of these wells of water. It was, said those who saw it, like what is spoken of in Isaiah—"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

The village was changed outwardly ; water had been poured upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground ; but there was a yet richer blessing in store for the people of Mengnânapuram. The heavenly water, the Holy Spirit of God, was to be "poured on them from on high ;" changing their

hearts and lives, as the earthly water had changed the barren and dusty land.

In four years' time there were more than two thousand Christians in and around the village, and in four years more the number had doubled. At first Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had no one to help them in their missionary work; even the master of the chief school was still a heathen. He could teach the children reading and writing, but all their Bible teaching had to be left to Mr. Thomas.

By and by boarding-schools were opened as well as the day-schools. The boys and girls were taken into these schools when they were very young, so that they had time to learn good habits, and the cleverest among them were regularly trained to teach others; so that by and by when these children grew up, Mr. Thomas found himself surrounded with a band of Christian helpers, willing and able to do all they could for their fellow-countrymen.

Several of these boys in time became clergymen; but this was not for a great many years to come, and first the Christians of Mengnânapuram had to pass through a time of trouble, and to bear much ill-treatment from their heathen neighbours.

Bands of men would go round to the houses of the newly-made Christians and tempt them to come back to heathenism once again. If they refused, these men began to use their sticks, and in a short time the house was stripped bare. The furniture, the little store of food, everything that could be moved, was carried off. After a few days these robbers would

come and offer to give back the goods to their owners—if only they would give up their religion. Some of the Christians unhappily yielded to the temptation, and went back to heathenism for a time, but gradually, as the Christians grew stronger, the storm of persecution passed away.

At the end of five or six years the congregation had increased so much that the little church was found far too small, and it was decided to build a large and handsome one, which might be a kind of model church for the villages round. You know that it costs a great deal of money to build a large church, and most of these Christian villages in Tinnevelly are so poor that they cannot afford to give a great deal of money.

In many of the villages, therefore, the churches are very plain little buildings, made, like so many of the heathen temples, of mud-bricks. The Christians have given to these little churches the name of “prayer-houses,” as they used to call the heathen temples built in the same way “devil-houses.”

But the church that was now going to be built in the Village of True Wisdom was to be a large stone church, with tower and spire, like some of our beautiful village churches at home. In this church short services were held twice daily: the one in the morning or at midday, which the women generally came to, and another in the evening for the men, after they had finished their day's work.

On the Sundays, both men and women came together, and a traveller who once spent a Sunday in

this village said, that the sight was most impressive and encouraging. He tells us that the people all sat, according to their custom, on the floor: the school-children drawn up together in two squares, listening attentively to the service, "kneeling reverently during the prayers, joining heartily in the responses, and listening eagerly to the sermon."

In order to make sure that the people fully understood all he said, Mr. Thomas used often to stop and ask questions in the middle of the sermon. "Can you finish that text for me?" he would ask, or—"What did I say would be the second head of my sermon?" and the answer is eagerly given by many voices.*

Sunday is a busy day for the missionary; for besides the two services in church there is the Sunday school—for grown-up people, it may be, as well as for the children—and in a new mission where there are but few helpers this gives the missionary plenty of work.

But indeed when is the missionary not busy? This is the description of a day's work given by Mr. J. T. Tucker, a missionary in another part of Tinnevely, and no doubt Mr. Thomas's was very much the same:—"A ride of six or seven miles before sunrise; after arriving at the village, talk to the people. Then service from seven till nine, during which I also hear every man, woman, and child of the congregation present, their lessons; afterward breakfast and private reading. From eleven till one receiving visitors and

* This catechising is now no longer needed in a village like Meng-nânapuram, but in new missions it is still the custom.

attending to business. From one till three examination of the school-children ; dinner ; from four till half-past five service. Afterwards ride to another village, where I have prayers and a sermon."

This missionary had to go about so much from village to village that he bought a pony, a good gentle creature, so quiet that he would stand quite still in the middle of a crowd, and let his master preach while sitting on his back.

Then besides all this travelling about, there were sermons to be written, and school-children to be looked after, and the schoolmasters and catechists to be taught themselves and trained to teach others ; so you can easily understand that, as I said, the missionary's life is a busy one.

Sometimes little things happened which brought joy and encouragement to Mr. Thomas' heart. One night as he was riding alone he lost the right road, and came into a narrow footpath by the side of a rice-field. It was a quiet lonely spot, but by the moonlight he could just distinguish a man kneeling down close to the bank.

He called to the man and asked what he was doing. He said that he was a Christian from one of the villages near ; that he had come to keep watch over the rice and scare away the birds, and that he was just kneeling down to say his evening prayers. Mr. Thomas asked if he was not afraid to be in such a lonely place at such an hour. "No," he answered, "why should I? God is with me, and He is all-powerful." They had some more talk, and then the watch-

man guided Mr. Thomas back into the right path, and left him, thinking with gladness how he had unexpectedly found this Christian in the quietness of the night praying to his Father "which seeth in secret."

For thirty-three years Mr. Thomas lived and worked at Mengnânapuram. In the last year of his life he had the great happiness of seeing twelve young men—all of them from his own schools, set apart to be clergymen, at the same time with twenty-two other natives. Mr. Thomas travelled some distance to be at this solemn service, but he was weak and suffering from a fall which he had had, and from which he never quite recovered.

His illness lasted several months, but to the end he never ceased to care for his mission and to plan for it. An old friend of Mr. Thomas, Bishop Sargent, hearing how ill he was, went down to Mengnânapuram, and arrived just in time to see him before he died, and to hear him say what were almost his last words: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever."

When the news of his death was made known in the village, the school-children and the villagers came crowding round the house, so Bishop Sargent went down, and brought them up by parties to look once more upon the face of their dear teacher, and told them that the Good Shepherd had called him home: that they would hear his voice no more in this world, but that they must remember how earnestly he had bidden them to look to Christ for salvation, and thus in

this way he might still speak to them, even though he were dead.

There was great sorrowing in the village on the day of his funeral. The Christians came from far and near to stand beside the grave of one who had been to them like a father. Not the Christians only, but also the heathen round grieved for his loss, and one of them said to Mr. Thomas' son—"The people mourn him."

And now I must give you one more picture of the Village of True Wisdom, and then I must turn from this bright spot to tell you a little about heathen Tinnevelly.

If you had suddenly waked up one morning, in March 1881, to find yourself in the middle of Mengnânapuram, you would quickly have discovered that the little town was keeping holiday. The broad street which runs through the village—Church Street—is all decorated with flags and flowers, and from the long lines of men and women and school-children, all waiting by the roadside, you would see at once that some one is expected. It is Bishop Johnson, the Bishop of Calcutta, come to visit the mission and see over the schools, and preach in the beautiful church.

Mengnânapuram is one of the prettiest of all the Christian villages of South India. A great many years ago it was almost destroyed by a terrible storm of wind, and when it came to be built up again, Mr. Thomas persuaded the people to plan out their streets in regular order, and to plant cocoa-nut trees and palm trees on each side of the road, and to

build neater-looking houses than the dirty miserable hovels they had been content to dwell in before—sharing them perhaps with the cattle!

One of Bishop Johnson's first visits was to the house where Mrs. Thomas and her daughter were still living, carrying on Mr. Thomas' work, and caring for the people for whom his life was spent.

A little later all the village met together for service in the great church. There were nearly three thousand native Christians there, and twenty-four native clergymen. The sermon was preached in English by the Bishop, and turned into Tamil by Mr. Joseph David, the Indian clergyman who has now the charge of Mengnânapuram.

In the sermon the bishop said how much there was in what he had seen to-day to give hope and comfort, but warned them not to rest satisfied with what was done already, but by the help of Christ to persevere to the end, struggling against and overcoming all the difficulties that yet lay before them. For though the Village of True Wisdom itself is now altogether Christian, there are other villages close by which are still partly heathen, and some even of the children in the mission schools are heathen, though their fathers and mothers let them come and be taught by Christian teachers.

The whole of the two days of the bishop's visit were taken up with seeing and speaking to the clergymen, the school teachers and the school-children. The bishop must be shown everything, and taken everywhere, even up to the top of the church

tower! But if it was a tiring visit, it was a very happy one, for it was full of encouragement, and showed very plainly how wonderful and blessed a change had come over the Village of True Wisdom in the past forty years.

There are now Christian villages—many hundreds of them happily—in Tinnevelly, but for all this Tinnevelly is not what we call a Christian country. Great part of it is still heathen, and strangers say that their first and strongest feeling when they come into the country is, that they are entering a heathen land.

By far the greater number of the people you meet in going about, bear on their forehead the mark which shows that they are worshippers of the heathen gods, and in travelling by train you may notice that among the crowds waiting at the railway stations, very few are to be seen without this heathen mark.

This being so, it is to be expected that in places where the Christians are still few in number they will often for a time have to bear persecution for the sake of their religion. In some of the villages the heathen only keep apart from the Christians, making it their boast that they have refused to listen to anything the missionaries and native teachers wanted to tell them; but in some they have done more than this, and have spent a great deal of time in trying to lessen the number of Christians, and get rid altogether of Christianity out of their village.

Often, too, those who seek to become Christians have much to leave, much to give up—and this makes the struggle a hard one for them.

Bishop Caldwell tells of three young men of high caste and well educated, who very frequently came to visit him while he was staying at a seaside place in South Tinnevely. They had all three been brought up to worship the Hindu gods, but they had read a great deal of the Bible, and this reading, together with their talks with Bishop Caldwell, began to make them doubtful of the truth of their own religion. Whenever they parted from the bishop they asked him to pray for them that they might be guided into the right religion.

Before he left the place they explained to him what were the difficulties which hindered them from becoming Christians. "Can I not," said one of them with tears in his eyes—"Can I not love God without declaring myself a Christian? must I submit to be turned out of my father's comfortable home, and be content to get my living as best I can, disowned by all my friends and relations, in order to become a child of God?"

When the bishop was leaving, the three young men came to say good-bye, and as they did so they said—"What can we do when you are gone, and we are left without any one to tell us about Jesus Christ?" At their own wish Bishop Caldwell gave them New Testaments and tracts in their own language, which they promised to read often till his return, and in the meantime they begged him to pray for them, that God would in His mercy guide them in the right way, and open their eyes that they might see the wonderful things contained in His Book.

One young man of nineteen in a missionary boarding school determined to become a Christian: he openly went to the church services and began to kneel down at night to pray. For a time he was much laughed at by his companions and had to stand alone, but by and by he persuaded some of them to follow his example and to join him in reading the Bible.

Some indeed there are of the newly-made Christians who are inclined to halt between two opinions, not knowing whether to choose heathenism or Christianity. When trouble and sickness come to them they think it is a sign that their gods are angry with them for having changed their religion, and they are tempted to turn and offer gifts at the heathen temples, and go back to their old miserable belief.

In some parts of Tinnevelly a great deal of the missionary's time is taken up in going about among the heathen villages, to tell the "good tidings" to those who have never yet heard them. But before the missionary or native clergyman can preach, he must collect his congregation. For this purpose the missionary often takes with him a band of young men—choir-boys or school-boys most likely—and he and they march in procession round the village, singing hymns in the Tamil language.

He takes care to choose a time of day when the men have done their work, and are at leisure to come and listen. The best time is about sunset or a little later, and if the evenings close in early they carry lanterns with them, which makes the procession all the more noticeable.

A crowd quickly gathers—another hymn is sung, and then one of the party gives a short address, explaining the meaning of the words. Sometimes the little band is pelted with stones and dirt, and the meeting violently broken up; but more often the people will listen patiently, for the sake of hearing the singing which they love.

Many of the hymns used by the missionaries have been written by Tinnevelly Christians, and they have been found the greatest help in winning over the heathen to listen to the preaching of the gospel.

One of the missionaries tells of a native Christian who made it his business to go about from village to village singing hymns, and giving away copies of the Bible, and who was in this way enabled to do a great deal of good.

When the open-air service is over, the missionary and his helpers move about among the people, asking them questions and explaining away their difficulties; and it often happens after one of these meetings that two or three men will come and give in their names to the nearest Christian teacher, saying, that they want to learn more about Christianity.

Besides going about preaching, the missionaries have their boarding-schools and day-schools to look after. These schools do untold good, and happily the little day-schools do not cost a great deal of money. There are a large number of them scattered about the country.

Mr. Tucker, a missionary who worked for many years in Tinnevelly, tells of one such little school

which was supported by seventy poor persons in a village in Dorsetshire; each one of the seventy giving a penny a month, and promising to pray for a blessing on his gift. What a happy thing it would be if giving and praying always went hand in hand like this!

The little Christian children in Tinnevelly have their missionary-boxes just as some of you have, or rather I should say their *missionary-jars*, for instead of wooden boxes they very often have little earthenware jars, which have to be broken when the time comes to take out the money.

Sometimes you might perhaps see in the plate at church a large skein of cotton instead of a piece of money. Those who are too poor to give much money are encouraged to give in other ways, and some of the people are beginning to set aside a sheep, or some fowls, or a part of their crop of rice, to raise money for missionary purposes and the support of the sick poor.

If the missionaries and native clergymen see many things that are sad and disappointing, they see also much that encourages them to work on in patience and hope.

Not long ago a native gentleman came to one of the missionaries and told him that he wished to be baptized. He said that for some time past he had been reading the Bible secretly, and going out alone in the darkness of the night to pray by the riverside, but now he felt that he must do more than this, and let it be known openly that he was "on the Lord's side."

When his family heard what he meant to do they took his wife away from him, and they shut the man himself up in a room, threatening to kill him, unless he would promise not to become a Christian. He declared, however, that he would die rather than give up his newly-found Saviour: and told them that if they killed him, he trusted his death would be the means of bringing over the whole village to Christ.

Fortunately his relations feared that if they did kill him this might really happen, so they left off persecuting him. Soon after this he was baptized, and the latest accounts of him say that he speaks to every one he meets of the love of Christ, and spends his time in trying to make others share in his new happiness.

These native Christians can do a very great deal to help in the spreading of the gospel among their fellow-countrymen. They have some advantages that the English missionary has not, for they speak the language without having to learn it, and know more about their own customs and beliefs than a stranger can know.

In one of the missions the native clergyman has a great deal of help from quite a poor woman, who earns her living by going about from house to house, nursing the sick, and doing any work she can get. She carries her Testament and hymn-book with her, and when she finds the people of the house willing to listen to her, she reads aloud and explains what she reads.

In Palamcotta, the chief town of Tinnevely, a

whole family were brought over from heathenism to Christianity by means of the good native post-master of the place. One of the children of this family, a boy of thirteen, was playing in the streets, and using very bad language. The post-master rebuked him, and told him that this was displeasing to God. The boy was astonished, and went to his house and asked what other things were displeasing to God. The post-master then invited the lad in to family prayers, and this was the beginning of an acquaintance with the family, which ended in the father and mother and children all becoming Christians.

One of the native clergymen tells of a poor Christian ploughman who had had a great deal to bear for the sake of his religion, but had stood firm through all his trials. Some one who was passing along the road one day, very early in the morning, overheard this man repeating the Belief, the commandments and some psalms, as he watered the fields, and the clergyman found out afterwards that it was his habit to sing hymns while at his work.

Mr. Tucker, the missionary whose name I mentioned before, tells a pretty story of a child in one of his mission schools, whose little brother had died. Some days after the funeral the boy went to the grave, and, laying a stone upon it, knelt down and said, as if speaking to his little dead brother: "O brother, do not be afraid; you cannot come to me, but I can come to you. The Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the world: then you will see me, and

I shall see you." When he was asked why he had placed a stone on the grave, he made answer, that Jacob had placed a stone on the spot where God met him.

You have heard already of the terrible famines that happen from time to time in India. About four or five years ago Tinnevely suffered from a year of most severe famine. About the month of May the distress was already very great, and it went on growing worse and worse, up till September or October.

When people in England heard how terrible the distress was, they sent out large sums of money to buy food for the starving multitudes. This English money saved the lives of many and many a poor native, but it came too late to save all the sufferers. Thousands of men and women and little children died of this famine, and in many families only one or two were left alive.

One sorrowful consequence of this year of famine was the great number of children who were left orphans, with no one to care for them. If it had not been for the Christians, most of these helpless, little ones would have been left to die, but the English missionaries and the native Christians took care of as many of them as they possibly could. A great number of orphanages were built to receive them, and in these hundreds of tiny children—many of them only a few months old—have found a safe and happy home.

One of these orphan homes is in a village called Nazareth: there are in it more than a hundred chil-

dren, both boys and girls. The girls do the house-work, and the boys are all taught some trade, that they may be able to get their own living. We may be quite sure that these little Indian children who are brought up at Nazareth in Tinnevelly, are taught about that other Nazareth in Palestine, and about the Holy Child Jesus, Whose home it was.

This famine year was indeed a time of bitter suffering; yet by God's grace, good came out of the evil. —“The dark cloud,” says Bishop Caldwell, “has proved to have a silver lining, and there are many now in Tinnevelly who can say, ‘It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn Thy statutes.’”

The poor sufferers in Tinnevelly felt that if it had not been for the Christians, they would have been left uncared for to die. They saw that while their rich, heathen neighbours had stood by and seen their distress, without stretching out any hand of help, strangers far away in England, who had only heard of their misery, had sent out money to help the heathen as well as the Christians. They marked the difference between the two, and many of them began to feel within themselves that it must be religion which made this great difference. They began to understand that Christianity taught men to love and to help one another, and many of them wished to know more of this religion of love.

In the year following the famine, thousands of natives sent in their names to Bishop Caldwell, saying that they wished to become Christians. In several villages the head men met together, talked the matter

over, and agreed to go to the nearest Christian settlement and ask to be taught.

"Village after village," wrote Bishop Caldwell, "is laying aside its heathenism and seeking admission into the fold of Christ."

Of course the people who come in this way to seek to be made Christians are most of them very ignorant. Many of them come only because others have come. They know scarcely anything about Christianity, but they want to be taught, and they agree to give up all their heathen customs, to come to the Christian services, and to obey the teachings of the clergyman or teacher who is sent to them.

They are carefully taught for some time, and then if the missionary thinks that they are really in earnest—ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well—he baptizes them. By and by schools are opened and churches built, and it is to be hoped that many of these miserable heathen villages will become in time as bright spots as the Village of True Wisdom has become already.

In one village Bishop Caldwell was invited to come to hold the opening service in a large, well-built heathen temple, which was now to be changed into a Christian church, by the wish of the people who owned it. A hymn was sung, and then the bishop preached a sermon on the words—"Ye are the temple of the living God."

He told his hearers how this temple had been built for the worship of the evil spirit whom the heathen called, "The Father of Darkness," but that

now it was to be given to "The Father of Light," and that those who came to worship in it must walk as children of the light.

It is strange and wonderful to think of the blessed change that has come over Tinnevelly in the last three or four years, in the willingness of the natives to hear and to believe the Christian message.

Bishop Sargent, who has lived in the land for long years, speaks of the "many thousands" who have lately joined the Christians, and says it is as if a "Gospel wave had rolled over the villages and hamlets."

A native clergyman said it seemed as if some heavenly power were working among the people, and as if one heard echoing through the air the words: "Come, come, come."

So the gracious call is sounded out. God grant that those who hear it may obey! "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

CHAPTER X.

A MISSION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

“Till every border is possessed,
And Christ proclaimed in every land ;
Till then we would not, dare not, rest,
But forward press at Thy command.”

—CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

CHAPTER X.

A MISSION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

SIXTY years ago a little girl named Ellen was growing up in a pleasant, country home among the green mountains, in the United States of America. In the summer time Ellen's playtime was generally spent under the birch trees, by the side of a clear bubbling brook, and here she loved to bring her book, and to sit, picturing to herself those far-away lands of which she read.

Her favourite book was the letters of Ann Judson, the brave wife of an excellent missionary out in Burmah. The Judsons' story is full of interest, and little Ellen read all about their many dangers and sufferings, till it seemed to her as if the whole family were friends of her own.

Dr. Judson was still alive at this time, and it was the great wish of Ellen's heart to go out and join him in his work.

She knew, however, that it is necessary to learn a great deal one's self before one is able to teach others, and her father and mother were so poor that they could not afford to send her away to school. What

she could teach herself she did; she borrowed a geography book, and studied it while she washed up the tea-things. She gave all her spare time to reading, and laid by all the little money she could earn or save towards buying fresh books, and paying for her wished-for schooling.

By and by she went a journey of some months, as companion to a lady. One evening when she went up to bed she found in her room a missionary magazine. She took it up, and by chance opened it at the journal of Francis Mason, a missionary in Burmah. She read on eagerly, and all her old interest in Burmah came back more strongly than before.

When she got home, she said to her father—"Papa, I must go to Burmah." She had often talked of going, but now she meant it quite seriously. Her father did not discourage her, and from this time the whole family began to feel that though it must be many years before Ellen could go to Burmah, she would certainly go some time.

Sufficient money had now been saved to send Ellen to a boarding-school, and here she worked hard, dividing her time between learning and teaching, and always keeping the thought of heathen Burmah before her mind. How she was to go she knew not; but she worked and waited, and by and by a way, such as she had never thought of, was made open for her.

She came to know a Mr. Bullard, a very good active missionary from Burmah; and in time he asked her to be his wife, and go back with him to share in his work.

After their marriage they enjoyed a pleasant holiday together in America, and then they set out on their long and trying four months' voyage to Burmah. The ship was small, the supply of water bad, and the heat great, and Mrs. Bullard—ill and suffering as she was—had a tiny baby to care for.

Right glad were the travellers when at last their long journey came to an end, and they set foot on the coast of Burmah; there to find good old Dr. Judson waiting to give them a hearty welcome.

To Ellen herself it seemed almost like a dream. Now, at last, she had reached that country which she had been thinking about all her life: there, on the green hill in front, stood just such a pagoda, or temple, as she had seen in pictures; dark-skinned men and women, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow and with turbans on their heads, pressed round the ship, and, last of all, it was Dr. Judson, the brave missionary whose history was so well known to her, who now came forward to welcome her to Burmah.

Burmah lies between India, China, and the Bay of Bengal. In our missionary map you will see that it is all coloured black, to show that it is a wholly heathen country; but if you look at the school atlas, you will see that there the southern and western parts are painted red, which tells us that they belong to England. The north-eastern part is ruled over by a prince of its own, but it is only with British Burmah that we have now to do.

In shape it is long and narrow, and on the map it looks something like a red ribbon lying along the sea-

coast. It is divided into three parts, or provinces, of which the upper and lower are very narrow ; while the middle one, in which Rangoon, the capital, is situated, broadens out considerably.

Along this strip of land no less than three mountain chains run, lengthwise from north to south, dividing up the country into rich, sheltered valleys. Each one of these valleys is watered by a mighty river, and it is this abundance of water that makes British Burmah the fertile, prosperous country she is, and saves her from droughts and famines, such as the people of India so constantly suffer from.

Like India, Burmah has its three seasons—its hot, its rainy, and its cold season. Here, too, the hot months are very trying, and the first beginning of the rains is eagerly looked for. At last, one evening in May, the great heat suddenly becomes less, and clouds gather in the sky.

These are signs of the coming rain ; before long a few big drops begin to fall, and soon the whole thirsty earth is refreshed by a bountiful supply of rain. Welcome though the rain is itself, it brings with it something which is far from pleasant—namely, a perfect invasion of insects of all sorts and kinds.

Flies, beetles, moths, and grasshoppers now spring suddenly into life, and come buzzing in at the open windows, taking up their position in soup plates and preserves, scorching themselves in the candles, and causing timid people to cry out, by fluttering down upon their necks and hands, or entangling themselves in their hair.

A still greater inconvenience that follows each year from the setting in of the rains is to be found in the floods. Each little mountain stream is filled to overflowing, and these pouring themselves into the great rivers, swell them to such a height that they rise above their banks, and lay the country for miles on either side under water.

This happens so regularly each year, that the natives are prepared for it. They have boats in readiness; and you go sailing across the fields, steering your way among trees and shrubs, till you enter the street of some large village. And here the scene is still more curious. The houses in Burmah are all raised high above the ground, on stakes, in order to be out of reach of the floods; and their houses being thus out of danger, the people are not much disturbed by lesser inconveniences—to which, indeed, they are well accustomed.

Children are to be seen catching fish with lines through holes in the floor: boats ply up and down the streets, landing passengers at their own doors, or carrying them, it may be, to a shop a few yards off;—for wherever they would go, whether a mile off or only next door—there is no possible way of getting about but by boat.

By and by the waters begin to sink again, leaving the land all the better for having been for a time under water. Before, however, the fields appear again, the rice-planting begins; for in India and Burmah the young rice plants are set, not merely beside the water, but in it, rooted in the soft mud. Soon the

water rolls back completely, and the rice plant springs up green and fresh.

There are plenty of big towns in Burmah, situated, most of them, upon the banks of the great rivers or on the sea-coasts. But it was not to the dwellers in the towns that our missionaries were sent, but to their wilder mountain neighbours, the Karens.*

The Karens are a people differing from the Burmese in speech, in customs, and in religion. The Burmese are clever workpeople, and can build good houses and ornamental temples, and in many trades they are as skilful as English workpeople. They have schools too, and the boys at least are taught to read and write.

The poor Karens are a much rougher and more ignorant people. Their home is on the slopes of the mountains, among the wild forests. It often happens that the smaller villages contain but a single house, a long, low building of bamboo canes, roughly put together, and roofed with grass, with separate rooms in the upper part for each distinct family, and places beneath for the animals.

These houses are easily built, and the Karens think little of deserting an entire village, and setting up a new one elsewhere. They clear a space in the forest by setting fire to the trees and burning them down. They then prepare the ground a little, and plant their crop of rice and one, perhaps, of cotton. After two or three years no more food is to be had from the poor soil, and they have to leave this spot also, and to begin all their labour over again.

* Pronounced *Ká-rens*.

From time to time the Karens come down from their mountain homes into the towns, in order to exchange their tobacco, or honey, or oranges, for dried fish, bright-coloured silk handkerchiefs for the head, or such other articles of Burmese manufacture as they may chance to fancy : laden with these they return to their own wild villages, into which no stranger ventures to enter, unless protected by one of the inhabitants.

The Burmese look down upon the Karens, and will have little to do with them ; thus it happens that they were allowed to come and go unnoticed, and that long after Christian missionaries had been settled among the Burmese, the poor people of the mountains were still left without any one to help them or to teach them.

At last Dr. Judson's attention was turned to their needs, and from this time the poor Karens were no longer neglected. It was among the Karens of the lowest of the three provinces that Mr. Bullard was working. The people listened gladly to his teaching, and in a short time he had gathered round him quite a little congregation of Christians.

He found a ready helper in Guapung, a Karen chieftainess, a woman who was greatly looked up to by her own people. Her history was a curious one. More than twenty years before this time she happened one day to be standing on the banks of the great river Saluen, when a foreign ship sailed up the river and anchored there.

A white man stepped on to the shore, and coming up to the woman, held out his hand to her, and asked

her, in Burmese, if she was well. "Well, my lord," she answered. The tall stranger asked her a few more questions, and then the ship was ready to set sail again, and with the words: "Go in peace," he left her. The woman stood long, looking after the ship, and when her brothers came to her she told them that she had seen a white man with the face of an angel, and that he had spoken kindly to her and given her his hand.

Such kind words, such respectful treatment, was very unlike anything that Guapung had been accustomed to from her heathen relations, and she began to think within herself that it must be his religion which made the white man so kind and gentle. "His God must be *the* God," said she; "hereafter I worship Him!"

That very night she began to pray to this God whose name she had never heard. "Mighty Judge, Lord God, the Righteous One! In the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, pity me, I pray! Show me Thy glory, that I may know Thee who Thou art!"

For several years she patiently prayed this prayer, and at last the answer came. A missionary lady visited the place and found out Guapung, and declared to her "the Unknown God," whom she ignorantly worshipped. She listened eagerly, and not only became a Christian herself, but did all she could to make the good news known among her friends.

Little did Dr. Judson—for it was he who had taken her by the hand and talked with her—think that the

seed of a few kind words, hurriedly spoken by the riverside, would bring forth such rich fruit to everlasting life.

With Guapung to help them, Mr. and Mrs. Bullard made long journeys, sometimes by land, sometimes in boats up the river, making friends with the people, and teaching them many things.

In these journeys it very much troubled Mrs. Bullard to see how badly and foolishly the mothers brought up their children; one day spoiling them, the next punishing them most cruelly, but never taking the pains to teach them to be good. They were willing enough, however, to learn better ways, and after a time Mrs. Bullard had the satisfaction of seeing that her lessons were not all thrown away.

"My boy brings me firewood now!" cries one mother. "My little girl don't run away now!" says another; while a third adds—"You see that boy, he was the worst child in the world, and all my beatings did him no good; now see, I haven't struck him for a week, and he's just as good as sugarcane!"

The homes, too, became happier, as the women learnt to be gentler and more patient, and the men in their turn began to ask questions about the new religion which taught people to be loving and forbearing.

Thus the work was spreading, when Mr. Bullard was taken ill of fever and died. His widow determined not to leave the country, but to stay and do what she could for the poor Karens.

They had everything to learn;—not Bible-truths only, but the commonest habits of order and cleanliness. They are not a clean people, and Mrs. Bullard had much difficulty in persuading them to wash their clothes. Such work was beneath them, they said; so, thinking that “example is better than precept,” she one day took a quantity of her children’s clothes and washed them herself, while the Karens stood looking on. “Mama makes herself a servant,” said one of the young men scornfully; but after this day a decided improvement was to be seen, both in the appearance of the people and in their willingness to work.

The being clean, too, seemed to lead the way for other good habits. Mrs. Bullard noticed a great improvement in a girl who had been very ill-tempered and violent. She spoke to her of the change, and the girl said with tears in her eyes: “Mama, when my dress was dirty my heart was dirty, now I want to keep my heart clean; so when the bad words rise, I pray to God, then shut my teeth tight and choke them!”

After a time Mrs. Bullard married again, and became the wife of that very Mr. Mason whose journals she had read with such great interest, many years before she ever came to Burmah.

Mr. Mason’s wish was to go and settle at Toungoo, in the most northerly of the three provinces, and to teach the Karens in that part of the country; but when the time came for them to start, he was lying dangerously ill.

As soon as he was a little stronger, they set off upon their long journey : Mr. Mason carried upon the shoulders of six strong natives in a kind of wicker-work bed ; Mrs. Mason and her little girl were carried in the same way, and the two baby boys were each perched upon the back of a tall bearer.

There was no regular road ; their way led up hill and down, over streams and through forests, and it used to frighten Mrs. Mason dreadfully to see her husband's litter swinging over some deep precipice, while the barefooted men scrambled one by one along the narrow mountain path. Nor did it feel very safe to be carried through a rushing stream that came up to the knees of the bearers, but these men are wonderfully sure-footed, and no accident ever happened.

The next part of their journey was by steamer, along the sea-coast, to a town called Maulmain, and from Maulmain they went by boat up the beautiful river Sittang to Toungoo. This took them many days ; some weeks indeed. They travelled slowly, now and then landing and making friends with the people. One of their servants was a Christian Karen, and on Sundays the little party would go on shore and have service together, and afterwards they would talk to any of the men and women who might have gathered round to look and listen, and sing hymns to them.

Unlike the Hindus, the Karens have no idols ; nor have they any gods to whom they pray. They believe, however, that the whole world is full of little invisible spirits ; something like fairies.

In every wood and stream and flower there dwells, say the Karens, one of these unseen spirits; each man and woman has one always beside him. They do not love these spirits, they only fear them; and often they will bring presents and lay them down upon the mountainside, believing that such gifts will please the spirits, and keep them from harming them or their families.

Once upon a time the Karens seem to have known something of a god they called "Yuah," a great and good God, the Maker of all men, whose seat is in heaven, and who sees all things; from whom nothing is hid.

Long, long ago the Karens say they had a book in which was written all about this mighty God "Yuah," but their forefathers lost this book; and it is certain that whatever the Karens once knew about the true God, they have almost forgotten it, and have quite ceased to worship Him. When the missionaries heard about this, they told the Karens that though *they* had lost their precious book, the white people had still got theirs safe; that this precious book was called the *Bible*; that in it was written all about "Yuah," the Almighty God; and that it was on purpose to teach the Karens out of this book that the missionaries had come to their land.

Generally speaking, the Masons found the Karens ready and anxious to hear the words of the Book; but this was not always the case. Mrs. Mason tells of a visit she once paid in search of one of her scholars,

whose mother kept him from school. The day was hot, the walk long, and when at last Mrs. Mason reached the house, she was so tired that she was obliged to sit down and rest upon a stone.

The house was full of people, but all seemed determined not to notice their visitor. She spoke, but they made no answer: they brought her no mat to sit upon, but left her outside in the sun, while they laughed and talked noisily among themselves. One looked at his fishing-net; another at the water-bucket; a third pulled the dog's tail in order to make him bark, while two women who were sitting cutting up fish just outside the house, made all the noise they could with their knives. Mrs. Mason had never known such rudeness as this among Karens. She looked round; the boy she had come to seek was nowhere to be seen.

At a sign from her, some Karen school-girls, whom she had brought with her, began very softly to sing a Karen hymn. As they sang, the noise gradually became less, and Mrs. Mason was encouraged to explain the meaning of the words. Instantly the disturbance was as great as before. The girls sang again, and at once the house grew quiet.

This time they allowed Mrs. Mason to speak without much interruption, and when the third hymn was sung, all were orderly and attentive, except the two girls with the knives, who did what they could to drown the speaker's voice. Secretly Mrs. Mason prayed that the Holy Spirit might touch the hearts of all present. By and by she noticed that the

rattling of the knives had ceased, and turning round she saw the two girls, their eyes full of tears, leaning forward to listen as eagerly as the rest to the story of the Heavenly Father's love to man.

The boy all this while had been hidden behind a big basket, where Mrs. Mason found him. She talked to him, and asked him whether he still remembered the Sunday, and how he spent it. "I read this," he answered, and held out a little book covered in brown paper. Mrs. Mason took it, and found that it was Mr. Bullard's translation into Karen of St. Matthew's Gospel, which the boy had bought for himself.

Toungoo, which was now to be the home of our missionaries, is a fine-looking town, six hundred years old, on the banks of the river Sittang. The old part of the town is all enclosed within a wall so broad that a large church has now been built upon it. The Masons' house was an old, well-built, wooden house, long and low, standing in a pleasant lawn of its own.

Before Mrs. Mason arrived no white woman had been seen, though there were a good many English soldiers. As she passed through the streets the people flocked out to stare at her. "Oh!" cries one, "I thought them a great deal whiter, but then I daresay many are whiter than she is." "No," says a young Burmese woman, rather jealous of the fair-skinned foreigner: "I don't believe they are; I didn't think her very handsome." And then an older woman pushes her way in to have a peep, saying: "You know nothing, they're not white like *jackets*; I

daresay she's as white as any of them." And so the dispute goes on.

The townspeople are mostly Burmese, but there are plenty of Karens in the villages and mountains round Toungoo ; and the Masons' plan was to get hold of the Karens when they came down to buy provisions, and to persuade them—old and young alike—to come to school at Toungoo for a while. Then, by and by, they hoped to get them to leave their wretched mountain villages altogether, and come down and build for themselves better houses in the fruitful plains, and lead more settled and more comfortable lives.

But the first question was, how to get hold of the Karens ; for these mountain men were wild and shy, and afraid to come near the white foreigners. For some days the missionaries waited and no Karens came : at last Mrs. Mason told their servant Shapau to go and stand in the road leading to the bazaar, and invite any Karens he might meet to come home with him.

Two days he watched, and no one appeared ; the third day he saw a few men, armed with spears, coming along the road, looking on this side and that, to make sure there were no English soldiers about. Going up to them and holding out his hand, Shapau said : " How do you, brothers ? A white teacher has come, and wants to see you." " See us ?" cried they ; " we know he'll carry us off. No, no, we don't go."

Then they were told that a white lady had come too, and that she would not let them be carried off.

"Brothers," he said, "don't fear. Come and see. You will love the teachers." And at last three of the men let themselves be persuaded to go with their new friend as far as the Masons' gate.

There Mrs. Mason found them sitting, and persuaded them to come with her into the house. She could not speak their language yet, but they managed to understand one another by signs, and when, at last, the white lady gave them each some salt—which Karens value highly—their delight was great, and all their fears were forgotten.

As they were going, Mrs. Mason took a little book of Bible words which Mr. Mason had written in Karen, and giving it to one of the young men, told him to go all over the mountains, and show it to his countrymen.

Three weeks passed, and nothing more was heard of the "Faith Book," as Mr. Mason called it.

One morning, as the family was at prayers, a number of Karens came and showed themselves at the window. They knelt down with the rest; then, when prayers were over, the leader of the party stepped forward, and laid down before Mrs. Mason a parcel of dried leaves, out of which he unrolled very carefully the little book that had been sent out three weeks before.

The tears came to Mrs. Mason's eyes as the chief asked her: "Will the lady explain?" and her husband, taking the Karen Bible, began to read the first chapter of Genesis.

The chief listened with wonder and delight, and

clasping the book to his heart, he exclaimed, "It has a spirit! It talks Karen! It talks Karen!"

It is pleasant to be able to add that this man afterwards became a Christian, with all his family, and that his village was the first Christian village in all the province of Toungoo. Thus God's promise was wonderfully fulfilled: "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

Another day Mrs. Mason had a strange visitor, a fine, tall chief, with eight or ten wild-looking followers at his back. His first words, as he strode into the room, were, "Has God's Son come down from heaven, lady? A man told us so on the mountains and we've come to see Him."—"Yes, brother, but"——"Where is He?" interrupted the mountain chieftain; "is He here? Tell us quick, lady, for we've come to see Him."

"He has come, brother," answered Mrs. Mason, "but He is not here, He is gone back to heaven, but"——Without waiting to hear more, the chief turned and went out, and though Mrs. Mason called after him, "Stop, stop, brother! He has left a letter for you," he did not heed her.

In a week's time he returned, however, and this time he paid a long visit, sitting with her, and telling her all his history. After this he came each week. By degrees he learnt to believe in a Saviour, who though unseen is ever near, and in time he was baptized, and became one of Mrs. Mason's best helpers.

Those who had ventured into the mission-house

now went back to their friends and told of the kind treatment they had met with, and how they had seen little children learning to read. On hearing this the Karens grew bolder, and began crowding down to Toungoo, some staying a longer and some a shorter time, listening with untiring interest to the old, old story, and asking numberless strange questions.

The house was full of these rough mountain-men, and it may easily be guessed that they were not the pleasantest of visitors. But rather than discourage them, Mrs. Mason patiently put up with all annoyances until they knew her so well that they were no longer offended by a word of rebuke or of advice.

It was their custom always to rush up to "Mama Mason," as they called their kind friend, and shake her warmly by the hand, however miry and dirty their own hands might be. She said nothing for a long while, but one day she gently hinted that clean hands were pleasanter than dirty ones; and after this the men would generally rush to wash themselves in the river before coming up to shake hands.

Soap was quite unknown to them, and the first use to which one of the young men tried to put the piece that was given him was to eat it. One bite was enough, however, and he threw it angrily away.

For four weeks many of these men remained in or near Toungoo, learning all that they could in the time; but most of them were fathers, and it was impossible for them to remain for long away from their families. When therefore Mrs. Mason proposed that they should

return home, and send in their place twelve of the brightest and most promising of their young men to be regularly trained as schoolmasters, they were well pleased with the idea.

“It hit their minds,” as the Karens say; and in time twelve fine young men, sons of chiefs, came down from the mountains. The first Christian school in Toungoo was opened—with young men instead of children for the scholars.

They were impatient to be able to go and teach, and in a few months they had made wonderful progress, and were already able to read the Bible, and to give a very fair account of what they read. When the Masons considered that they knew enough to teach others, they sent them back to their own villages, and took new pupils in their place.

These young schoolmasters were most gladly welcomed by their countrymen, to whom they tried to make known all that they themselves had been taught; and when they had come to the end of all that they knew, they would return for a while to Toungoo to learn more. Teachers and taught were alike eager in their work, and thus the new learning and the new religion spread through the land in the most wonderful manner.

When the school was first opened, Mrs. Mason was in great distress how to provide sufficient food for all these young men. It cost a great deal to support so many, and yet she could not bear to turn them away. So long as she could, she supported them all, but at last she was forced to tell them

plainly that she had no more money, and ask if they could do anything to help.

They listened silently, then one man offered to bring a mat, another a basket, a third some honey. Mrs. Mason answered that anything and everything would be of use; for what they did not eat themselves they might sell.

Word was quickly sent to all the Karens round—"Mama has got an eating-basket, and anybody can put in whatever he likes," and very soon presents of all kinds—many of them really valuable—began to pour in, such as pigs, fowls, honey, or beeswax. The Karens are a generous people, and their presents were given cheerfully and with a willing mind.

It is good to give money and presents to God's work: it is better still to give our own selves, and this is what many of the Karens did. Do you remember Shapau, the Christian Karen who came with the Masons to Toungoo? Mrs. Mason was wanting to find some one to go and live among some of the wildest and most ignorant of the mountain Karens, but it was not easy to find any one willing to offer himself.

"I wish," said Shapau sadly, "I wish I knew enough to go." "Perhaps you do," answered Mr. Mason, "or if not, God can make you know enough." And then, taking up the Bible, he began to question him in it. The catechising lasted nearly two hours, and at the end Shapau looked up, saying with great delight: "Why, Mama, I didn't think I knew half so much." Now came the question, Was he

ready to leave his home for the sake of these poor Karens?

He was earning now thirty shillings a month: if he went to the mountains the Masons could only afford to pay him eight shillings. He listened, and then taking his Testament in his hand, went out by himself.

When he returned, Mr. Mason asked, "Well, what do you decide? Can you go for eight shillings a month?"—"No, teacher," answered Shapau very solemnly: "I could not go for eight shillings, but *I can do it for Christ.*" He went, and wonderful indeed has been the rich blessing that has rested upon all this man's loving work.

Most wonderful was the way in which Christianity spread among these mountain villages. At the end of some years the Masons went away for a time, leaving the mission in charge of the Karen teachers. When Mrs. Mason came back she was met by her old friend Shapau, who said, pointing all round him: "Teacheress, among these hills and valleys there are ninety-six churches, ninety-six chapels, ninety-six schools, and two thousand six hundred baptized Christians." Mrs. Mason could hardly believe the glad news, and yet, indeed, it was true.

Into many of these villages no English missionary had ever entered, but—"the Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers"—those who had themselves heard of the love and goodness of the Eternal God told it in their turn to others. Thus each true Christian made himself a missionary, and helped to fulfil Christ's last command: "Go ye

into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Mrs. Mason came back to Toungoo, very anxious to start a school for girls—like the one for young men—where they should learn reading, sewing, geography, and arithmetic, and be properly trained to teach. At first the chiefs put difficulties in the way.

"The girls!" said they, "what did *girls* need with books and learning?" But by and by two or three great men began to send their daughters, and then others came forward, promising to help, and saying, "Let the teacheress have no fear, we are able, and we will do all she requires."

The next step was to build a schoolhouse big enough for fifty girls to live in. The only ground they could get to build upon was all covered with shrubs and brushwood and thorn bushes, and before anything more could be done, these must be cleared away. The Karens set themselves to the work, but it was harder than they expected, and they were soon discouraged.

In their difficulty they came to "Mama Mason."—"Chiefs," she asked, "how long would it take to build me a house?" "Oh! if Mama would live in a Karen house, we could put one up to-morrow."

To the great delight of the men, Mrs. Mason promised that if they would build her a house she would come and live in it with all her school-girls: that she would buy the food, and superintend everything, and that the girls should do the cooking.

The hut was built, and here Mrs. Mason lived for a whole year, and taught her twenty-four school-girls. Saturday was the only day in the week when she could spare time to go home. She used to get up quite early, and do all her household duties in the morning, so as to be free to spend the afternoon with her husband: this was her one holiday, and greatly she enjoyed it. As to the children, they were part of the time with Mr. Mason, and part with her.

The boys were growing old enough now to be of use, and sometimes their example was very helpful to the Karens. When they saw the two English boys dash—knife in hand—into the middle of a fierce clump of thorns which they had left standing rather than touch, they were ashamed of their own cowardice, and would set to work in good earnest, crying out: “Remember the little teachers.”

Without Mrs. Mason the work would have got on very badly. As it was, the sharp cunning Burnese were always taking advantage of the simplicity of the poor Karens, to cheat them in a hundred ways—selling them sick animals that could do no work, or carts that broke down as soon as they were loaded—and they were obliged to learn their wisdom by experience.

In the mornings Mrs. Mason used to go the rounds, and direct all the work that was being done; in the afternoons she taught her school; and in the evenings all the workers met together for their Bible-reading. In this all were thoroughly interested; so much so

that they would often go on until ten o'clock—or as the Burmese would say, until “grown-up people lay down their heads time,” and even then were not very willing to stop.

The Burmese ways of describing the time of day are some of them very well chosen. For instance, they call the twilight, “brothers would not know each other time,” or “lamp-lighting time;” the sunset is “the sky shutting in;” while seven o'clock in the evening is sometimes called “children feel sleepy time.”

At last the ground was ready prepared for building, and now there was a still harder task before the Karens—that of cutting down fifty great forest trees for the walls and posts of the house.

At first the Karens went by themselves into the forest, but they soon got into difficulties. They chose crooked trees instead of straight ones; they were slow in cutting down the trees at all, and when they had cut them they did not know how to move them from the place where they lay, and, worst of all, the Burmese came down and said that they were taking more trees than they had a right to, and so the whole work was stopped.

It was quite clear that Mrs. Mason must come and help them, and she came at once. She rode up the rough mountain-path upon an elephant—a great gentle creature which would come up at Mrs. Mason's call, and let her and the children do what they would with it—and went all through the forest with the men, teaching them how best to fell and carry the

trees, and herself choosing out and counting each one.

A little one-roomed hut was put up for her in the heart of the forest, by the side of a clear running stream, and here she lived for six weeks. It was a great trial to her to be so far away from her husband ; but on the whole she enjoyed the pleasant gipsy life, and besides, it gave her many opportunities of getting to know the men better, and teaching them many fresh things.

Without her, too, they would have been discouraged, and would not have worked nearly so well. As it was, they succeeded in felling and carrying fifty trees, so big and strong, that all the Burmese who saw them were quite envious.

In honour of the laying the foundations of the new school, a treat was to be given to the Sunday-school children. The tables were set in the open air, and spread with all sorts of good things—cold fowls, cakes, sweetmeats,—everything was in readiness ; the children about to sit down, when a troop of the wildest of the mountain Karens rushed down and began to clear the table of all that was on it. “ Children fed, and grown people hungry,” cried they, “ no good, no good ! ” and each one hastily filled the bag he wore round his neck, and then turned away, eating as he went.

Never was such an unhappy school feast ! the poor children were ready to cry as they saw their treat disappearing before their eyes, and they were all obliged to go home dinnerless. However, the

story does not end badly, for the other Karens lectured the robbers so severely, that they were quite ashamed of themselves, and agreed to pay for a new treat for the children.

At last the building was finished, and the scholars—now sixty in number—were moved into it. The girls learnt quickly, and what was equally important, showed themselves able to teach others what they had themselves been taught. At the end of each half-year examinations were held, and then it was made known that there were a certain number of girl teachers ready to be sent out into the villages round.

Numbers of chiefs would then come forward, each one begging for a schoolmistress to teach his people. It was impossible to satisfy them all, and the girls were allowed to choose which village they would go to. "What shall I do?" asked one of the girls, as soon as she found herself alone with Mrs. Mason; "they call me *five* ways."—"Don't you know who can tell you?"—"Oh yes, yes," she replied, and went away to pray that her way might be made plain before her face.

Her decision showed that she had thought more of others than of herself, for instead of going to any of the comfortable villages that had invited her, she chose to live among a set of fierce, half-savage people—the very ones who had robbed the children of their treat—in a dirty village where she had to do with-out many things to which she was accustomed.

They behaved very well to her, however: followed

all her teachings, and set themselves to learn better habits, and to improve their homes. In four years from the time when these people had "first heard of the Eternal God," eighty-six of them had become Christians.

As to the young teacher who had been the first to bring them the message of salvation, she had been asked by the cleverest young man in the place to become his wife, and all the village had joined in entreating her to say "Yes," and to spend the rest of her life amongst them.

The heathen chiefs liked to have school-masters in their villages, but they altogether despised the thought of school-mistresses,—women teachers. One day a mountain chief came down with a band of followers to ask Mrs. Mason what had become of his teacher, and to take home another to fill the place of the one who was gone.

Mrs. Mason told him that his teacher was travelling with Mr. Mason for a couple of months ; and then she added : "Suppose you take one of the girls, Chief."—"A girl !" he repeated half angrily, half scornfully. "Oh, never mind," answered Mrs. Mason gently, "if you don't like, you needn't have one, but just come in and hear them recite."

For politeness sake the chief and his men followed her to the schoolroom, and sat by watching, while one of the young mistresses examined the whole school in geography. As the lesson went on, the men's eyes grew big with astonishment and delight, and at last the chief said, pointing to the girl who

was teaching : " I'll have that one—that one ! " and all the men joined in—" Yes, yes, we'll have that one ! "

The poor young teacher was made to feel quite shy, and hid her face, but after some talking she agreed to trust herself with the men. As the village was such a wild one, however, Mrs. Mason thought it best that she should have a companion, and the chief readily undertook to support two girls.

All the other girls now came forward to help them in preparing for their journey, and in a short time the little procession started off: the girls in the middle, the men each one carrying either a hymn-book or a slate, or the basket of clothes—a piece of politeness very unusual among heathen young men !

On their way up to the mountains they met another party coming down, also in search of a teacher. " We've got the best teacher there ! " cried our men proudly. " Then she shall go with us ! " the others made answer ; and it seemed as if the poor girl were to be carried off by main force. But her friends were not at all inclined to give her up, and they shouted out, " Let her alone ! go to the school and get another, haven't you got feet ? "

So they brought home their schoolmistress in triumph, and she succeeded as well in her difficult position as many of the other girl-teachers had done.

Mrs. Mason is no longer alive, but her work is still being carried on. Two or three years ago the Bishop of Rangoon travelled up the Sittang river, and visited Toungoo. A beautiful church called St. Paul's has just been built for the Karens, inside the town.

Here the bishop confirmed more than sixty Karen men and women, many of whom had come down from far, from their mountain homes. The next day he set apart four Karens to be clergymen, and all of these are now doing good work in different parts of the country.

The church services were well attended and orderly, and the boys' school was in a very good condition. Altogether, the bishop was greatly satisfied with all that he saw in his visit to Toungoo, but unfortunately his time was too short to allow of his going up into the mountain villages.

A short time after the bishop's departure, a Karen mother brought her baby to one of the missionaries to be baptized. Now it is a common custom among the Karens to call their children by names that mark some particular thing that happened at the time of their birth.

For instance, one may be called "Father returned," because his father came back from a journey just when he was born: another was born at a time of special happiness, and is called "Joy" or "Hope;" while others are named "Harvest" or "Full Moon," because they were born in harvest-time, or on the day of the full moon.

This baby had been born at the time of the bishop's visit, and her mother insisted upon having her called "Bishop." The clergyman said that this was not a fit name for a little girl, and begged the mother to choose another, but no other would she have. The clergyman then happily remembered that there is a

word in the Karen language—"Nan," which is the sign of the feminine. To the mother's complete satisfaction, therefore, he christened the child "Nan Bishop," which means "Female Bishop." And by this time little "Female Bishop" is most likely a sturdy child of two or three years old running about over the mountains.*

* It was not considered necessary in the foregoing chapter to dwell upon the transference of the Karen mission from the Baptists to the Church of England. It may be as well to state here, however, that this step was only taken after much consideration, at the earnest request of the Christian Karens themselves, and in concurrence with the known wishes of the founder of this most successful mission, Mrs. Mason.

The Karens are, as Mrs. Mason's story abundantly proves, a people to whose welfare careful organisation and a strong leadership are absolutely essential. When her able direction was withdrawn from the mission, the loss was at once plainly visible. There was no one able effectually to fill her place; the mission passed through a time of severe trouble, and many of the converts were beginning to relapse into heathenism.

It was at this point that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel came forward, and under its auspices the mission appears to be rapidly regaining its old hold upon the people, and even to be making further progress.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA.

“ Choose thou

The way of greatness or the way of good :

To reign a king of kings, or wander lone,

Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped.”

— EDWIN ARNOLD'S *Light of Asia*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA.

IF any of you have visited the Kensington Museum, you may remember to have seen in one of the great halls there, an immense bronze image, far larger than life, of a man sitting cross-legged. Perhaps you were told that this was an image of the god Buddha,* and you turned for a moment to look at the strange figure, and then passed on.

But if you had been told that there are temples scattered over half the world containing images just like this one, images that are worshipped by millions of men and women: if you had been told how the name of Buddha is revered by millions who have never heard the name of Christ; if you had known something of the life of Buddha, you would, I think, have looked with a feeling of greater interest upon the giant figure.

I have spoken of the "*god* Buddha," because in many parts of the world Buddha is looked upon and prayed to as a god, but in reality he was only a man who lived and taught and died five or six hundred years before the birth of Christ.

Buddha (he has several other names, but this is

* See note at the end of chapter.

the one by which he is best known) was born in a city of Northern India about the time of the prophet Daniel.

The son of a king, the young prince was from his earliest childhood surrounded with rich and beautiful things, and with all that might help to make his life a happy one. A splendid palace was built and furnished for his use, and his father commanded that every wish of the young prince should be obeyed.

The boy was gentle and affectionate, and made himself loved by all. He was quick to learn, and soon it was declared that he knew more than his teachers. He was grave and thoughtful, caring little for games, and yet there was none of all his companions who could match him in riding or hunting, or shooting with the bow.

So the young prince grew up to manhood: he was married to a princess whom he dearly loved, and they lived together in happiness in the beautiful palace: and now as before it was still the old king's special care to keep from his son all knowledge of sorrow or of pain or of death. He commanded that within the walls of the palace all should be gay and bright and pleasant to look upon: that there "no mention should be made of death or age, sorrow or pain or sickness," that so his son should grow up unsaddened by the thoughts of others' ills.

But there came a time when the prince was no longer content to remain shut up in his beautiful palace and pleasant gardens: there came the unquerable wish to go forth and to see the rest of his

kingdom. Therefore the king gave orders that the gates should be thrown open, and that the prince should drive out; but secretly he commanded that the town should be decked out as on a feast day, and that all the poor and the suffering should keep at home, so that the prince might see no sad or painful sight.

All care was taken to do the king's bidding, yet it happened that suddenly there came staggering along the road an old beggar man, bent and miserable, scarcely able to speak or walk. Such a wretched being the prince had never before seen, and he asked his coachman whether there were in the world others as miserable as this old man, and when he was told that all men in time became old and feeble, he was filled with sadness, and returned to his palace saying, "What have I to do with pleasure?"

Again the prince would drive out to one of his beautiful gardens, and as he drove, he saw a sick man lying by the roadside, left there to die—as the weak and sickly are often left in India even nowadays.

Then the prince questioned his coachman whether sickness and suffering were common to all, and whether they could not be guarded against. The coachman made answer that sickness came to all men, suddenly and without warning. Then the prince turned and drove home, saying, "Where is the wise man who, after having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?"

Yet once again the prince would drive out, and this

time he met with a dead man being carried out upon a bier while his friends followed, weeping and lamenting. "Is this," he asked, "the end which comes to all who live?" and then he cried: "Oh! woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time!"

Heavy at heart the prince returned to his palace, to think where deliverance might be found from all these ills, whence comfort might be brought to such a world of sorrows.

No guidance could he find in the sacred books of the Hindu religion; no help could he look for from the gods of whom those books spoke; they were not just, they were not holy, they were not powerful: it was in vain then to seek help from the Hindu gods.

But the prince could not rest while he thought of all the misery around him, and he determined to go out into the world and never return until he had found the great secret which should bring comfort to the sorrowing. He made known to his father and his wife his resolve; then one night when all the palace was asleep, he rose up and secretly set forth on his lonely journey.

First of all he tried to gain wisdom from a Brahman: for among the Hindus, as I have already told you, the Brahmans are thought to be the holiest and most learned of the people; but the Brahman knew nothing of the way of salvation for which Buddha was seeking.

Leaving the Brahman he went to live by himself

in a quiet village. Here he spent days and nights of anxious thought, leading a life of hardship, fasting often, and living upon the food that was given him by the charitable. The poor people among whom he went loved him for his gentle ways and his words of sympathy.

A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant, had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike were sharers in sorrow and in death. He gave her all the comfort that he could, but he could not say to the poor sorrowing mother even the words of hope

that king David said when his baby died—"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

For six years the prince led his lonely life among the hills. At the end of that time as he was sitting in deep thought beneath the shade of a tree—"The Tree of Wisdom," as his followers call it—there came a moment when it seemed to Buddha that all his doubts had vanished away ; that he had found wisdom ; found the way of salvation, for which he had so long been seeking.

It was at this time that the prince received his name of Buddha, which means "The Enlightened." Believing that he had found light while other men were still in darkness, Buddha could not long rest content without making known to his countrymen the wisdom which he believed himself to have discovered.

Leaving the peaceful village, Buddha went to Benares, the "Splendid City" of which you have already heard, and there preached to the people the way of salvation, or as the Buddhists themselves would call it, "The Way." The people flocked to hear his preaching, and many gave up their own religion to follow his teaching.

With a band of disciples he travelled about the country preaching and teaching. After many years he returned to his old home. Here his words met with great success ; many joined themselves to him, his own wife among the number.

Buddha lived to a good old age. To the end he went about preaching, followed by his faithful band

of friends, and it was on one of these journeys, as he was resting under a tree in a forest, that death came to him.

Such is the story of Buddha, as told by his disciples, and now you may well ask, what was this "Way" which Buddha taught, what was this new religion which has spread itself over half the world? And first of all we may say of Buddha's religion that it is full of sadness, a religion without hope and without God, and yet in some ways it was better than the Hindu religion in which Buddha had been brought up.

Do you remember what I told you of the great misery of caste in India, how the men of high caste despised and shunned those of low caste, and how one caste alone—the Brahman—was allowed to read the sacred books?

Buddha was himself a royal prince of high caste, but he broke through all these narrow rules which divided men from one another. He declared that all men were equal, that the Brahmans were not by nature any better or holier than others, and by taking a cup of milk from the hands of a poor shepherd boy of low caste—a dreadful thing in the eyes of the Hindus—he showed that he looked upon all men as brothers. This was one of the real blessings of Buddha's religion, that wherever it came it did away with caste, and in Buddhist countries, Christian missionaries have not this great evil to struggle against as they have among the Hindus.

As I have already told you, the Hindus believe that

when a man dies his soul passes from one body to another; not only from one human being to another, but it may be into a dog, a bird, an insect even. Buddha also believed in this passing of the soul, or "transmigration," as it is called, but he taught that if men lived good lives they might in time escape from all these weary changes, they might be at rest, and cease to be or to feel.

It is very hard to understand exactly what Buddha meant by this. Some people say he meant that the soul would be "blown out" as a candle is blown out, but Buddhists disagree very much themselves as to his meaning. This at least we know, that the state of "Nirvāna," or *nothingness*, is very different from the blessed hope to which Christians declare that they look forward when they say: "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

There is one good thing which springs out of this strange belief in transmigration: it makes those who hold it kind to animals, because they are taught that the soul of some man or woman may have entered into the animals. For this reason strict Buddhists even think it their duty to keep from eating meat, and will, when they walk out, put a veil over their mouths, lest they should accidentally swallow any insects: and in some places you may find hospitals built, not for sick men and women, but for sick and worn-out animals.

Buddha taught men not to kill or steal or lie; to be pure and just and temperate. He taught that it

was best and highest to leave home and forget the things of this world: to lead a self-denying life, as he had done: to be much alone, and think much and pray much, and try to become enlightened as he himself had become.

In Buddhist countries there are therefore a great many buildings where men and women shut themselves up, and hold their services and study the books containing the teachings of Buddha—"The Three Baskets," as the most famous of these books are called. Most of these houses have a school belonging to them, where the boys of the country round come to be taught by the Buddhist priests or "lamas," as they are called.

The Buddhists are commanded to say many prayers, and perhaps some of you may have heard of the prayer-wheels used in some Buddhist countries. A prayer is written out on the inside of a sort of cardboard barrel, and then the barrel is turned round and round by a water-wheel, or by striking it with the hand.

In private houses, in the houses of the priests, by streams close to the roadside, these prayer-mills are to be found. The traveller has but to set it going and each turn of the wheel will be counted to him as if he had said the prayer that is written on the inside. To us such a way of praying would be the most horrible mockery, but the poor Buddhists have not been taught to pray as we have been taught.

To whom do the Buddhists make all these prayers? Their great teacher Buddha spoke little of any god;

but human beings, when they pray, must have some god to pray to: they feel the need of some one to tell their secret griefs to; some one able to help them in their troubles; and so in many countries Buddha himself has come to be treated as a god.

Temples are built to him, with his image set up in the middle of them, and prayers are said to him and to the images of the other dead men whom the ignorant people take for gods. We may believe that Buddha would have been grieved if he could have known that his followers would worship him. He knew that he was only a man, a man looking for truth.

He taught his followers the best way of life that he knew, and much of what he taught was good and true, and helped men to be better than they were. But Buddha could not lead men to any sure guide; he was himself like a man in the dark, feeling his way, and he knew nothing of any Saviour stronger than man, mighty to save.

Buddha's religion spread fast through India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, and Japan. It is very different in some of these countries from what it is in others, but in some of them it has come to be not much more than a worship of Buddha himself, and an empty belief that the constant saying over of his name and of three or four words which he taught will cause a man to be saved.

Of all the religions of the world there is none so sad, none so hopeless as Buddhism: there is no one who needs more than the Buddhist the "good news" of

Jesus Christ, that "The grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared."

Note.—It may be objected that the statue at South Kensington represents merely *a* Buddha—a sacred being in the act of becoming Buddha and not the actual Buddha—but for our purpose the distinction is not an important one, and the attitude is the conventional one in which Gautama is frequently portrayed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS COUNTRY.

"A people numerous as the ocean sands,
And glorying as the mightiest of mankind ;
Yet where they are, contented to remain :
From age to age resolved to cultivate
Peace, and the arts of peace : turning to gold
The very ground they tread on, and the leaves
They gather from their trees year after year."

—ROGERS

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHINAMAN AND HIS COUNTRY.

How much do the boys and girls who read this book know about China—the “Land of Flowers,” the “Celestial Empire,” as the Chinese proudly call it? Some things at least they know about it: they know that silk comes from it, and tea, and we may say the teacups also: since the china we use at breakfast and tea is so called because the finest porcelain cups and plates used formerly to come from China.

Then besides this they know that Chinese men wear their hair in long pig-tails, and that Chinese ladies squeeze and torture their feet in order to make them small. Perhaps, too, they may have heard of the “great wall” which separates China from the surrounding countries, and very likely they do not know much more about it than this.

And yet China is one of the oldest and most interesting countries in the world, as well as one of the largest. The Emperor of China reigns over a land bigger than the whole of Europe, and even the eighteen provinces called “China proper,” taken without the other half of the Empire, would hold more than a dozen Englands.

It is not here as in some of those half-savage lands where you may travel for hours together without meeting a human being or passing a single dwelling-house. China is dotted over with busy towns as big as our northern manufacturing towns, and even the hillsides are carefully dug over and planted with grain or tea plants, so as not to waste an acre of room.

It may give us some idea of the immense multitudes that inhabit China, when we are told that every third baby born into the world is a Chinese baby; every third person who comes to die is a Chinaman, and in short, if all the men, women, and children in the whole world were divided into three great companies, one of these companies would be made up of Chinese alone.

What China is now, such she was hundreds, even thousands, of years ago. The history of China goes back far beyond the time when Moses led the children of Israel from Egypt to the promised land, and since then, there has been but little change in their laws, their customs, or their language. At a time when the people of England were but half-civilised, the people of China read some of the same sacred books that they read now, and before the date of the Norman Conquest they had found out how to print their books instead of copying out each one by hand.

Five or six centuries ago the Chinese lived more comfortably than the English did, and made use of several inventions which were then unknown in Europe; but there is this great difference between

China and Christian countries, that the Chinese have not gone on improving, but have rather stood still just where they were; believing themselves better than other nations, and refusing to learn from them.

Two hundred years before Christ one of the Emperors of China ordered a great wall to be built along the northern border of his kingdom, in the hope of keeping out an enemy who had possession of the adjoining country. This wall is 1500 miles long, and so broad that two carriages might drive past one another upon it. Almost every third man in the Empire was forced to come and help in the building, and the work was so long and severe that many died of it. Still the wall was finished at last, and remains to this day, and a wonderful work it is!

If the wall could have been carried round the whole Empire, so as completely to shut out all foreigners, the Chinese would only have been the better pleased, for they are exceedingly jealous of strangers. Until about forty years ago foreigners were forbidden to enter China at all, and if they came it was at the risk of losing their lives.

In one Chinese city where English missionaries are now at work, the native Christians have told them how they remembered seeing a poor shipwrecked English lady carried about the streets in a cage, for a show. Even now it is very difficult for foreigners to go far inland.

The Chinese hold all foreigners in contempt. They know little about them, and do not care to

know more, for they are firmly persuaded that no other nation is so well off as themselves.

"I congratulate myself," says a Chinese writer, "that I was born in China; and constantly think how very different it would have been with me, if born beyond the seas in some remote part of the earth, where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in the holes of the earth; though living in this world in such a condition, I should not have been different from the beasts of the field. But now happily I have been born in the middle kingdom, I have a house to live in; have food, drink, and elegant furniture; clothing, caps, and infinite blessings. Truly the highest happiness is mine!"

It has been said that there are more books published in China, and more people able to read them, than in any other country of the world, and yet the Chinese language is such an exceedingly difficult one, that it takes a boy the best part of his school life to learn to read the famous "sacred books," which every Chinese scholar is expected to know almost by heart.

Before any man is allowed to take office under the Chinese Government, he is obliged to pass certain examinations in the books which are taught in the school, and in some other subjects. If he does not succeed at one examination, he may try again and again, and it is no uncommon sight to see quite old men coming up for examination side by side with boys and young men fresh from college.

When a man has passed the examinations he has

a right to wear a particular kind of button on the top of his cap, and by this button he is known to every one who sees him as a scholar or learned man.

This is an honour very much coveted in China ;— they tell of one poor boy who hung his book to the horns of his buffalo, that he might learn while following the plough, and of another, who, too poor to afford himself lights at night, bored a hole in the partition wall and studied by help of his neighbour's light.

There is a third story of a man who found the work so hard, that he was just going to give it all up in despair, when he chanced to see an old woman rubbing a crow-bar on a stone. He asked her why she was doing it, and she made answer that she was just in want of a needle and thought she would rub down the crow-bar till she got it small enough ! The young man, says the story, was stirred up by the sight of such perseverance to try again ; he went back to his books, and, at last, reached the rank of the first three in the empire.

This last story is most likely made up, but it is at least true that the Chinese are a wonderfully persevering people, and often from their very perseverance succeed where others would fail.

They are so hard-working that they cannot spare much time for anything else ; but every one must play sometimes, and it is no uncommon thing to see a grown-up Chinaman, in his loose trousers and blue blouse, flying his kite ; for in China it is not the children only who amuse themselves in this way.

Another amusement, and alas! a very bad kind of amusement, is gambling, and as you pass along the streets you may see knots of men sitting by the way-side gambling.

One of the disagreeables of a Chinese town is the quantity of beggars to be found in it. In each town there are a number of these idlers, with a kind of king of the beggars at their head. They come to shops and private houses asking for money. If they are refused they come back again and again, and make themselves so unpleasant, that most people find it best to agree with the beggar king to pay him a certain sum of money each year; and if he is satisfied with the offer, the beggars trouble that house no more.

We should suppose that ladies would not find it very pleasant walking about in a country so full of beggars; but Chinese ladies are not in the habit of walking much, and we can easily understand that they must find it very tiring to walk far on their poor deformed little feet. The poor women, however, who have no other means of getting about, do contrive to walk long distances.

Those who can afford it go in sedan chairs, and in some parts of China very fine ladies are carried, like babies, by their women-servants, "large-footed women," as they are called, because their feet have been allowed to grow to their natural size. In the north of China there are scarcely any of these large-footed women, and those there are are utterly despised and looked down upon.

An English lady describes the amusement of a little Chinese lady in comparing her tiny boot with that of her English friend. She put them side by side, and at last owned rather sadly that the stranger's boot was the best, because it did so much walking; while her own was "bad, very bad," because it could do so little.

The Chinese are said to be the most polite people in the world. They are very much given to paying compliments, and some of the grand language they use to one another would sound very strange, almost ridiculous, to our ears. For instance, a missionary tells us that two strangers beginning to make friends may be heard talking to one another something after the following manner :—

"What is your honourable surname?" asks the one. "My disreputable name," answers the other, "is Yang." "And your distinguished name, sir?" "My poor name is Loh." "What," asks the first speaker, "may be your honourable age?" "I am but young," is the reply; "my age is sixty-eight." And so the conversation goes on.

In the same way a Chinese gentleman will address a stranger as "Venerable uncle" or "Honourable brother," and speak of his daughter as "the thousand pieces of gold," while he speaks of himself as "the stupid one," or "the worthless fellow," and calls his own children "the dog's son" and "the female slave."

A traveller at an inn before beginning his own dinner must invite every one in the room to come and eat with him, though he knows perfectly well

they will all answer, "No, thank you, do you rather come and seat yourself at my table," and that when the invitations have been given and received, each separate party may eat its dinner in peace.

It is said that even the highway robbers in the wild and dangerous parts of China use the same polite language to the unfortunate traveller they are about to rob. "Venerable elder brother," they will say, "I am on foot, pray lend me your horse." "It's quite cold to-day, oblige me with the loan of your coat." "I have got no money, be good enough to lend me your purse."

If "the venerable elder brother" at once gives up all that he has, the robbers say, "Thanks, brother!" and ride off, leaving the unhappy man to die of cold or fatigue out on the lonely mountain roads where they surrounded him; but if he should resist, they do not hesitate to make use of their sticks and swords.

No one can walk through a Chinese city, or even travel along the mountain roads, without being struck by the great number of temples; and the sight of so many temples might naturally lead us to ask, to whom do the Chinese pray? in whom do all these countless multitudes of people believe?

Long, long ago it may be that the Chinese knew and worshipped the one true God; but whatever they may have known of Him once, they have forgotten it all now, and though in their sacred books you may find mention of the name of "God," yet they think and know very little about this God. They do not know that He is very near to every one

of them ; watching over them and blessing them and helping them, even while they are ignorant of Him.

The name that is most often on the lips of the Chinese is not that of any God, but of a man like themselves: a man named Confucius, whom they honour as the greatest of teachers. Confucius was born about 500 years before Christ, and so lived nearly at the same time as the prophet Daniel. He was the governor of one of the provinces of China, but his enemies caused him to be turned out of his office, and he spent the rest of his life in private, collecting and studying the old sacred books of China.

It is not known when these books were written, but they must at least be 3000 years old, if not more.

After Confucius was dead, people began to reverence him as only a very few of them had done when he was alive. Those who had been with him in his lifetime, wrote down what they could remember of his teachings, and the book of the sayings of "The Master," as Confucius is generally called by his Chinese followers, became almost as precious as the sacred books themselves, and every one who comes up to the public examinations has to know almost by heart both the one and the other.

Some, both of Confucius' own sayings, and some of those taken from the old books, are very beautiful. For instance, Confucius said: "To see what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage;" and again: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do unto men."

Confucius also taught that men should honour

their parents, love their brothers and friends, and be obedient to their rulers. He taught them much that was wise and true about their duty towards their neighbour, but about their duty towards God he was silent; he could teach them nothing.

He told them to honour the gods, but to "keep at a distance from them," and so those who followed his teachings came by degrees to think less and less of God and more of Confucius, and now there are hundreds of temples built in honour of Confucius, where sacrifices are offered to him and he is worshipped.

In the schools, too, a tablet is put up with his name upon it, and the scholars, when they go in, are made to pay so much honour to this tablet, that the missionaries are unable to let the Christian children go to schools where this is expected of them.

A great many of the people of China are followers not only of Confucius, but also of Buddha, whose religion I have already told you something about. Then there is a third religion, taught by a man who lived at the same time as Confucius. This man's followers are called Taouists: they believe that the whole world is full of little spirits or gods.

They think that instead of one holy, almighty God watching over the world that He has made, there are gods of the sea, and gods of the house, and gods of the woods. The farmer prays and offers gifts to one, the sailor to another, the house-builder to another.

Some years ago, in a time of heavy rain and floods,

a hideous, black reptile was found lying in the mud on the banks of one of the rivers. The people round declared that this was "the dragon king," the god of the waters. They fell down on their knees before this creature, and prayed to it to check the violence of the rains, and then they set to work to build a costly temple in its honour, and offered sacrifices to this "dragon king."

One of the strange things about the religions of China is, that they are all three of them mixed up together by the common people, so that you find the same person believing all the three.

Another strange thing about the Chinese belief is that nearly all their worship is given, not to any god, but to human beings like themselves. Buddha was a man, and they worship him; Confucius was a man, and they worship him. In the same way they treat the Emperor of China as a god, and call him the "Son of Heaven," "Lord of the Earth," and such names.

Besides this the Chinese books teach that a man's father and mother are his gods, and to be revered as such, both while they are alive and after they are dead. Now we know that it is God's own holy commandment that all men should honour and love their parents. Obedience to them is, we know, "well pleasing unto the Lord." But that even our father and mother should be to us in the place of our Father who is in heaven; that they should be worshipped as God alone should be worshipped, this is indeed a wrong and a mistaken teaching.

The Chinese have very strange and sad beliefs about the dead. Instead of the comfortable belief that they are safe in God's hand, they think that the spirits of the dead go wandering restlessly about the earth, and that they still need food to eat, and clothes to put on, and horses to ride upon, just as they did while they were alive.

When a man dies, his friends put into his coffin his clothes and caps, and perhaps some money, whatever they think he will need. Afterwards from time to time they will visit the grave, taking with them houses and clothes and horses and furniture cut out in paper! They then light a fire, and burn the papers, believing that their gifts will in some way reach the dead, and supply their wants. A feast is then spread, not of paper this time, but of real food. The smell of this feast is supposed to feed the spirits, and the food is afterwards carried away and eaten at home by the living!

If a dead man is not cared for in this way, the Chinese believe that his hungry ghost will wander unsatisfied round about his old home; and one reason why fathers often try and prevent their sons becoming Christians is, that they feel sure a Christian will have nothing to do with this foolish heathen custom, and so they fear their spirits will never be able to rest in peace.

It would be impossible to tell you of half the vain, dreary beliefs that darken the mind of a Chinese, and make his life miserable. Those who perhaps believe in nothing else at all, have a firm belief in

luck, good or bad luck. They dare not build a house without first going to find out, from some supposed wise man, whether the place chosen is a lucky one. When a telegraph wire was put up by an Englishman in some part of China, the posts were twice pulled down, because the natives declared that they spoiled the luck of the place; and so strong was the feeling against them that it was not thought wise to risk putting them up a third time. A Chinese Christian nearly got himself into trouble on Christmas Eve by cutting holly from a tree that was thought to be lucky; and in one mission lately the Christians have been very seriously attacked, partly because their church was built on one of these "lucky" spots.

This constant fear of some ill-fortune following upon their commonest acts, makes the Chinese very timid and fearful. They fear the spirits of the unseen dead, they fear they scarcely know what. A missionary who has long lived among them truly says: "The one blessed cure for all such fears is the presence and love of the unseen but ever-near Redeemer. His voice speaking to the heart, His Holy Spirit, comforting and calming the soul, can give courage to the coward and strength to the weakest!" And it is just this trust in One stronger and holier than themselves that the Chinese so sorely need.

Sometimes the missionaries out in China meet with men who have tried one heathen religion after another, and found no rest in any of them: men who may truly be called "seekers after God." Here is

the story of one such "seeker" who towards the end of his life found "the pearl of great price," the peace-giving truth for which he had been searching so long.

About nine years ago a missionary named Mr. Wolfe opened a mission-chapel in a large town in the south of China. There was great excitement in the town on the opening day, and crowds collected at the "Religion Hall," as the Chinese call it, to hear what the "foreign man" had to say. An old blind man of about seventy-five asked what all this noise was about, and when he was told, he said that he too would go to the Religion Hall; so his friends took him by the hand and led him down the street to the chapel.

The text that Mr. Wolfe read out this evening was—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." When the blind man heard those words he jumped up and clapped his hands, saying, "Thank you, sir, very much: that is just what I have been longing for and praying for, for many years." The people said, "He is mad, turn him out." He answered, "No, I am not mad, but I know what I want, and what I have been praying for for many years."

Six months later, when Mr. Wolfe went back to this same place, the Christian teacher who had been left behind in the city brought seven men to be baptized by him.

Among the seven was the old blind man. It is

the custom in Mr. Wolfe's mission for every man who comes to be baptized to stand at the font, and declare to those present what it is that has led him to become a Christian. This was what the blind man had to say :

“When I was twenty-five years of age I came to the conclusion that idolatry was vain. In despair one morning, as I was walking behind my house in a field, I saw a glorious ball of fire jump up out of the east, and I fell down and worshipped the rising sun, saying, ‘O sun, take away the load from my heart.’ Again, in the evening, as the sun was going down behind the hills, I said, ‘O sun, before you go, leave a blessing behind you, and take the burden from my heart.’ For two years I worshipped the rising and the setting of the sun, but the burden remained on my heart still. Again, as I was walking in the fields, I said to myself, ‘Perhaps the moon can save me,’ and I prayed to the moon for twelve long months ; but no peace came to me either from the sun or moon. Next, I turned to the glittering stars, and for a year I worshipped them, but they brought me no comfort.

“One day I threw myself on the ground, and said, ‘If there be a ruler above the stars, show Thyself to me.’ But no voice came from the world above, and I went on my weary way in the world till I became a blind old man, bearing a burden in my heart, when I heard a commotion in the street and asked what it was all about. I went to hear the foreign man preach. I heard him describe the great God above,

and then he went on speaking of His love to man. I could stand it no longer, and jumping on my feet, I exclaimed, 'That is just what I want.' Now to-night here I am, standing at this font, about to be received into the Church of Jesus Christ, and I can say with Simeon, 'Lord, now let me die in peace, for I have found my Saviour,' and the burden is taken away from my heart."

And oh ! the joy and blessedness of that *finding* !

"This
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus what it is
None but His loved ones know."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS AND THE STORY OF GREAT VALLEY.

“Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name.”—REVELATIONS iii. 8.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS AND THE STORY OF GREAT VALLEY.

HANG-CHOW is a large and wealthy town in China, the capital of Cheh-Kiang, one of the eighteen provinces into which China proper is divided. It is very old, and in a book of travels, written by an Italian traveller six hundred years ago, there are long descriptions of its riches and grandeur.

The streets of Hang-chow would look to us very narrow and crooked, but all Chinese streets are narrow; and you would find none in any town in the country more full of shops with their painted sign-boards hanging up over the door, or more crowded with merchants from afar, come to buy in Hang-chow, and to carry their goods away in boats down the splendid river.

The people of Hang-chow are supposed to be rather fond of fine clothes, and to like to go in silks and satins: so that the Chinese from other parts of the country say that there is "no telling a rich man in Hang-chow, for that it is just possible that all he possesses in the world is on his back."

The country round about Hang-chow is so rich and

fruitful that it has been called "the garden of China." In the rich well-watered plains, wheat and cotton, rice and fruit trees, and all manner of useful plants grow abundantly, while the hillsides are thickly covered with tea-plants. A great deal of ground is given up to groves of mulberry trees, which serve as food to the silk-worms, or, as the Chinese call them, "the precious ones."

The plain of Hang-chow is protected from the winds by the mountains which stand round about it. In the winter time these mountains are often capped with snow, and a few months later their green slopes are bright with the many-coloured azaleas.

It was rather more than twenty years ago that English and American missionaries first tried to carry their Master's message into this great heathen city. For many years past a little band of missionaries had been quietly working in the neighbouring town of Ningpo, and now they wished to send one or two of their number to the capital.

In former times foreigners had the greatest difficulty in entering Hang-chow, but the two missionaries found that no objection was made to their renting a house, and settling there.

One of the first things they did was to open a book-shop for the sale of Chinese tracts and Testaments, for books are often the best missionaries you can have in China, and may be of use in parts of the country where the words of the living missionary would not be understood.

The reason of this is, that though a great many

different languages are spoken in different parts of China, all books are written in the same language, so that two Chinamen who could not talk to one another could yet read the same book, and each of them write a letter that the other could understand. Just in the same way you could read the figures 5, 6, 7 if you saw them in a French or German arithmetic book, though you might not know the French or German names for them.

The Chinese men are, as I told you before, great readers, and therefore in China good books—silent missionaries, we may call them—are of special use.

The missionaries from Ningpo had not been in Hang-chow a year, when they received orders from the Chinese Government to leave it. They hoped to be allowed soon to go back, but about this time civil war broke out in China: the mission at Ningpo was in great danger, and the work at Hang-chow had to be given up for a while—given up, but not forgotten: the missionaries were only waiting till the closed door should once more be opened. And after five years the opportunity came.

It was two of the native Christians from Ningpo who first proposed that they should take advantage of the war being now at an end, to try and “do something for Hang-chow.”

Mr. Moule, the missionary to whom they spoke of the matter, reminded them how great was the work at Ningpo itself, and how few the workers. Undiscouraged, they replied, “Sir, this may be God’s opportunity; let us not allow it to slip!” And so, after

careful thought, a house and preaching-room were again hired in Hang-chow, and a branch mission once more established there.

There have been several missionaries working at Hang-chow since first the mission was begun, and during the last seventeen years there have been a good many changes among them. The two whose names I shall have to speak of most often are Mr. George Moule (now the Bishop of Mid China) and his brother Mr. Arthur Moule, both of them for more than twenty years untiring workers for the good of heathen China.

At the end of eighteen months a regular congregation of about forty used to meet together for service on Sunday mornings, and on Whitsun Day, 1866, five converts were baptized, "the first fruits" of Hang-chow.

For several years there was no regular church in the town, and the Christians had to hold their services in the preaching-room ; but on the last Sunday of 1871 the missionaries had the happiness of opening a nice little church, a present from friends in England. This church is a very plain, neat-looking building, only large enough to hold a hundred and fifty people. By and by we hope that it will be found necessary to make it larger.

Small though it may be, this little church has already done good work ; from it the sound of God's word has gone out far beyond the city itself. Mr. Arthur Moule and another good friend to the mission, Bishop Russell, were walking one evening in the

country about twenty miles from Hang-chow. As they passed along the riverside they met a party of fishermen who were putting away their nets for the night, and sitting down they began to talk with them.

By and by the bishop began to speak of the great truths of Christianity, and asked his hearers if they had ever heard them spoken of before. One of the men who had been listening very attentively, answered that he had done so, both at Ningpo and Hang-chow; and then it seemed that he had been a listener at some of the Christian services in both these cities, though he had never spoken to any of the missionaries, or asked for further teaching.

"Well," asked the bishop, "do you believe what you were told, to be true and important?" "I do," he answered. And when the bishop came to talk to him privately, he found to his thankful surprise that this poor fisherman not only knew a great deal about the Christian religion, but that—what mattered far more—he seemed really to believe these precious truths with his whole heart, and to have, as Bishop Russell says, "a firm hold upon them." Thus we see the good seed of heavenly teachings springing up secretly, unknown and unnoticed by man, but blessed by the Holy Spirit of God.

You can easily understand that in a town as big as Liverpool it would not be enough to have one church alone, however large it might be; we must have a number of churches scattered about in different parts of the town.

Towards the close of the year 1876 Mr. Arthur

Moule hired a little room by the roadside, just on the outskirts of Hang-chow. He wanted some place where he and his Chinese helpers might come and hold service once a week at least, and where they could talk quietly to any of the people who might care to learn more about the new religion. The room was plainly furnished, and over the door there was pasted up, in white paper letters on a scarlet ground, the words in the Chinese language—"Holy Religion of Jesus."

Two months passed, and no inquirers had yet come to the wayside chapel. One morning in February, when Mr. Moule was sitting reading in his house with the native Christian teachers, a message was brought to one of the party, Matthew Tai, saying that his wife wanted him to go home at once, as a stranger from outside the city had called to see him. Matthew went at once, and returned before long, bringing with him a tall, intelligent-looking man, of the name of Chow.

This man said that he was a schoolmaster from a mountain village called Great Valley, about sixty miles beyond Hang-chow. As he passed the chapel his eye had been caught by the words over the door, and he had stopped to ask their meaning of the old Chinese woman who kept the key. She was herself a heathen, and could not tell him, but she offered to show him the way to the house of the Christian teacher, Matthew Tai.

For two hours Matthew and Chow sat, with the Bible between them, reading and talking, and Mr.

Moule was astonished at the intelligence of Chow's eager questions, and the readiness with which he followed Matthew's explanations. For a fortnight this man remained in Mr. Moule's house, studying the Bible, and learning parts of it by heart.

It was then arranged that he should go home for a short time to see to his business there, and then return to Hang-chow to be prepared for baptism. Mr. Moule determined to send Matthew with him, and Chow was glad to have him, only earnestly entreated that nothing might for the present be said of his wish to become a Christian, lest his brothers should be angry, and prevent his coming back to Hang-chow. Mr. Moule was grieved that he had not the courage to face this danger, but told Matthew to do as he was asked, and keep the matter secret.

The travellers spent the second night of their journey at the home of Chow's sister, where Chow's eldest boy was staying on a visit to his aunt. After supper Chow himself began to tell his sister of his new-found happiness. She listened with interest, but even her sympathy did not give him courage to open his heart to his brothers.

He soon came back to spend another month at Hang-chow, and when in the month of May he again went back to his home, he was more determined than ever to serve the one true God,—only he meant to do it in secret. Chow was something like Nicodemus who “at the first came to Jesus by night,” but, like Nicodemus, he too became bolder as the danger grew nearer.

On Sunday Chow shut himself up in his room, and spent the day in reading and prayer. Early next morning his brothers came to ask him why he had wasted such a fine day instead of coming out to work at the mulberry harvest with the rest of them. Then the secret could no longer be kept, and he told them boldly that it was because he was a Christian.

Poor timid Chow ! he had feared that his brothers would be angry with him and try and turn him away from Christianity ; and now, instead of being angry, they wanted to know more of what he had to tell. For three weeks Chow's brothers, with four of his cousins and some other relations, met together every evening, and twice a day on Sunday, to read the Bible and to listen to such explanations as Chow was able to give. Besides the Bible, Chow had also a prayer-book and hymn-book, and out of these books he held service as well as he could.

On the first Sunday in September, Chow was baptized in the church at Hang-chow, by the name of Luke. Two of his cousins wished to be baptized with him, but Mr. Moule thought it better that all the rest should wait a little longer, till he could come down to Great Valley ; meantime he told Luke Chow to teach all who seemed to be in earnest the Creed, the Lord's prayer, and the Catechism ; and a little later on he sent down Matthew Tai to give them further teaching.

At the beginning of the following month, Mr. Moule himself visited Great Valley. His coming was known beforehand, and though it was quite early

in the morning when he reached the village, he found Luke and several of the others standing watching for him at the different turns of the long street. Great part of the day was spent in examining those who wished to be baptized on the following morning.

Among those who came forward were three of Luke's brothers. One of these brothers has since died. When he was taken ill he said, "My heavenly Father is calling me to go to heaven," and almost his last words were, "Jesus is calling me to go home!"

Three of Luke's cousins also came to ask for baptism with their old mother; the fourth son unhappily could not make up his mind to run the risk of persecution, and so held back. Another young man who came was of a braver spirit, for it was told Mr. Moule that he had borne much ill-treatment from his father for keeping the Sunday holy.

Then there were Luke's wife and boy, and that sister of Luke's of whom you have heard before—in all nineteen. Next morning, when the baptismal service was just going to begin, it was discovered that the young man who had been in trouble for keeping Sunday was missing. He could not be found, and the service had to begin without him.

Soon, however, he ran in smiling, and took his place among the candidates. It appeared that his father had bolted the door, and tied him up with a rope round his neck, but had at last been persuaded by the neighbours to release him. "Father," the boy had said, "I will obey you in everything else, but I can't forget heaven!"

It is disappointing to find that by and by this young man began to neglect the church services and became careless, and at last when persecution broke out in Great Valley he was one of the few who fell, and denied his Master. He was like those hearers in the parable of the sower who receive the word with joy, and for a while believe, but who fall away so soon as persecution or affliction ariseth because of the word. When we read such histories as his, beginning so brightly, and so soon becoming clouded, we may well call to mind St. Paul's solemn warning, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

And indeed the months that followed Mr. Moule's visit were a time of bitter trial for all the newly-made Christians. One of the first signs of persecution was that the Christian scholars were turned away from the public schools of the village. Luke therefore opened a separate school for them, and besides this, he went on holding services in the upper room of his house, and doing all he could in different ways to make Christianity more widely known in the surrounding villages.

One Sunday, in February 1878, the mob of the village, secretly encouraged to it by the gentry and well-to-do people of the place, fell upon the Christians, and ordered them to give money for a procession to one of the heathen temples. This the Christians refused to do, and the angry mob next seized upon one of the little band, an old man—dragged him to the idol temple, stole some of his clothing, and beat him severely on the face.

But the two who were the most hated, and were therefore in special danger, were Luke Chow and his brother Silas. The people threatened to cut down their mulberry trees and to ruin them; and fearing for their lives, the two brothers fled by night to Hang-chow.

Soon after they had left, the mob attacked Luke's house, the upper part of which was used as a chapel and schoolroom. The Bibles and hymn-books, the tables and stools, were all either burnt or broken up, and Luke's own books, his bedding even, were piled up outside the house and set fire to. Mr. Moule had already sent to the magistrate of the district to entreat him to interfere, and he did at last come down to a house not far from Great Valley, and there caused one of the Christians to be brought before him, and questioned him as to his religion.

The people very soon saw that the magistrate was on their side, and would not be likely to punish them, however ill they treated the Christians. So soon as he was gone therefore, they rushed to Luke's house and utterly destroyed it, pulling it down to the ground. A notice was put up offering a reward for Luke, dead or alive; and the unfortunate Christians who were still in the village were hunted from their homes, and were forced—even the women and children—to escape as best they could through the rain and snow, and seek shelter in Hang-chow.

Nor was it only in Great Valley that the Christians were so severely persecuted. In several of the villages round there were men and women who, though they

had not been baptized, were known to be Christians at heart, and these suffered like the others.

In one village eighteen of these men had been attacked while they were praying together, and had been shamefully beaten on the head by the constable of the village. By and by, when the magistrates of the district had been forced, by the English living in the province, to examine into the matter, this constable was arrested and brought up before them.

The man was as cowardly as he was cruel, and in his terror he turned to the leader of the Christians—one of the very men whom he had so ill-treated—and begged him to go with him. He went readily, and when the constable was sentenced to a thousand blows, the Christian asked the magistrate to pardon him. His request was granted, and by his means the man was saved from punishment. So this Chinese Christian returned good for evil, and showed himself a follower of Him Who said, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

After about two months peace was restored, and the Christians were able to go back safely to their homes. It must have been a sorrowful return to the ruined houses and wasted fields. The magistrate gave orders that fifty pounds should be paid to them by those who had done the injury: but not the half of this money was ever paid, and even if it had been, it would not nearly have made up to them for the loss they had suffered.

In the beginning of May, Mr. Moule paid a second

visit to Great Valley, that he might see and encourage those who had had so much to bear since the time of their baptism six months before, and baptize the little band of new believers. The first day Mr. Moule baptized twelve grown-up people and five children. Early the next day he left Great Valley, and rode ten miles out to the village where the men lived who were beaten by the constable.

It was a beautiful spring morning, fresh and clear. The white roses and hawthorns were just coming into flower, the birds were singing, and all things seemed happy and peaceful. As Mr. Moule drew near to the village, first one and then another came out to welcome him, and after examination, four more grown-up people and five children were baptized.

This two days' visit to Great Valley was full of encouragement, for Mr. Moule felt that all those who now came forward must be in earnest, or they would not have wished to be baptized. They had all of them known what it was to suffer for Christ's sake, and they understood the meaning of the solemn promise they now made that they would "not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified."

After this visit, the Christians of Great Valley had rest for a while, but in less than a year's time the persecution began again, and lately they have had a great deal to bear.

They are annoyed in a hundred different ways. Their property has been stolen, their trees destroyed, their fields dug up, and whenever any English missionaries visit the place, still more mischief is done,

in the hope that the Christians may be forced to ask the missionaries to stay away. "Would you like me to stay away?" one of the missionaries asked Luke; and Luke seemed to wonder that such a question could be asked of him.

And strange to say, though there has been so much persecution, yet the number of Christians has increased instead of becoming less. Some few indeed there are who have been discouraged by the difficulties of the way, and have gone back, and walked no more with Jesus, but month by month the little church in the Hang-chow district is becoming larger. There are now more than a hundred baptized Christians (without counting the children) scattered throughout twenty-four or twenty-five villages.

It is a matter for thankfulness whenever any man or woman from a new village becomes a Christian, for it is wonderful how much even one single Christian may do to fulfil his Lord's command, if only his heart is full of love to his Master and to his neighbours.

It happened not long ago that one of the missionaries from the city was preaching for the first time in a village not far from Great Valley, in the house of a man who was himself a Christian. A woman who was passing by came in out of curiosity. She was interested in what she heard, and soon made up her mind to join the Christians. She began going to their services, and came to visit and talk with the man in whose house she had first heard the missionary.

When her father-in-law found out what she was

doing, he was very angry. He seized hold of her, tied her to a post, and beat her severely. Then he broke all her tea-things, and, last of all, he took possession of some money of hers, and told her she should not have a penny of it, unless she would worship the idols.

It was all of no use; the woman was still found at the Christian services. Her husband was a poor, weak sort of man, secretly inclined to believe in Christianity, but afraid to do like his brave wife, and own himself a Christian. He would not even interfere to save her from her father-in-law's cruelty, but only advised her to fly.

In June, when the missionaries again visited the village, this woman was one of those who came to be baptized, bringing with her her three little children. She was reminded how great was the danger of bringing down further ill-treatment upon herself; but she had counted the cost, and was firmly resolved to become a Christian.

She was baptized by the name of "Li-min," which means "Light within." Her three little ones were christened at the same time, and put under the tender care of the Good Shepherd. As soon as her father-in-law heard what she had done, he went to her house, and again beat her. After this he left her alone for a time, and contented himself with only saying untrue things about her, and trying to set her friends against her.

The last accounts of poor Li-min are given in a letter written by Bishop Moule in April 1880. He says that her father-in-law had again attacked her,

and this time beaten her so terribly that in order to save her life she had escaped to Hang-chow. When she was asked why she had borne so much, she answered quietly that she could not do differently, she could not worship idols. Christ had borne her sins, and would give her heaven if she persevered. She would not, she said, have run away from any common beating, but this had been too cruel, and to save her life she had fled.

I cannot tell you the end of this brave woman's history, or what has become of her children, but we may be quite sure that she will be well cared for now that she is safe under the protection of the missionaries at Hang-chow, and perhaps work of some kind will be found there for her.

It is difficult, almost impossible, for us who live in a Christian country to understand the trials of a Christian who has to stand alone in a heathen country, with no one to encourage him in good. When, as in Great Valley, whole families become Christians at once, the trial is not so great, even though they may have persecution to bear from outside; but more often families are divided, and the son or brother who becomes a Christian finds himself hated and despised by all. The son loses all right to any property he may possess; his name may be struck off the family roll, so that he will be unable in the future to attend any of the public examinations, or hold any office under Government; in fact, he is ruined, and treated like one who has committed some great crime.

Then again, if he tries to keep Sunday holy, his behaviour is mocked at and wondered at. All around him are working and making money, and he alone keeps from work. If there are other Christians in the place, and they can meet together for service the difficulty is less, but it is as hard for one Christian to keep Sunday by himself in a country where he is surrounded with heathen, as it was for Daniel in the Babylonian court to kneel down and pray and give thanks to his God.

If each family had a house to itself, a Chinese Christian might perhaps have less to bear, but it is very common in China for grown-up sons to live still with their father and mother ; indeed it is one of the best things about the Chinese that they are as a rule very good to their parents, and a grown-up man will be as obedient to his old father as if he were still a child.

I might tell you many stories of the trials that the Hang-chow Christians have had to bear, but this chapter is already so long that I can tell you one more only, which will show you how great is the need here for courage and patience.

A young man had learned in the hospital at Hang-chow to know Christ, and wished to be baptized. When he went home, his father beat him and turned him out of doors. Afterwards he invited him home again, with an appearance of kindness, but only to begin his persecution again.

In May the son asked leave to go down to Hang-chow, to attend church and see the missionary. "No," answered the father, "you must first plant the

rice." He waited till July, and again asked leave. "No, you must first cut the rice," was the reply. The son waited till October, when all the harvesting was over, before he a third time asked to go, and this time the answer was more discouraging than ever. "No, you must cut down ten thousand loads of wood for me."

We are told that "the trial of our faith worketh patience," and that we must needs let "patience have her perfect work." It may be, by God's grace, that the patience of these Chinese Christians may touch the hearts of those who see it, and lead them to ask from what Teacher they have learnt so hard a lesson.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, OR THE ISLANDS OF JAPAN.

"What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors, great and small,
Nine and ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appal?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?"

—BROWNING'S *Saul*.

CHAPTER XIV.

*THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, OR THE ISLANDS
OF JAPAN.*

FROM the east coast of China, four days' sail will bring us to the islands of Japan. Compared with the great Empire of China, Japan is but a little country. It is, however, about the size of our own islands, and if you look at the map you will see that there is a sort of likeness between the shape of Japan and the shape of the British Isles. Like England, too, Japan has what we call a temperate climate; not very hot, like Africa, nor very cold, like Greenland; but sometimes hot and sometimes cold, sometimes rainy and sometimes fine.

Like England, too, Japan is full of crowded towns and large villages, and hard-working men and women; but here the likeness ends, for the people themselves, their dress, their language, their customs, the houses they live in, are all utterly different from anything you have ever seen in England.

If you have ever seen a Japanese fan or screen it will help you, more than any description of mine, to fancy what the people in this country look like. Some little English children went lately to Japan,

and when they first saw the men and women passing up and down the streets they said it looked "like fans walking about!"

There they were, just as we are accustomed to see them on the screens, men and women looking very much alike, dressed in a loose, awkward garment of coloured silk or cotton, made with wide, hanging sleeves, and a sort of pocket in front, so large and loose that a father can, if he chooses, carry his baby in it! Some of the younger men wear a sort of loose trousers, but this is not very common as yet.

Boots are not worn in Japan, and hats only in the country districts. A bright-coloured paper umbrella takes the place of a hat on a hot day, and heavy wooden clogs are worn instead of boots. They have the advantage of being easily slipped off on entering the house, but they are troublesome to keep on in walking, and they make a great clatter.

I spoke just now of *paper* umbrellas, and you would be surprised to hear of all the uses that paper is put to in Japan. It is used not only for writing-paper and for books, and for wrapping up parcels, but for pocket-handkerchiefs, for fans, for water-proofs! Cheap fans are very necessary in a country where in hot weather even the quite poor people, men as well as women, fan themselves. In showery weather a piece of oiled paper cut to a particular shape makes a very fair waterproof, but if the storm is very severe a straw cloak such as you buy in the Japanese shops is likely to be of more use than the paper one.

A still more surprising use of paper than any of these is for house-walls! In all Japanese houses the rooms are divided one from another by paper partitions stretched upon a wooden frame. These partitions slide backwards and forwards, so as to allow of three or four little rooms being made into one big one, and the whole being thoroughly aired.

It is a good plan in some ways, but it has its drawbacks. For one thing, a person inside the room can hear every sound on the other side of the thin partition, and then, too, it is not very pleasant to have the wall pushed back, and numbers of curious pairs of eyes peeping in through the opening!

This was what very often happened to an English lady named Miss Bird, when she was travelling through the country villages and sleeping at the little village inn or tea-house.

Sometimes Miss Bird used to complain of it, and ask the Japanese policemen to make the people go away, but very often they would say that they had never before seen such a sight as the foreign lady, and one man answered that he would go—if only he might be told whether “the sight” was a man or a woman, so that he might tell his friends at home about it! This was quite a country place: in the towns on the coast they are, of course, used to foreigners, but the country districts are behind the towns in a great many ways.

The women and girls in Japan make their own clothes, but Japanese dressmaking is not very difficult, for all the parts of the dress are made of straight

pieces of stuff sewn together, or rather tacked ; for very long stitches are put in, so that when the garment has to be washed it may be all taken to pieces. There are no puzzling underclothes to make, for in warm weather the poor people are content with a single garment, and in winter both rich and poor alike put on extra dresses made just like the outer one.

But it is difficult to give you a clear idea of what the Japanese wear, for some wear fine silks and stuffs, and some wear next to nothing, and have their bodies all painted and tattooed like savages. It is against the law, however, for men to go like this, and the police are very strict in punishing those they find disobeying.

Do you like to hear about the life of the children in Japan? One rather funny thing about them is that from the time they are three years old, they are dressed exactly in the same way as grown-up people ; the boys like little men, the girls like little women.

You will, I am afraid, wish yourself a Japanese child when I tell you that in Japan the children are not sent to bed early, but sit up as late as their parents, perhaps till ten o'clock ! In the long evenings the whole family gather in a ring round the fire and play at a certain game of picture cards, which is a great favourite all through Japan. The children have plenty of toys—kites, balls, and tops for the boys, dolls for the girls ; but as in England, the best games are those that are played without

toys, or with toys of their own making, and Japanese children are quite as clever as English ones in inventing games for themselves.

Many of the boys are very handy with their fingers, and manage to make toy water-wheels and mills, which are set going by the little streams. Miss Bird describes a children's tea-party which was given in one house where she was staying, and how one of the little girls lay down and pretended to be very ill, and another was the doctor, and came to visit her.

Miss Bird says that there is very little quarrelling over the games, for that every dispute is settled by the eldest child present. In this, perhaps, English children might take pattern from their little Japanese neighbours over the sea !

But you must not think that Japanese children spend all their time in play. Both boys and girls go to school, and are there taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and perhaps geography. They have their "home lessons" to prepare in the evenings, and even in the holidays they are not allowed to be quite idle. They have certain "holiday tasks" set them, and they are examined, not when the school breaks up, but when it meets again, so that it may be seen how much they remember of what they were taught.

In all houses, except the very poorest, you find at least a few books, very generally the same ones. There is a favourite book of stories about some good children, called "Twenty-four Children," and there is a little book about the management of the household which has a place in nearly every Japanese

home, and out of which all the girls are carefully taught.

The Japanese are skilful workmen, as we may see from the beautifully carved and embossed boxes, the finely-woven silks, the baskets and mats of plaited straw, that are sent to us from Japan. The black and gold trays, the hand screens, the china vases, all these pretty things are common enough now in England; but it is only lately that Japanese goods have been sent over here at all.

Until within the last twenty or thirty years English people knew next to nothing about Japan. No travellers, no traders, no missionaries were allowed to set foot upon the islands. China itself was not so strictly shut up against foreigners as Japan was.

It had not been like this always. About the time of our Queen Elizabeth, Japan was well known to Europeans. The Dutch and the Spanish and Portuguese were made especially welcome, and the Roman Catholic missionaries from Spain and Portugal met with a joyful hearing.

Several of the great nobles of Japan, and a still larger number of the farmers, declared themselves Christian. Churches were built, and the new religion spread rapidly through the land: those who were unwilling to become Christian being too often, alas! made to become so by force and cruel persecution.

For thirty or forty years Christianity was very much encouraged; then, by degrees, the Japanese government began to get afraid of it, and to fear that the Roman Catholic missionaries meant to get pos-

session of the land, and give it over to the Pope of Rome. By and by their fears grew stronger, and at last there was a rising against the Christians all through the country.

The foreign missionaries were driven out of the islands, and the Japanese Christians were forced to give up their faith, or to suffer the most terrible persecutions. Many gave way under the trial, but thousands there were who stood firm, choosing rather to belong to "the noble army of martyrs," than to deny the Captain of their Salvation. It is supposed that during the fifty years that this great persecution lasted, about fifty-seven thousand Christians were put to death.

There is a rock on the southern coast of Japan, still known as "The Rock of Martyrs," because from it a great number of Christians—it is not known how many, but some say that there were hundreds of them—were thrown down into the sea beneath. Close to this very rock, in the town of Nagasaki, our missionaries are now at work, trying to teach the people to believe in Him for Whose sake their forefathers laid down their lives.

It is true that a great deal of the teaching that was given to these Japanese Christians was confused and mischievous, and their teachers did not give them the Bible to help them to a better knowledge. The few Christians who were still found, about fourteen or fifteen years ago, lingering on in one of the southern islands, were so ignorant that they were hardly different from the Buddhists around them:

but yet let us give all honour to these Japanese martyrs, since they were found "faithful unto death."

Notices were put up in public places saying: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan: and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Until thirteen or fourteen years ago this terrible notice was posted up everywhere, with others warning all men against becoming Christians, and many an English missionary has seen and read them.

For two hundred years all foreigners, except the Dutch, were forbidden to enter the country, and they were only allowed to come to one little island. Japan was altogether shut up, and less was known of it than of China even. But at last, about thirty years ago, the Americans and English persuaded the Japanese Government to let their ships enter one or two Japanese harbours.

By and by, they went a step further; and now the capital of Japan and five or six other large towns on the sea-coast, are thrown open to all foreigners; while those who, like Miss Bird, wish to travel inland, can generally get leave from the Government to do so.

Since the year 1868, a great change has come over Japan. You would not care to hear all about this change or "Revolution," as it is properly called, but the chief difference that it has made is this,—that instead of hating foreigners and foreign ways, as

they used to do, and shutting themselves up as closely as they can, the Japanese—now that they have once thrown open their gates—are anxious to become as much like English and Americans, and to do and to have everything as much like them, as possible.

In your geography books I daresay you have learned, "Japan: capital Yedo," but now the name of Yedo has been changed to "Tokio," which means "Eastern Capital" (just as the same word spelt the other way "Kioto," means "Western Capital"), and it is as if, with change of name, Japan wanted to take a fresh start and do everything differently.

The Emperor of Japan, the "Mikado," as he is called, has got foreign doctors to set up hospitals; foreign teachers to set up schools and colleges; a post-office like ours has been started, and post-cards are now very generally used; two lines of railway have been opened, and steamers and English-made ships have been brought into use.

They want to be as English as ever they can, but they cannot be altogether English, and sometimes the mixture of Japanese and English ways is very funny. One traveller tells us how English-looking is the railway to the capital. There are ticket-offices and waiting rooms and railway porters, and when you get to your journey's end, you find cabs waiting to take you from the station; but then this gentleman goes on to explain that the "cabs" are very unlike what we are accustomed to.

They are, in fact, large perambulators with an

apron and hood of oiled paper, and shafts fastened on in front. Between these shafts there runs—not a horse—but a very scantily clothed man. When travellers first see these curious “cabs” they think them very strange, but they soon get used to the sight of them, for they are the regular carriages of Japan, and the runners manage to go from twenty to thirty miles a day.

Horses in Japan are more used for riding or for bearing burdens than for drawing carts and carriages; but the horses are not at all first-rate, and much of the work that is done here by horses is done in Japan by oxen. Horses and oxen alike wear straw shoes tied on to their feet, not a very sensible or a very tidy plan, we should say,—for three or four sets of shoes are worn out in the day’s work, and the old ones are left lying about the streets.

But the Japanese do numberless things which seem very ridiculous to our way of thinking. Mr. Fleming Stevenson—the traveller I spoke of before—declares that about all these little things it seemed as if the Japanese were “bent on doing the opposite of what we do at home.”

He says—“The cows had bells on their tails instead of on their necks, and the horse stands in his stable with his head from the stall, and when he is brought out, the rider mounts him from the right; when acquaintances meet, each tenderly shakes his own hand; people write down the page, and they kneel at dinner; the tailor sews from him; the carpenter planes to him; the teeth of the saw and the thread

of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours, and their locks turn to the left : the blacksmith pulls the bellows with his foot, and the cooper holds the tub with his toes ; house-contractors begin to build from the roof, and gardens are watered from a little pail with a wooden spoon."

After all, however, these things are but trifles, and in more important matters the Japanese are anxious enough to be like Europeans and Americans ; so much so, indeed, that they have lately changed their general holiday, which used to be every sixth day, to every seventh day. The reason for this was that the foreign teachers and doctors and engineers refused to work on the Sunday, but for whatever reason the change was made, it gives a great advantage to the missionary.

Since the Japanese borrow so much from us, and are so anxious to learn all about our ways and customs, we may naturally ask whether they are equally anxious to learn about our religion. Unhappily this is not so ; at least there is not the same eagerness to learn about Christianity that there is to learn about other things.

The religion of the Japanese themselves is chiefly Buddhist. The land is full of beautiful Buddhist temples, and the Buddhist priests are very active in preaching, and in dissuading their people from listening to any other religion.

Then there is another religion which the Emperor or Mikado encourages ; it is called "Shintoism," or "the way of the gods." Shintoism has a great many

temples and a multitude of idols : it teaches men to obey the Mikado, and to reverence the dead : but it is not a religion which has much power in the country, and it does not deserve to have much, for it does nothing to make men wiser and better.

The educated Japanese are ceasing to believe in their own old faiths, and are becoming careless about all religions ; they are easily interested in other things, but there is a difficulty in stirring them up to take an interest in religion.

The "way of the gods" has not satisfied them, the "way of Buddha" has not satisfied them, and now the Christian missionaries are longing, as they say, to show them "a more excellent way," THE WAY OF CHRIST.

Perhaps the Japanese Government would have been well pleased if it could have had European knowledge, and European teaching, and yet have shut out the Christian religion. But this could not be ; it was not possible to have the one, and altogether to shut out the other, for many of the English and American teachers and doctors were true Christians, men who refused to hold the posts that were offered to them unless they were allowed to speak freely of their Heavenly Master's life and teaching.

At last after two hundred years, God had once more set open the door that had been so long closed, and the missionaries were there waiting, ready to press in and to preach to Japan the message which she had heard long ago, and forgotten.

For a time, however, the missionaries found that they could do more by *teaching* than by *preaching*.

The Japanese were glad that their young men should be taught by the European missionary; they might go and see him at his house, but he was forbidden to preach publicly, or to open a Sunday school.

This was just what Mr. Ensor, an English missionary, found, when he came to settle in Nagasaki in the year 1869. Nagasaki is the town I told you of near the Rock of Martyrs. Before Mr. Ensor had been settled there long, he saw a very sorrowful sight: whole families passed his windows in a mournful procession;—they were the Roman Catholic Christians being driven from their homes, and sent into banishment, some of them to a desolate island.

Mr. Ensor thought that perhaps he too would be driven away from Nagasaki; but the Japanese Government did not interfere with him, because they knew that he was not a Roman Catholic. They remembered how two hundred years ago the Roman Catholics had nearly got possession of their land, and for this they still feared and hated them.

Now, all this has been changed, and the Roman Catholics are allowed just the same liberties as the Protestants, but at the time of which I write, when Mr. Ensor first settled at Nagasaki, it was dangerous to be a Christian at all, as you will see from my story.

For nine months Mr. Ensor had been in Japan; he had received crowds of native visitors, and had many talks with them about all sorts of things; but he had had no opportunity of doing what we may call *missionary work*, and often he must have felt sad and discouraged, and been tempted to ask himself

whether there had been any use at all in his coming to Japan.

One evening as he was sitting alone in his study he heard a knock at the door. He went himself to open it, and found a soldier-like man standing at the gate. He came in and sat down, and in reply to Mr. Ensor's inquiry what he had come for, he made answer: "A few days ago I had a copy of the Bible in my hands, and I wish to be a Christian."

Mr. Ensor asked whether he was a stranger in these parts, and so did not know what hardships the Roman Catholic Christians had just lately had to suffer for the sake of their religion? He said he knew it, yet still he wished to be a Christian. The man remained firm in his determination, so after a time he was baptized. The new name Mr. Ensor chose for him was "Titus," because of that verse in S. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, which says, "God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus."

About a year after this another man came in to talk with Mr. Ensor. He was a man of the very worst character—a murderer, and one that had been driven away from his own home, because he was so utterly bad that even his heathen relations would have nothing to do with him.

He had come to the missionary now, not to learn, but in the hope of contradicting him and "entangling him in his talk." Yet he was persuaded to listen, as they sat alone together, and Mr. Ensor told him the same old story of the love of Christ, of the joy and

peace possessed by those who love Him and live for Him.

"And gradually," says Mr. Ensor, "the word entered into his heart," and the man turned to Him who is "the merciful receiver of all true penitent sinners," to Him who is "ever ready to receive and most willing to pardon those who come unto Him with faithful repentance."

For some time after he had become a Christian this man, Futagawa, as he was called—was employed to help Mr. Ensor with his printing-press. One evening he was missing, and at the end of three days news was brought that he had been put in prison—for some small offence against the Japanese law, it was said, but every one supposed that it was really because he was known to be a Christian.

Every effort was made to get him released, but all was in vain. Mr. Ensor became ill, and was obliged to return to England, leaving the mission—where he had patiently waited and worked for four years—just at a time when there was beginning to be much to cheer and encourage him. He never saw Futagawa again; and when he left, nothing had been heard of him.

At the end of three years, when he was living in England, Mr. Ensor received a Japanese letter. He says, "I knew the writing: it came from the Christian." This letter told that now at last he was set free, and enclosed was a journal which he had kept while he was in prison.

It seems that the very evening Mr. Ensor had been waiting for him he had been seized and led off

to prison, and thrust into a filthy den, with the roof studded with iron spikes, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright. Here he remained for some months, almost starved—for the little food which was given him was hardly fit to eat. Sometimes he was led out from his own cell, with heavy chains upon his hands and feet, to be examined by the magistrates, and sometimes he was put for a while into the common prison with all the worst criminals, who mocked and sneered at him.

His friends could not get at him to help him, for he was twice removed from prison to prison ; but he might, if he had chosen, have helped himself, for he was offered his liberty and all that he wanted, if only he would give up his religion ; yet he would not.

At last a change came. Like Joseph, he found favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison, and by and by, though still a prisoner himself, he was set over the other prisoners, and made the keeper of the dungeon. He began to speak to those around him of the Saviour for Whose sake he was bound and imprisoned.

The magistrates as well as the prisoners listened to him, and treated him with great kindness ; so, like St. Paul at Rome, he preached Christ from his prison, and Mr. Ensor tells us that, during the three years of his imprisonment, "there were between seven and eight hundred men who heard from him the gospel, and out of these not fewer than seventy or eighty began themselves to study the Word of God."

At last he was set free. He went back first of all

to Nagasaki, and has now gone to live at Tokio, the capital. There he may often be seen, preaching openly in the streets of the city, as before he used to preach in the prison; no less earnest a worker for Christ now, in the days of his freedom, than when he was "an ambassador in bonds" for the sake of the gospel.

Mr. Ensor was obliged, as we have seen, to leave Japan, but before long his place was filled by another missionary—a Mr. Maundrell. Before he left, Mr. Ensor had baptized ten or twelve Japanese, and now the number of the Christians was steadily increasing, so that in the summer of 1875 it was found necessary to build and open a little church for them.

Mr. Maundrell started a college—called the St. Andrew's College—where the young Japanese men might have a thoroughly good English education, such as they so highly valued, and at the same time have true Christian teaching as well.

According to the laws of Japan, there are only six towns in which foreigners may live, unless indeed they are in Japanese employment or have got special leave from the Government, and then they may go where they like. The missionaries are told that they must not go more than twenty-five miles beyond the city in which they are living; but in Japan the towns and big villages lie very close one to another, so that a missionary finds plenty of work for himself, even though he is not allowed to travel about so far as he might wish.

On one of his journeys through the part of the

country that he was allowed to travel over, Mr Maundrell came to a large town. He was anxious to preach to the people here, but there was some difficulty about getting a large enough room. A young Japanese officer—not a Christian himself, but interested in Christianity—undertook to help him, and curiously enough, the best preaching place he could find was the Buddhist temple.

Most Buddhist priests would have been shocked at the idea of a Christian preaching in their temples, but this priest was very kind and friendly, and did what he could to help Mr. Maundrell.

When the evening came, between three and four hundred people took their places in the temple, and listened quietly and attentively, while “the foreign teacher” and his Japanese helper spoke to them of the religion of Christ. The next day Mr Maundrell was obliged to go on farther, but he left one of his helpers behind him for a day or two, and promised to send some Christian teacher to visit the town every month.

I do not know what Mr. Maundrell’s sermon to this great gathering of heathen was like, but perhaps it was something the same as a sermon that was preached to a congregation of Japanese—none of them Christians as yet—by a Mr. Warren, a missionary in a town called Osaka. In this sermon the missionary said:—

“In Japan many gods are worshipped, but not this one true God. Christians do not worship many gods, like the Japanese, because they believe in the one

and only God, the Creator and Preserver of all things."

Then he told them how God, to save man from punishment, sent His dear Son, Jesus Christ, and that He came and lived and died that all who believe in Him might be saved, and have their sins forgiven. He said that the reason why the missionaries came to Japan with this "new way" was, that Jesus had commanded His disciples to make His religion known throughout all the world, and he ended by inviting his hearers to come and hear the good news from time to time.

Not long ago a great misfortune happened to the English mission at Hakodate, a town in the most northerly of the Japanese islands. A fire broke out in the night, and as there was a strong wind blowing at the time, it spread very quickly. The slightly built Japanese houses burn quickly when once they are on fire, and in a short time more than two thousand buildings were destroyed. The Christian church was burnt down; the mission house was just saved, but all the furniture, and the greater part of the books and clothes, which had been carried into the garden to be out of danger, were burnt.

The most serious loss of all was the writings and sermons at which Mr. Denning, the missionary, had been working for the past nine months. He had been busy translating parts of the Bible and some other books into Japanese—a task of the very greatest difficulty—and now not one single copy of his translations was left. The long work had all to be done

over again; but Mr. Dening, instead of losing patience, bravely told the Japanese that he hoped the power of translating and of making new sermons was not gone, and that this trial might in the end lead to better translations and better sermons.

The foreign missionaries are forbidden, as I told you before, to travel about the country or to go far inland, but there is no such law binding the Japanese Christians. They can go where they will, and wherever they go they carry with them something of the new faith in which they have learned to believe. The earnest-hearted Christians among them do all in their power to spread it abroad, and they are allowed openly to preach and to teach "those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, no man forbidding them."

In Japan, as in every other country, it is the native Christians who can do the most to win over their fellow-countrymen to believe in Christ, for they have many advantages and opportunities which the foreign missionary has not.

It makes one thankful therefore to hear of villages and towns in Japan where the Japanese Christians, and some who do not yet call themselves Christians, are in the habit of meeting together, without any missionary to help them, to read the Bible, and to talk over what they read. It is pleasant, too, to hear of one Japanese Christian bringing others of his relations or friends to believe in Christ, just as St. Andrew went and found his own brother Peter, and brought him to Jesus.

Do you remember our Lord's parable of the leaven? the handful of leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened? No one could see the leaven; it was hidden, and yet it was all the time working secretly.

So it is with Christianity in Japan. It does not spread quickly through the land, yet it is there, and every now and then there are signs which show the good that it is slowly working. It works secretly, and no man can say how or where it works, for often in places where it is the least expected, there comes some sign of Christian life and love.

I will tell you two stories to show you how this leaven of Christianity is working in the land.

A young Japanese scholar got hold of a geography book written by an American missionary. It began with the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The young man wondered what this meant, who this God might be, and where He lived. In his ignorance he fancied that perhaps it might be in America, and at last he resolved to go to America, and find out about this God of whom the book spoke. So he went all the way to Boston in America, but still he could not find out what he wanted to know, and at last he said to the captain of the boat:—

"I came all the way to Boston to find God, and there is no one to tell me." The captain took him to the owner of the ship, a true Christian man, and from him the young Japanese learned to know the

God for whom he had been seeking, and to believe in His Son Jesus Christ.

After a time this young man went back to his own country, and he is now at the head of a Christian college in the beautiful hill-defended city of "Kioto," the western capital; a college in which young Japanese men are trained to go out as missionaries and teachers among their fellow-countrymen.

My last story shall be one of a prison—of a prison and of a book. The governor of one of the prisons had a Japanese Testament given to him. He did not care to read it himself, so he gave it to one of the prisoners.

Some time afterwards a fire broke out in the prison, and all the hundred prisoners, instead of escaping—as they might easily have done—stayed where they were and helped to put out the fire. The governor was so much surprised at their behaviour, that he inquired into the reason of it.

It turned out that the man to whom the Bible had been given had been led, by reading it, to become a Christian at heart. What he learnt himself he taught to his fellow-prisoners. It may be that he had read to them about Paul and Silas in the dungeon at Philippi; but however this may be, they had learned from the Book to be brave and honourable, and to do their duty even in the face of so hard a temptation. Here again we see the leaven of Christianity working secretly.

It is the hope of all foreign missionaries that Christianity may become so firmly rooted in Japan,

that if all foreigners were again to be driven out of the land (and there are people who think it not at all unlikely that this may happen some day), a strong native church might still remain there: that is to say, that there might still be Japanese Christians with their own clergymen and teachers.

Before I finish this chapter I must explain to you why I have called it "The Land of the Rising Sun." The flag of Japan bears upon it a picture of the sun rising out of the sea, and the country is called by its own people "The Land of the Rising Sun," because it is the most easterly part of the world, with no land beyond it until you reach the coast of America, four thousand miles distant.

Many a missionary, as he has heard this name, has made it his earnest prayer that the islands of Japan may be worthy of the beautiful name they claim, and that the Sun of Righteousness may indeed rise and shine upon these islands, so that they may become a light to all the eastern world.

CHAPTER XV.

FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET.

“But to us there is but one God, the Father, of Whom are all things, and we in Him ; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom are all things, and we by Him.”—1 COR. viii. 6.

CHAPTER XV.

FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET.

PICTURE to yourselves a dry, sandy plain, with no trees, no grass, no water. There, lying on the ground, beneath a bush which scarcely shelters him from the burning heat of the sun, is a boy of thirteen, and there, some way off, sits his mother weeping bitterly—for her child is dying of thirst in the lonely wilderness, and she has no water to give him.

That child is Ishmael the son of Abraham; the woman is Hagar his mother. Friendless and helpless, they have been driven out from their home to die in the Arabian desert; but now, in their hour of sorest need, help comes to them out of heaven. God speaks to Hagar, saying, "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad. Arise, lift up the lad, for I will make him a great nation." And then Hagar's eyes are opened, and she sees before her a well of cool, fresh water, bubbling up out of the sandy earth, and she goes and fills her bottle with water and gives the lad drink.

In time Ishmael grew up to be a man, and married. He never went back to his own land, but spent the rest

of his life in the wilderness of Arabia. The promise that he should be a great nation was abundantly fulfilled, and to this very day there are descendants of Ishmael living in Arabia, who are, like Ishmael himself, warlike and fierce, and who, like him, have no settled home, but move about from place to place in search of water and pasturage for their camels.

Many hundreds of years after Ishmael's death the Ishmaelites still used to tell to one another the story of Hagar and Ishmael, and would point out a particular well in the desert which they declared to be the very well of which Ishmael drank. This well the people held in great reverence, and by and by a town called Mecca grew up around it, and some of the Ishmaelites gave up their wandering life and settled in the city.

But while the Ishmaelites (or *Arabs*, as they came to be called, from the name of the country in which they lived) thought so much of Ishmael, they were forgetting Ishmael's God. They had ceased to pray to that merciful Father in heaven Who heard the cry of Hagar and her child in their hour of need; and, instead, they had come to worship a great black stone which stood close to the well Zemzem in the town of Mecca.

The Arabs pretended that this stone fell down from heaven in the days of Abraham, who built the shrine which enclosed it. This shrine was called the *Kaaba*; it was held to be most sacred, and the Arabs used to come from all parts of the country to worship at it and to kiss the black stone.

It is not at all likely that Abraham really had anything to do with this stone; but in any case, we can very well judge how much it would have grieved him, if he could have known that a time would come when men would worship the stone and the idols that surrounded it, instead of worshipping the one true God.

Nearly six hundred years after Christ, there was born in the town of Mecca a boy named Mahomet. He was an only child, and early left an orphan, and so it happened that his childhood was a very lonely one. When he was old enough, he was set to keep sheep, and thus, much of his time was spent wandering about the still open country all alone.

While he was still quite a young man Mahomet was sent on a journey to Syria. On this journey he must have met a good many Jews, and with some of them he seems to have had earnest talks about their religion. It is quite certain that he must have met some Christians as well as Jews, and yet he seems to have known strangely little about Christianity.

Most likely the explanation of this is, that the Christians in these parts with whom Mahomet had to do, were not truly worthy of the name of Christians. They quarrelled much among themselves about that religion which they all claimed to believe: some of them taught one thing and some another; some declared that men ought to pray to the Virgin Mary, and some even denied that our Lord Jesus was ever crucified.

It was not wonderful then that Mahomet—who

was not able to read for himself the Gospel history—should be confused and perplexed, and not know what to believe. What a difference might it not have made—such is the thought that sometimes comes into our minds—if at this time of his life Mahomet had met some true Christian, one of those who let their light shine before men and so glorify their Father which is in heaven !

Time passed on and Mahomet grew to be a middle-aged man. He still loved to be alone in the peaceful country, and often he would leave his wife and his home and go and spend long hours by himself in a cave in the mountain side, not reading—for he could neither read nor write—but thinking earnestly and deeply.

He saw that his countrymen worshipped idols, instead of worshipping the Maker of heaven and earth, the God of their forefathers, and he longed to show them a better way. As he lay one day in the cave he seemed to see beside him an angel, and, as it seemed to him, the angel commanded him to rise up and preach in the name of God, and to declare that there was no God but one.

Anxious and troubled Mahomet went home and told his faithful wife, Khadija, all that had happened to him. She comforted and encouraged him, and from this time Mahomet began to teach those around him what he himself believed.

A great deal of what Mahomet now taught he had learnt from the Jews, “the people of the Book,” as he used to call them. From them he had learnt to

believe in the resurrection of the dead, the blessedness of heaven, the terrors of hell.

From them, too, he had learnt to reverence Adam and Noah, Abraham and Moses. These four, Mahomet said, were all of them great prophets; our Lord was still greater than any of them; while he himself was the last and greatest of all the six.

This was the saddest part of Mahomet's teaching:—that instead of teaching people to look to our blessed Lord, the only begotten Son of God, for help and strength, he taught them to look to himself. The Mahometans do not *pray* to Mahomet, but to this day it is by his words and his teaching that they are guided in their religion, and they reverence him far more than they do our Lord.

I have told you that Mahomet's wife at once welcomed her husband's teaching, and believed that he was God's messenger. His nearest friends and one of his uncles did the same, but most of the people to whom he spoke mocked at him and would hear nothing of his message. By and by his good wife and his uncle died, and when they were gone Mahomet had to suffer a great deal of hard treatment, from which his uncle had been able to save him.

Year by year Mahomet patiently waited, teaching all who would listen to him the sinfulness of idolatry and the certainty of judgment. His fellow-townsmen hated him more than ever; but among the strangers who came up on pilgrimage each year to Mecca were some men from a town called Medina, about eight days' journey from Mecca. These men

listened gladly to Mahomet's teaching, and on their return home spread it among their friends. At the next feast they came back again to Mecca, and at the end of two years it was agreed that Mahomet and all his followers should leave Mecca and go and settle at Medina, where they were promised a friendly welcome.

Mahomet himself stayed in Mecca until all his followers, with their wives and children, had left the city ; then he, with one faithful companion, Abu Bekr, set out upon his journey.

This escape of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina took place in the year 622. It is generally called the "Hegira," that is, *The Flight*. The Mahometans date their history from the flight of Mahomet, just as we Christians date ours from the birth of our Lord. As we speak of such and such a year before or after Christ, so they speak of such and such a year before or after the "Hegira;" so what we call the year 1880 they would call 1258.

There is a beautiful story told of Mahomet on this journey. He and his companion left Mecca secretly by night, and travelled over the mountains until they came to a cave where they lay down to rest. They knew well that as soon as they were missed search would be made for them, and now, as the day was beginning to dawn, a light shone in from the top of the cave. Abu Bekr was filled with fear, and whispered, "What if one of them were to look beneath him, he might see us under his very feet ; they be many that fight against us, and we are but two."—"Think

not thus, Abu Bekr," answered Mahomet, "we are but two, but God is in the midst a third."

For two days they were obliged to lie hidden in the cave, but at last they reached Medina in safety, and here Mahomet found himself welcomed like a prince: the whole town coming out to meet him as he rode in upon his favourite camel, and the little children crying out in the streets—"The prophet is come! The prophet is come!"

Up to this time Mahomet's teaching had been, on the whole, good and true and useful. He taught men to believe in one God, to look for the resurrection of the dead, to live in fear of judgment to come, to be diligent in prayer, temperate in food and drink. Up to this time he had lived quietly and peaceably, and his life had been blameless. He had patiently borne persecution for the sake of what he thought to be true, and though he had done all in his power to persuade people to believe what he taught, he had never tried to force them to believe against their will.

At Medina things were very different. Instead of being persecuted, Mahomet found himself powerful. He was surrounded by people ready to do whatever he commanded, people who looked upon him as a prince, or, as much more than a prince, as a prophet sent from God.

The men of Medina believed that Mahomet was God's messenger, and that the words he spoke were heavenly words. And Mahomet did not forbid them to think this—indeed he seems to have believed it

himself. We need not suppose that Mahomet meant when he first began to act dishonestly, or to speak falsely. Perhaps his fault was, that like some others whom we read of in history, he from the first trusted too much to himself, instead of seeking to be guided by God. He saw that his preaching was more readily obeyed when he declared that he was speaking the very words God had put into his mouth. This gave him a power that he had never had before, and so he was gradually more and more tempted to say, whenever he wished to have anything done: "God has spoken to me, and commanded this to be done."

Since the words that Mahomet spoke were thought to be sacred, it was natural that his hearers should take care to write down as many of them as possible. They were written down roughly on scraps of paper, and thrown into a box. There they were left until after Mahomet's death, when they were taken out and put into a book.

This book is called the "Koran," that is, "the Reading," and it is to the Mahometans what the Bible is to us. All the religion of the Mahometans is taken from it, and it is read aloud in the public services, just as the Bible is in our churches. There are several very beautiful chapters in the Koran, something like parts of the Old Testament prophets, but there is nothing like the Gospels or the Acts or the Epistles, and it is impossible to read any of the Koran without feeling how different—how widely different—it is from the Bible which God Himself has given us, to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path.

The Arabs are a restless, warlike people, loving nothing so well as fighting, and Mahomet saw clearly that if his party were once to make war, and to be successful, it would soon gain over many fresh supporters. He therefore encouraged the men of Medina to make war upon some neighbouring tribes. They gained several victories, and took a great quantity of spoil, and when the heathen Arabs around saw how successful Mahomet was in battle, many of them came, as the prophet had expected, and joined themselves to him.

Mahomet taught that it was a good and a glorious thing to make war for the sake of religion, and that whoever died fighting was certain of going to heaven. If those who were conquered in battle were ready to believe Mahomet's religion, and to repeat this sentence: "There is no God but One, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God!" then they were freely pardoned. If, on the other hand, they refused to do this, they were obliged to pay heavy sums of money, or perhaps were even put to death.

The cruellest of all Mahomet's wars were those against the Jews. At first he had been friendly with them, but when he found that they would not own him as one of their prophets, he made war against them, and caused all the people of one district—men, women, and little children—to be put to death.

The religion of the Prophet was spreading fast, but still the city of Mecca, Mahomet's birthplace, remained heathen. At last Mahomet and his army marched against it and conquered it. In his be-

haviour to his fellow-townsmen, the prophet showed himself merciful, for he forgave even those who had ill-treated him in former years.

The first thing Mahomet did after he had taken Mecca was to go to the Kaaba, the sacred shrine, and there solemnly, and in the sight of all the people, he ordered the idols which surrounded the famous black stone to be thrown down. "Truth has come and falsehood has vanished!" cried Mahomet, as one by one they fell to the ground.

The stone itself, however, was left untouched, and, strange to say, Mahomet encouraged his followers to reverence it as much as ever. He commanded them when they prayed, to turn their faces towards the temple at Mecca, and he taught that it was pleasing to God for men to come and pray in the temple and kiss the black stone. Even now great bands of pilgrims come year by year from all parts of the world to Mecca, the "Holy City" as they call it, to pray before the black stone, and to kiss it.

The rest of Mahomet's life was spent chiefly at Medina. A house had been built for him there, opening into the church—or, as the Mahometans call it, the *Mosque*, so that he was able all through his last illness to attend the public services, and to take part in the daily prayers.

His death was a peaceful one. "Lord," he was heard to pray, "grant me pardon, and join me to the blessed companionship on high." Again they heard him whisper, "Eternity in Paradise," "Pardon," and then there was silence. Mahomet was dead. He

was dead, but he looked as if he were only sleeping, and his followers, who crowded into the room to look once more at their great leader, would not believe that he was really dead. Then Abu Bekr—the faithful companion who was with Mahomet in the cave—rose up and said: “Mahomet is no more than an apostle, and truly the other apostles have died before him. Let him then know, whosoever worshippeth Mahomet, that Mahomet indeed is dead, but whoso worshippeth God, let him know that the Lord liveth and doth not die.”

After Mahomet's death, the Arabs continued their wars. In the course of the next two hundred years they had overspread Arabia, Persia, and the northern coasts of Africa, and had even conquered Spain and that part of the east of Europe now called Turkey. They have long ago been driven out of Spain, but, as you know, Turkey still remains Mahometan—the one and only country in Europe that is not Christian. In India, too, there are, as our map shows, a great many Mahometans. In China there are some, while in Central Africa the number of them is said to be increasing.

In this chapter, I have always spoken of Mahomet's followers as Mahometans, but they are very often called Moslems or Mussulmans, while Mahomet himself used to speak of them as “The Faithful.” Nor again do Mahometans themselves call their religion “Mahometanism,” but “Islam,” from a word which means, “doing the will of God;” so that if you asked an Arab what his religion was, he would tell you that it was, not Christianity, but *Islam*.

It is a rule of the Mahometan religion that people should pray five times a day; and in all Mahometan cities there is a man—generally a blind man—whose business it is to climb up the tower built for that purpose, and at the fixed hours to sound the call to prayer. With a loud voice the blind crier proclaims: “Great is the Lord, great is the Lord! Come to prayer, come to salvation, God is great! There is no God but the Lord!” In the early morning the crier adds these words: “Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep,” and whoever hears the sound must turn himself to pray. Whatever he is doing, wherever he may be, whether in the house or in the shop, or in the open street—the strict Mahometan at once pauses, and turning his face towards Mecca repeats a prayer; generally speaking, some part of the Koran.

It would be better if Mahometans were more encouraged to pray in their own words, to ask God for the blessings that they feel themselves in need of, instead of merely saying over by heart chapters from the Koran, but this is very much done in both private and public prayers. Every Friday there is public service in the Mosque—parts of the Koran are read, a sermon is preached and prayers are said.

In the religion of Mahomet there is much that is true and helpful to such as know nothing better. It is a step beyond heathenism; but if it is above heathenism, it is below—how far, far below—Christianity. It rightly forbids the sin of idolatry, and yet it allows and even encourages the sins of cruelty and terrible intolerance.

Mahomet's religion allows men to marry four wives : it allows them to make and to keep slaves. It teaches them to hate all other religions, and to hate Christianity most of all. Those who know Mahometans the best, say that there is as great need for missionary work among them as among the heathen, and yet their minds are so set against Christianity that it is hard to find any opportunity of making known to them the unsearchable riches of Christ.

But those true servants of God, who patiently wait and watch to do their Master's work, ever find that in His own good time God opens for them even the door that has been long closed. God has a message for the Mahometan as well as for the heathen ; and many a follower of Mahomet, who for long hardened his heart and refused to believe in the Son of God, has at last been touched by the story of Christ's unspeakable love, and looking on the crucified Saviour, has cried out with the Apostle Thomas, " My Lord and my God ! "

CHAPTER XVI.

A HOME IN WEST AFRICA.

“By mercy shalt thou be sustained and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of mercy in the face with comfort.”

—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

CHAPTER XVI.

A HOME IN WEST AFRICA.

THIS chapter is going, as you see, to be about Africa. But first of all we must turn our thoughts to a busy English seaport town, Lowestoft, off the coast of Norfolk. Here about forty years ago a little motherless girl, named Anna Martin, was living with her grandfather and aunt. The clergyman of the church to which Anna went was a Mr. Cunningham, an earnest, good man, and the Sunday services were to the little girl the happiest part of the week. She used to hear a great deal about missionary work, and she often wished that she were herself a missionary, or if that could not be, that she might be able to be of some use at home.

At last, when she was twelve years old, she ventured to ask Mr. Cunningham whether she might have a few little children to teach in the Sunday-school. She hardly knew Mrs. Cunningham at that time, and was sorely afraid she would think her too young and small, but to her great delight the little teacher found herself most kindly welcomed, and by the next Sunday six small children were entrusted to her care.

In other ways, too, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham

showed great kindness to Anna Martin; she spent much time at the Vicarage, and by and by came to live with them altogether, taking her part in all the loving work for God and for others of that happy home. There was work of all kinds to be done in the parish, but nothing ever caused Anna to grow tired of her teaching, and such a favourite was she with children, that a class of ragged children which she had collected together grew into a school of more than two hundred.

Among the many visitors who came to Lowestoft Vicarage was a missionary from West Africa, a Mr. David Hinderer, who had come home for his health. He was going back again, and he asked Anna Martin to be his wife and go back with him. She was willing; so in October 1852 they were married, and less than two months later they said good-bye to their dear friends at Lowestoft, and set out on the voyage to Africa.

And now you must turn to your atlas and look at the west coast of Africa. You will easily find that great bay, the Gulf of Guinea, and within it you will find a smaller bay called the Bight of Benin, at the head of which stands the town of Lagos where the missionary and his wife landed at the beginning of January 1853.

With us January is generally the coldest month of the year, but here it was one of the hottest. The part of Africa to which the Hinderers had come is almost the hottest part of the world, and very trying it is to the health of English people. There is no

cold season, as there is in India, and what the natives call cold, we should think unbearably hot. Once, in the rainy season, the thermometer stood at 80°, and directly, all the natives began to cough and sneeze and complain that they were “dying with cold,” and Mrs. Hinderer was obliged to lend them blankets, and light fires for them! So hot a January seemed very strange to Mrs. Hinderer, when she thought how cold it was in England.

Before she had been in Africa ten days, Mrs. Hinderer was taken ill with the fever from which all white people suffer on first reaching West Africa. In a fortnight, though still very weak, she was sufficiently recovered to set out on a three days’ journey up the river to Mr. Hinderer’s mission station at Abbeokuta. They travelled in little open boats, and spent the nights on shore in tents that they carried with them. Their nights were much disturbed by the numberless insects that came buzzing about them, but the journey was full of interest and amusement to the travellers.

On the third day they reached Abbeokuta, and here they were among friends; for Mr. Hinderer had been living at Abbeokuta for some time, and had already gathered round him a little congregation of native Christians. The house which they were to live in had been standing empty for some time, and now looked rather dismal, for the white ants had eaten holes in the floor, and great spiders and other insects were in possession. However they set to work to unpack their stores and prepare some food, and “then,” says Mrs. Hinderer, “we sat down to tea,

laughing heartily at our first attempts at house-keeping."

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Hinderer was wakened at six o'clock by a bell ringing to call the people to prayers. At nine o'clock she went to see the Sunday-school, which reminded her of her own school and her dear children at home. She went, too, to both the services, and though she was not yet able to understand a word, she writes that she greatly enjoyed it, and felt that she was in God's house.

Before long Mrs. Hinderer had a return of the fever, brought on by over-fatigue. Her husband was very ill at the same time, and they were left alone, neither of them able to move, and with no better nurses than the native boys.

As soon as she was strong again, Mrs. Hinderer began to try and make friends with the little heathen children who lived round about. They were merry, inquisitive little creatures, but very shy of the white stranger, and it was some time before Mrs. Hinderer could persuade them that they had nothing to fear from her. When, however, they had once got over their first shyness, they became very fond of their new friend, and nothing pleased them better than to come to her house and listen to the clock, or look at the pictures and work-basket. Then how happy she made them by teaching them to play at ball! "Their black skin makes no difference to me," writes Mrs. Hinderer; "to have them come to me, to see them pleased, makes me quite happy."

Mrs. Hinderer's kind friends, the Cunninghams, had made her a present of a harmonium, and great was the delight and astonishment of the people when they heard it played for the first time. They crowded round and listened open-mouthed. Then one of the chiefs wanted to try it, but of course he did not know how to bring out a sound, so he said—"It is only the *Iya*" (or mother) "who can make wood and ivory speak with her fingers."

When they had been at Abbeokuta about a month, Mr. Hinderer had to go a journey to the town of Ibadan; he was away for three weeks, and kind though the natives were, it was a trying time for poor Mrs. Hinderer, left alone among strangers, whose language she was only just beginning to speak. Her feeling of sadness was increased still more by hearing of the death of three of the newly-arrived missionaries, and the illness of three more. It was a terrible proof of the unhealthiness of the country in which they themselves had come to settle, and the Hinderers could not but feel it very deeply. Yet Mrs. Hinderer at this very time wrote home cheerfully to her friends: "Do not be over-anxious about us; He who has helped us hitherto, will still vouchsafe to be our guide!"

On the 25th of April, Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer said good-bye to Abbeokuta, and set off on a two days' journey to Ibadan, which was to be their home for the rest of their time in Africa. Ibadan was a large town, containing more people than Brighton or Leicester, but how unlike it was to any English

town! The houses, instead of being built of brick or stone, were of mud, thatched with dry grass: in shape all were long and very low; windows and doors were unknown, and thus the rooms were very dark inside. Each house was built round an open courtyard, and in this courtyard much of the business of the house, the buying and selling and cooking, was carried on.

Until Mr. Hinderer came to Ibadan, no white man had ever visited it, but the chiefs of the town met together and agreed to welcome him, and let him teach the people what he liked. "Now we have got a white man," said one of them, "we must hold him very tight." And they even promised, if he would only come and live among them, to provide a house for him. Great was their delight then, when some time afterwards they heard that Mr. Hinderer was indeed coming to live among them, and his wife as well.

On the day on which the missionaries entered the town—Mrs. Hinderer carried upon the shoulders of the strong native bearers—all Ibadan came out to stare at them, shouting out: "The white man is come!" "The white mother is come." To the very entrance of their house the crowd followed them, and there remained for long, standing about outside, in hopes of catching sight of the white woman.

What a house it was, to be sure! Like one of those native huts you have already heard of, with only one long, narrow room, to serve for all purposes. Very soon, however, the Hinderers mended matters by hanging up sheets for partitions, and unpacking what

furniture they had with them, and so clever a manager was Mrs. Hinderer that the house soon began to look quite homelike, and a sea captain who came to stay with them a few months later said, that there was such a look of comfort and happiness in the funny little mud dwelling, that it seemed to him a palace.

One serious drawback there was which could not be cured, and that was the multitude of creatures who hid themselves in the grass roof and mud floor. Frogs and mosquitoes were not wanting, spiders were as common here as at Abbeokuta, but what was far worse, Mr. Hinderer one night stepped upon a poisonous snake; fortunately the creature did not turn and sting him, or he would most likely have been killed.

From morning till night the Hinderers were occupied in receiving visitors, and though at times they felt this to be troublesome, yet they were glad of an opportunity of making so many friends, and of explaining for Whose sake it was that they had left their own home, and come to live among the heathen people of Ibadan.

At first the natives used to come to the mission-house on Sundays, just as on other days, but they soon discovered that the white people looked upon Sunday as a holy day, one on which no work must be done, or provisions bought, and before many weeks were past, several of the people began coming to the Sunday services, and behaved very quietly and well.

Mrs. Hinderer soon opened a day-school, to which

some of the children came regularly. As to her Sunday-school, it was made up of grown people as well as children, and in one of her letters home she describes herself, seated on a chair in the middle of the small sitting-room with a number of men and women on the ground at her feet, and the boys of the day-school close beside her, while the whole school repeated after her the Lord's prayer and two of the commandments.

Part of Mrs. Hinderer's plan was to have some children living in the house, and altogether under her charge. The first who were entrusted to her were a little girl of six years old and a boy of four, the children of one of the chiefs. The first day all went well, so long as the daylight lasted, but towards evening the little girl was overheard earnestly begging her brother to come away home, and saying to him : "You must not stay, don't you know that when it gets dark the white people kill and eat the black?" and thoroughly frightened, both children ran away home.

Soon, however, all the children became very fond of their new friend, their "Iya," or "mother," as they always called her. In time, more children came to live in the mission-house, and the care of so many little people gave Mrs. Hinderer plenty to do. From having been quite untrained they were at first very troublesome, but they were affectionate and teachable, and Mrs. Hinderer wrote of them : "Though decidedly a care and no slight trouble, I would not for anything be without them."

When first the little black children came to the mission-house, they so much objected to the daily washing that Mrs. Hinderer had to make a rule, that any child who refused to be washed must go without breakfast. "But if you had seen them," says Mrs. Hinderer, "you would have thought they were all going to be whipped." However, in time they learnt to like their washing, and would as soon have missed their breakfast as their bath.

After some months of lessons, Mrs. Hinderer determined that her little scholars should have a treat, so one day all the sixteen children came to dinner at the mission-house, and spent a happy afternoon in looking at pictures and playing games, and before they went home each child was given an orange and some toy.

About this time Mr. Hinderer fell ill, and hardly had he recovered before Mrs. Hinderer had a return of the deadly African fever. For a month she was very ill, and her life was despaired of. The Christians at Abbeokuta joined those at Ibadan in earnest prayers for their dear teacher's wife. Their prayers were heard, and Mrs. Hinderer gradually recovered her health and strength.

In May of the following year she went on a short visit to the old mission at Abbeokuta, and on her return to Ibadan she found the new mission-house and a well-built church finished, and ready for use. The new house was a great wonder in the eyes of the natives, for it was two storeys high and had an outside staircase. Inside it was not very grand, but at least it

was clean, weather-tight, and comfortable, and a great improvement upon the native hut in which they had lived for a year.

The natives, as soon as they had overcome their fear of the staircase, came flocking into the house, and insisted upon seeing everything. One of the chiefs was greatly amused by seeing himself in the glass ; but what delighted the women most of all was the being taken into Mrs. Hinderer's room and seeing her wash her hands. The soap was something quite new to them, the use of the towel still more so, and all begged to be allowed to wash their hands. "So," says Mrs. Hinderer, "there was a fine splashing and a pretty towel, for the indigo dye comes off their clothes so very much, that I believe the towel will be blue and white for ever."

Meantime the work of the mission was going on steadily, and what with the native Christian helpers who had come from Abbeokuta, and the new converts, a very fair number used to gather together Sunday by Sunday in the little church. When in the month of November the Hinderers had the great pleasure and encouragement of a visit from the good Bishop of Sierra Leone, there were nine of the native Christians ready to be confirmed by him.

Unhappily some of the natives began to grow alarmed at the increase of the number of Christians. They did not try to harm the missionaries, but they did what they could to prevent any of their own people coming near the church.

Towards the end of this year one young woman

was put into chains for three days, for coming to church and reading an English lesson-book. After about a week her friends rather unwillingly consented to let her go again to the mission-house; but next year the persecution became far more violent.

One poor girl was terribly ill-treated by her family, because she refused to pray any more to idols. Mr. Hinderer one morning heard a great noise, and on going out found a crowd collected round one of the idols, and the poor girl in the middle held down upon the ground. "Now," cried the people, "she bows down, now she bows down." "No!" she exclaimed, "I do not, it is you who have put me here; I can never bow down to gods of wood and stone, which cannot hear me, only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, can I trust!" After a long time of severe suffering this girl escaped to Abbeokuta, to the care of the Christians there.

Another young woman was cruelly beaten by her father and sent away from her home to make her forget all that she had learnt. When she came back, her father promised her all sorts of good things on condition she would never again go to the church. "Father," said she, "I will be a good daughter to you, I will earn money for you, only let me go to God's house to hear His word, and follow it, for this I cannot give up." Then she was told that she should be sold for a slave, and sent far away: she only answered—"Well, where you send me I will go; God, the great God, my God, is in all the world!"

There were several more who were ill-treated in

the same way ; some stood firm, and some, alas ! gave way under the sufferings they had to bear, and went back to heathenism. You can well understand what a grief this was to the Hinderers, especially as they were able to do very little for the poor persecuted Christians, beyond visiting them and encouraging them to persevere.

At last, however, the persecution seemed to die out of itself. The heathen natives said one to another : " It is no use to keep our people away ; the white man can still do his own work and way, whatever we do : this day he has given fourteen *the new name*." By this they meant that fourteen more had been baptized. Oh how earnestly did the missionaries pray that God would indeed give to all these people that " new name " which He has promised to " him that overcometh."

About this time one of the native Christians came to the Hinderers and asked whether they would take into their house a little orphan girl called Ogunyomi. Her father had been killed in battle, and she and her mother had been taken prisoner by cruel men, who had parted them from one another, and sold both mother and child as slaves. The Hinderers agreed to pay the money that was needed to buy the little slave girl, and she was quickly brought to the mission-house.

At first she was very much frightened, but the other children came and told her what a nice house this was, and before long she was as happy as any of them. She liked both her work and her play, and

had but one sorrow—that was the loss of her mother. “My mother, my mother!” she would cry out with tears. Mrs. Hinderer did all she could to comfort her, and promised to have a careful search made for her mother, and meantime she said to her: “You have learnt to pray to God, pray to Him, if it be His will, to restore your mother to you.” So day by day the child asked God to let her see her mother again.

Six months went by, and nothing was heard of the missing woman. One day, as the children were playing in the yard, a woman passed. She stood for a moment to look on them; her eye fell upon the little orphan Ogunyomi. She looked once more, then when she heard her speak she called to her by name. The child turned, looked for a long time at the woman, and then ran to throw herself into her arms, crying out, “My mother.” The other children ran to Mrs. Hinderer with the good news—“Ogunyomi has found her mother.” The poor woman, it appeared, was living as a slave in Ibadan. Mr. Hinderer paid the money for her, as he had done for the child, and she spent the rest of her life in the mission-house as a servant. Thus by God’s mercy were the mother and child happily brought together again, and with deep thankfulness did the little girl praise Him who had so lovingly heard her prayer.

The arrival of the English post was always a great delight to the Hinderers. Instead of coming every day regularly, their post only came when there happened to be some messenger to bring it down from Lagos, but when it did come it brought a good

packet : not letters only, but boxes containing clothes and toys and various little presents for the children. "I wish," writes Mrs. Hinderer, "the kind givers could see the happy faces and sparkling eyes when their things are displayed. The poor Africans often say: 'What good, kind people they must be in that far country.'"

After the Hinderers had been between three and four years in Africa Mr. Hinderer, became so seriously ill that it was clear he must go home at once to England. They both felt leaving Ibadan very much; but it was necessary for them to go, and they knew that the mission could safely be left for a time under the care of the native teachers.

It was a great refreshment to the hard-working missionaries to be once again in comfortable English homes and among loving friends, but during this time Ibadan was never forgotten.

Wherever they went they succeeded in interesting people in the history of their work, and raising up new friends for the mission. Mrs. Hinderer went to visit one poor woman who had been known to her husband before he went out to Africa the second time. He had told this poor woman about his work, and now she said to Mrs. Hinderer: "For five years and sixteen days I have not failed to pray for you and your husband every day." Help of this kind was what Mrs. Hinderer specially valued, and she was much touched by this mark of loving interest in the work of the mission. "What a comfort it is," said she, "to know that their prayers are heard by our Father in heaven."

After an absence of a year and a half the Hinderers found themselves once more in Ibadan, and you may easily fancy the joy of the Christians there at having their dear teachers among them once more. "It was so nice," writes Mrs. Hinderer, "to hear all about Ibadan doings in our absence, and then was it not a treat to see Ibadan faces once more!" The most satisfactory thing of all was to learn that the work had been going on steadily and well. Many people were coming regularly to church, anxious to be taught God's Word.

After some months of teaching, several people brought their idols to the mission-house, saying: "These things cannot save us, we want to follow Jesus." There were constantly fresh comers asking to be baptized, while those who had already been made Christians were showing themselves earnest and faithful disciples. Well might Mrs. Hinderer write, "We have much to cheer us on our way."

When the holidays came round Mrs. Hinderer planned a grand treat for her school children. One day she took forty of them, in the early morning, to a farm some way off, and there they spent the whole day, cooking their own dinners and having fine games of play under the big shady trees. On Christmas day the children had another treat, and these two were the last they had for a long time to come; for five years of trouble and hardship were now in store for the Ibadan mission.

Early in the year 1860 war broke out between the chiefs of Ibadan and the chiefs of a neighbour-

ing town called Ijaye. At first the missionaries were in great fear of their lives, but they nevertheless resolved to stay with their people and share their dangers, and soon they found that there was little likelihood of any attack being made upon the mission.

It was not a war in which many battles were fought, or many lives lost, but it was one which lasted a very long time, and which threw the country into a very unsettled state. Food became scarce and expensive, and the roads became so unsafe that few dared to travel along them. The road from Ibadan to the seaport of Lagos was impassable; and thus for many months the Hinderers were unable to send or receive English letters, or to get at the boxes which they knew were waiting for them.

When the second year came, their troubles were still greater than before. For six months they were wholly without flour, and had to live principally upon a dish made of a kind of coarse bean, and even of this they had to eat very sparingly. The children were accustomed to this food, and liked it, but the Hinderers could scarcely eat it, even when they were feeling sick for want of food. The prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was very full of meaning to the missionaries, who knew not when they rose in the morning whether they should have food enough for the day's needs.

One morning, after prayers, Mrs. Hinderer left the children to eat their breakfast of beans, and wandered out into the garden. She was leaning over the gate,

feeling faint and ill from hunger, when a country-woman passed along the road. Mrs. Hinderer spoke to her in her own language, and the woman hearing it stopped in surprise, to ask how it was that a white stranger could speak the Ibadan language. Mrs. Hinderer told her why she had come to Africa, and talked to her a little. As they were parting, the woman asked, "Can you eat our corn?" and hearing how grateful Mrs. Hinderer would be for some, she gave her enough for a meal.

Once again help came in an equally unexpected way. As their store of money grew smaller, Mrs. Hinderer had been obliged continually to order less and less milk. At last the woman who supplied it came to her, and insisted upon knowing the reason of the change. When she had learnt it, she said—"You must send as usual every day;" and when Mrs. Hinderer hesitated, she repeated—"You must have your full quantity of milk every day as usual, and if you do not send for it you will give me the trouble of sending it to you." For a whole year this woman sent them her best milk without any payment, and when better times came and the Hinderers were anxious to make some return, she would take nothing, saying—"No, no; I did it because you were strangers in a strange land, and I will take nothing for it." So, like the good Samaritan in our Lord's parable, this poor heathen woman did all she could to help her neighbours.

In spite of such timely aid it became clear that the school could not be kept on during this time of

want, so all the children were sent home to their friends, to eat and sleep, and only came to the mission-house in the daytime.

The want of money became more and more felt each day, and at last Mr. Hinderer determined to go himself with two of the native boys to Lagos to get money and provisions. The road lay through the enemy's country, so the journey was a most dangerous one, but under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to attempt it. Happily the travellers reached Lagos in safety, and there Mr. Hinderer found the needed money and food. He made arrangements with a strong party of natives to accompany him back to Ibadan and to carry down all the stores he had laid in.

Just as they were starting Mr. Hinderer was taken so ill that he could not travel, and he was obliged to let the others go without him, sending a note to his wife, to say why he did not come. The disappointment was great to both of them, but how must their feeling of disappointment have been changed into one of deep thankfulness when they learnt that the travellers had been attacked by the enemy, stripped of all that they had, and some of them killed !

As soon as Mr. Hinderer was well enough, he and his faithful boys set out on their homeward way.

It was a terrible journey. They had been warned that the king of the country had set a price upon Mr. Hinderer's head, and the way was strewn with dead men's bones; but the brave missionary went for-

ward in faith, strengthening himself and his companions with the thought: "After all, my time is in God's hand, and not in the king's." And God watched over His faithful servant, and kept him from danger, and brought him to his home in safety. Then what a glad meeting there was between husband and wife, given back to one another after six long weeks of illness, anxiety, and danger.

The loss of all the supplies which Mr. Hinderer had with such difficulty procured was very serious. In order to raise enough money for their daily wants the Hinderers were obliged to sell all sorts of things, and again and again the house was ransacked in hopes of finding something saleable. Pieces of stuff, old tin match-boxes and biscuit boxes—all English goods whatsoever—were readily bought by the natives. When everything else was gone, Mrs. Hinderer had to part with a large cloak of hers. It brought in about one pound, and she used to say laughingly, that they were living upon the mother's cloak.

Nor was it only money of which there was a scarcity. Their clothes were wearing out, and they had no means of getting new ones. In one of her letters Mrs. Hinderer speaks with thankfulness of having received a present from a missionary, higher up the country, of three pairs of shoes, which had belonged to his dead wife. "Thus," says she, "our daily wants are supplied, even in such a matter as shoes."

Their store of writing-paper was used up, and their

letters had to be written upon the blank sheets torn out of books. The school work was hampered by the want of materials; the slates were broken, and the little girls could learn no more sewing, because the work-box was emptied of all but two rusty needles, and half a reel of cotton, which were too precious to be used by any one but Mrs. Hinderer herself.

The one bright spot in the midst of all their troubles—and Mrs. Hinderer was one of those happy people who are quick to see and rejoice in any blessing given in the midst of trial—was the improvement in the children's conduct and general habits. They seemed anxious to save trouble instead of making it, and took pains to help their teacher by washing the clothes, or going unbidden to fetch firewood and such things.

The year 1861 was the darkest in all the history of the mission. During the next three years, though the war was still going on, food was rather cheaper and more plentiful, and from time to time the missionaries had the rare pleasure of receiving home letters and parcels. "We live a day at a time," wrote Mrs. Hinderer; "we eat to-day and trust for to-morrow," and she adds: "We are not yet delivered, but we are kept and even comforted in our trial."

One day about this time news was brought to the Hinderers that there was a baby girl of about six months old lying in the grass by the edge of the stream. The poor, little, forsaken thing had clearly been put out there to die, so the Hinderers at once went

to fetch it, and brought it into the mission-house. They gave it the name of Eyila, which means "this is saved."

At first the little creature was very ill from the cold and exposure, but she quite recovered; and this "blackest of black babies," as Mrs. Hinderer calls her, became a merry, thriving, little lassie, the pet of the mission-house, and a special delight to the loving white mother, who nursed her like her own child. Two years later, when Mrs. Hinderer was away in England she heard of the death of this little happy baby; it was a deep sorrow to her, for Eyila had just come to the most interesting age, and was beginning to know and love those who had saved her from death, and taken care of her.

In the beginning of 1865 Mrs. Hinderer had another bad illness, which made it necessary for her to go home at once. The English governor of Lagos sent an officer with a band of chosen men to take her to the coast, and under their care she travelled to Lagos; not by the usual road, for that was not considered safe, but by roundabout secret paths.

Two months later her husband followed her to England, where they spent a year and a half, but both Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer were impatient to be back in Africa; and as soon as they were strong again, they returned once more to Ibadan. Their people welcomed them back with more joy and affection than ever before, but, alas! hardly were the missionaries settled in their old home than Mrs. Hinderer had so severe an attack of African fever that it seemed doubtful if she would recover.

In spite of many trials, many discouragements, these patient workers for Christ had much to gladden their hearts during the last two years at Ibadan. Even the heathen chiefs showed themselves more friendly than they used to be, and while at the one church there was a regular congregation of a hundred people, there were nearly as many at a second church, lately built at a place some little distance from Ibadan.

There were continually fresh baptisms both of old and young, and the Hinderers had the satisfaction of knowing that there were several among the native Christians both able and ready to carry on the missionary work when they should be far away.

One little fatherless boy of eight years old, the son of a heathen mother, came to Mr. Hinderer and begged to be baptized. Mr. Hinderer thought he was too young really to have made up his mind, and wanted him to wait till he was rather older. But the child went to his guardian, who was a Christian, and said to him: "You must take me to the white man, and beg for me, and tell him I am not too young to serve God. Jesus I want to follow, and I want to be baptized now." On hearing this, Mr. Hinderer no longer hesitated to baptize the boy, who was, by his own choice, called "Samuel." Samuel was afterwards taken into the school, where he got on well; and all the accounts speak of him as being a good, diligent boy, steadily trying to do right.

In one of her letters, Mrs. Hinderer speaks of having provided the school children, not with *mission-*

ary boxes, but with *missionary jars*. To make you understand this, I must tell you something about the African money. Instead of silver and copper coins they use a kind of tiny shell called a cowry. One English shilling would be worth a thousand cowries. So you see a big boxful of cowries would perhaps hardly hold as much as one shilling even, and therefore instead of boxes with slits in them, African children have large jars with small mouths into which to drop their pennies—or rather, I should say, their *shells*.

An African clergyman, writing from near Ibadan, describes the offertory in his church; the collectors going round with great grass bags, and the people holding out a handkerchief full of cowries, and emptying it into the bags. It is an awkward way certainly of having your money, but yet all the cowries put together mount up to quite a respectable sum, and the missionary jars have done as well as some missionary boxes.

Frequent attacks of illness showed clearly that the health of both Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer had been ruined by the dreadful African climate; and in the beginning of 1869 Mrs. Hinderer had an illness so serious as to make it quite evident that she must leave Africa at once, and for ever. An unexpected opportunity offering itself of travelling in safety down to the coast, she was obliged to set off immediately, leaving Mr. Hinderer to follow her as soon as he should have done all that he had to do in Ibadan, and set in order the affairs of the mission. Her de-

parture was so sudden that there was little time for leave-taking. Two of the boys, however, came down with her as far as Lagos, and of them she wrote: "We have had a sorrowful parting, and they cried bitterly." And in the same letter she says: "It is so sad to feel I shall never see poor, dear Ibadan again, and all my babies."

The spring of the year 1870 found the Hinderers settled in a pleasant village in Norfolk, of which Mr. Hinderer had been made the clergyman. The peace and quiet of an English home were very restful to the weary missionaries after their troubled life in Africa, and the beautiful church, the green fields, the common English flowers, all these things were a constant delight to Mrs. Hinderer.

Here, too, as in Africa, there was work to be done, and all that Mrs. Hinderer had the strength to do, she did, making friends with white mothers, as in Africa she had made friends with black ones. But she was very feeble and suffering, and before she had been half a year in her English home, she was taken to be for ever in that Heavenly Home where "the weary are at rest."

Great was the sorrow of the Christians at Ibadan when they heard of the death of their beloved friend, and many of them wrote tender letters of sympathy to Mr. Hinderer, to comfort him in his loneliness.

One of these letters was written in the name of all the members of the church at Ibadan. In it they spoke of their grief at the loss of "our dear and loving white mother in the faith," and then they said:

“Our comfort is that we shall one day meet in that land where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. You both have brought Jesus into our town, but you have left Him among us; for this we are thankful. Having then this Jesus, our hopes are brightened, and we mourn not, therefore, as those that have no hope.”

Yes, it was for this that the missionary and his wife had left home and friends, and been patiently working all these long years amid discouragements, dangers, and sufferings; it was that they might “bring Jesus” into this heathen town, and cause the light of Christ’s glorious gospel to shine in this dark place.

And the patient work done in His name was blessed by God. Looking back, just as she was leaving Africa, over all the history of the past seventeen years, Mrs. Hinderer writes: “We came to a town where the name of Jesus had never been heard; that name and the salvation which He gives have been proclaimed through the length and breadth of it; many are thinking and talking of it; a small company have believed and rejoiced in that name, and have died in faith, and trust, and hope: others are walking in the light of it, and others taking first steps in the Christian life.”

Six years later Mr. Hinderer returned to Ibadan, not to stay, but to pay a farewell visit. He found all going on well, and the Christians holding firmly to the faith they had been taught, although they had for long no white teacher to help them, and although they had had much opposition to face from the heathen around them.

The last accounts are also encouraging. The Christians of Ibadan now have a clergyman of their own, a black man, who was trained by Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, and who used to help them with their school. He is doing good work among the people, and we hear that the Sunday-school is as successful as ever, and that the services at the three churches are well attended.

The greatest trouble now, as before, is the continuance of the wars between the king of Ibadan and the neighbouring kings. While people's minds are full of wars and fightings they are little inclined to listen to the message of the gospel of peace; and very earnestly the Christians of Ibadan pray: "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

Year by year the number of Christians is increasing, but the increase is very gradual, and the missionaries and clergy have need of much patience. And when we read, in the letters of the native clergymen, what sufferings many of the Christians have to undergo, we cannot wonder that they hesitate before they dare openly to declare themselves Christ's soldiers, ready to bear all hardships for His name's sake.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of young girls being cruelly beaten and put in chains because they have been found reading the Bible, or for a brother and sister to be driven out of their parents' house for a like reason; and Mr. Johnson, a native clergyman, writes of the congregation of one of the three churches, that there is scarcely a grown person in it who has escaped family persecution. Still these much-tried Christians remain faithful, knowing that "if we suffer,

we shall also reign with Him ;” nor do they cease their efforts to win over others to their side.

The church at Ibadan is but small, like the mustard seed in our Lord’s parable ; but as the tiny mustard seed when it is grown becomes a great tree, so we look for the time when all the churches in and around Ibadan shall increase and grow stronger, and when at last the whole of West Africa shall become Christian.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

"I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened, fruit for God will there be found
But I can trust."

—CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

THE land of Egypt! How familiar these words sound to us all. Other countries of which we have read in this book may perhaps have been strange to us, but the "land of Egypt" cannot be strange to any one who has read the Bible.

Was not the story of Joseph's being sold into Egypt one of the first and the favourite of the Bible stories that we were told when we were children? Did not we love to hear how he was sent before by God to save the lives of his brothers by storing up abundance of food for the time of famine, and how the lad himself was delivered from danger and imprisonment to become the governor of a wealthy land, and the friend and adviser of a great king? And then, too, we were told of another king of Egypt, another Pharaoh, who hated the children of Israel, and made them his slaves, until the time that God sent His servant Moses to lead them forth out of Egypt into Canaan.

Moses, Joseph, the Pharaohs, these have all long since passed away, but still the land remains the same as it was then. In those days it was a pleasant

and a fruitful land, bringing forth not corn only, but all sorts of fruits: so that the Israelites as they travelled through the wilderness looked back longingly to the "melons and cucumbers and onions" which they had enjoyed so freely in Egypt. And still at the present day travellers tell us of the cool refreshing fruits that grow in such rich abundance as to be within reach of even the poorest.

The river Nile, too—"the river," as it is always called in the Bible—is the same now as it was centuries ago, when Pharaoh in his dream stood upon its banks, and when the infant Moses was laid among the flags in his cradle of bulrushes.

Were it not for this great river, which flows through the whole length of the country, Egypt, instead of being green and fertile, would be barren and sandy, like the desert that surrounds it on either side. Here in England the grass is kept green and the crops watered by the abundance of rain; ours is "a land of hills and valleys which drinketh water of the rain of heaven." But in Egypt scarcely any rain falls from year's end to year's end—perhaps not more than eight or nine wet days in all—and thus the country depends wholly on the Nile for all the watering that it needs.

It is easy to understand that whatever grows close to the shores of the river will thrive, even when exposed to the burning sun; the "tree planted by the waterside" does not wither, but brings forth its fruit in due season.

But all that is planted inland would be parched up

and killed, were it not for the yearly rising of the river. In the mountain country, in which the Nile takes its source, heavy falls of rain take place each year at the same time. The great quantity that falls swells the river and causes it to overflow its banks. It begins to rise about the month of June, and reaches its highest point in August. Then at a given signal from the watchers along the banks, all the dams and barriers are cut, and the waters are allowed to roll over the plain, and to enter the numerous canals and passages made ready to receive them.

A lady, who has seen this sight of the "cutting of the Nile," says that the sudden change in the look of everything around is most strange. "Where you saw yesterday a great, brown, dry field, reaching from the high-road all the way to the river banks, is now a shallow lake glistening in the sun, the little villages with their groups of palm trees peeping out like islands in the water. The poor women who had to toil along a weary way to fill their great pitchers, now laugh and sing as they trip down to the watercourse close at hand, and the children spend most of their day in the river or canal,—occasionally, however, getting drowned therein."

In the month of September the water begins to sink slowly back to its accustomed channels, leaving every spot of land over which it has passed refreshed and enriched.

Now is the time for sowing the seed, and day after day the countryman may be seen going out scatter-

ing his seed upon the well-watered earth—sometimes even casting it upon the surface of the sinking waters. Soon the little stalks begin to push their way through the earth, and before long the river is bordered on either side with green grass and corn-fields, and gardens full of bright flowers. But just at the point where the overflow of the water ceases, the barren sandy desert begins, showing plainly enough what the whole of the land of Egypt would be like without this yearly blessing of the rising of the great river.

It happened one day that some of the country people on going down to the river, early in the morning, found it skimmed over with a thin layer of ice. Such a thing as ice they had never any of them seen before, and they were at a loss to know what it was, and at last they made up their minds that the river was bewitched!

This story shows how warm a country Egypt is, and in fact the winters there are so mild that invalids are often sent out from England to spend the cold months of the year on the shores of the Nile.

To those who are accustomed to an English Christmas, with frost and snow and blazing fires, it would feel very strange to be sitting out of doors on Christmas day, seeking shelter from the sun in some shady spot, or to be walking through a grove of orange trees, picking the ripe delicious fruit as they go; but such is winter weather in Egypt.

The spring time is as pleasant as the winter, but from May to September the heat is too great to be

well suited to English people, especially those who are obliged to live in the towns.

The largest and most prosperous town in Egypt is the seaport of Alexandria on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was founded more than two thousand years ago by Alexander the Great, whose name it bears; and it is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as being the birthplace of the learned and eloquent Jew, Apollos. So many foreigners, however—English, French, Greek, Italian—are settled in Alexandria, that it is not such a true Eastern city as Cairo, a little further to the south, on the banks of the Nile.

If an Englishman were suddenly, for the first time in his life, to be set down in the middle of the old part of Cairo, he would feel himself in a new world. The tiny shops around him in the narrow street are each one full of *shoes*, the loose, red and yellow leather slippers so much worn in the East. —“Do they sell nothing but shoes in this town?” thinks the stranger to himself, but soon he becomes aware of a most delicious smell, and on turning the corner he finds himself in a street that seems given up to scents of every description. A few steps more bring him into the vegetable and fruit quarter, and from thence he passes on to the gold-workers’ quarter, where graceful gold and silver ornaments are made and sold.

It is the custom in Cairo, as in other Eastern towns, to have all the shops of one kind collected together: thus there is a special quarter, or as the

natives would say "a market," for every different article, and people speak of the "silk market," the "shoe market," the "vegetable market," and so on; there is even a market for sweetmeats, though these dainties are most commonly sold about the streets on trays.

Perhaps our traveller now wishes to buy some piece of jewellery that has taken his fancy in the goldsmith's shop, and he turns to the master, who is sitting close to the open door, and asks the price. Instead of naming the real price, the seller asks twice as much as he expects to get: the buyer refuses, and it is not until after endless bargaining that both sides come to an agreement. At last the money is paid, and the buyer carries off his purchase; for no Eastern shopman undertakes to send home parcels, little or big, for his customer.

But while the bargain is still unfinished a shouting is heard close at hand—"Make way! make way! thy foot! thy back! oh man! oh girl!" This is the servant of some great man, clearing the way for his master. The people squeeze up against the wall to leave the narrow passage free, and now the great man (some rich merchant most likely), dressed in flowing purple robes, rides by on his beautiful white ass—a very different creature from the scrubby donkeys we are accustomed to see in England.

In the newer parts of Cairo the natives are beginning to use carriages and horses, but in the older parts of the town there would be no road broad enough for a carriage; indeed some of the streets are so narrow

that there is not room for two donkeys to pass ! Now and then a huge, heavily-laden camel goes by with long, swinging strides, but it is the sturdy little donkeys that take the place of horses with us.

The principal street of each quarter is entered by an arched gateway, the gate of which used formerly to be closed at nights. These arches are called by the natives *needles' eyes*. They are rather narrow, and so low that a loaded camel is obliged, before passing through, to kneel down and have all his burdens taken off. The passing through the little gateway, "the needle's eye," is therefore a tiresome business, requiring trouble and patience, and this makes clear to us the meaning of our Lord's comparison—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

About twenty years ago an English lady, named Miss Whately, was sent to winter in this town of Cairo for the sake of her health. Thus obliged to spend several months in a foreign land, and away from all her home duties and interests, Miss Whately was anxious to do something for those around her, and specially for the little, dark-eyed, half-naked children whom she saw playing about in the streets. But before she could make friends with either the little Arab children or their parents, she must set herself to learn the Arabic language.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Egypt speak the Arabic language and follow the Mahometan religion. In the time of the Apostles the land was still possessed

by the Egyptians, the descendants of the Egyptians of whom we read in the old Testament. After our Lord's ascension Christianity was preached in Egypt—some people say by St. Mark,—and for five or six centuries the country became Christian. At the end of that time Egypt was conquered by the Arabs, who settled themselves throughout the land, and forced the old inhabitants to accept the religion of their conquerors and become Mahometans.

Some few indeed held to their own faith, and to this day there are still some native Christians in Egypt, but unhappily, though they call themselves Christians, they are for the most part very ignorant and degraded, and almost as much in need of Bible teaching as their Mahometan neighbours. They have, it is true, their Sunday services, but the prayers and the passages from the Bible are all read in the old Egyptian language, and now that Mahometans and Christians alike speak Arabic, this has so completely fallen into disuse that it is like a foreign language to both readers and hearers.

These native Christians are called "Copts" and their language "Coptic," so when you hear of a Coptic man or a Coptic child, you will remember that it means one of the old Egyptian Christians.

But, as I said before, the number of the Copts is as nothing compared to that of the Mahometans. Mahometanism is the religion of the country, and from the prince on his throne to the shopkeeper or the day-labourer, nearly every one you meet, except the foreigners, is a follower of the prophet.

As soon as Miss Whately was able to talk Arabic a little, she resolved to open a day-school in her own house. The books were provided ; the table and benches set in readiness, but where were the scholars ? They must first of all be collected ; so putting on her hat and shawl, Miss Whately went out among the streets and lanes close at hand, to try and persuade the mothers to let some of the little ragged girls who were playing about in the dirt and dust come and be taught by her. But the sight of a foreign lady was then so rare in the poorer parts of the town, that the children were terrified, and some of the women ran away, and Miss Whately found herself obliged to lay aside her hat and draw a shawl over her head, after the fashion of the native women.

This straw hat seems to have excited a good deal of curiosity, and a woman in a country place once asked what was the use of a thing made of straw on the head, when every one knew straw was only food for cattle ?

But to go back to the early days of Miss Whately's school. The first step was to make friends with the children themselves, and then through them to get to know the mothers, and to gain leave for the children to come to the school. After much hesitation, some agreed that their little ones should come ; but unfortunately the promises were too often not kept, and it was with only a handful of scholars that school was at last begun.

There was nothing that the mothers cared about so much as that their girls should learn to work.

"Teach sewing, if you will," said they, "but let books alone." The first afternoon, therefore, was chiefly spent in accustoming them to the use of thimble and needles, but some part of the time was given to teaching and explaining easy verses out of the Bible. Many of the children were very wild, and had no idea of sitting still or doing as they were told ; but they liked the school, and continued to come to it, and by slow degrees the behaviour began to improve.

In the middle of May Miss Whately left Cairo, and very soon after the school was broken up. Next winter, however, Miss Whately returned, and this time she had determined to settle altogether in Cairo, and give herself to missionary work there.

The old scholars and a certain number of new ones were speedily collected, and work was begun once more. The elder girls were separated from the younger ones, and an infant class started for the tinies. Bible pictures were provided, and these the children quickly understood, but as soon as the Mahometan parents heard about them they made a difficulty, and some even removed their children, because it is against the Mahometan religion to have any pictures of sacred subjects, lest it should lead to idolatry. It was necessary therefore to put away the pictures, and now Miss Whately thought she would try marching and easy exercises, such as are common in our infant schools ; but again the mothers interfered and said, "We send our children *to learn*, and you teach them *to play*. If that is what they are to go to school for, they may as well be at home !"

The only teaching that the mothers really valued was the sewing, and then they would blame Miss Whately because a little worker did not sew very neatly after the first few lessons. Indeed they seemed to think that the English lady could show them some royal road to learning, and would wonder that a little four year-old, who might have been sent to school irregularly for a few months, was "not able to read yet!"

Another difficulty arose from the jealousy of the native sewing teachers, who too often made no effort to bring back a truant child until they heard that it was attending Miss Whately's school, and then would go in great anger to the mothers, to complain that their pupils were being stolen away from them, and would try to poison their minds and to make them distrustful of the kind English lady. It was in vain for Miss Whately to answer, that before she took them these very children used to spend their days in nothing better than making mud-pies in the streets; the mothers were afraid of offending the native teachers, and in several cases the children were not allowed to come any more to the mission school.

All this, however, was in the early days of the school. Now, things are very different; Miss Whately is known and trusted by the people; her schools both for boys and girls are well filled; and instead of having to hunt up scholars, she and her band of helpers have to refuse admittance to a great number for want of room.

One of the first scholars was a dear little girl about eight years old, called Fatmeh. Fatmeh was neither clever nor pretty, but Miss Whately soon grew very fond of her, for she was gentle and lovable, and so anxious to learn that nothing but sickness could keep her from the school. Her father and mother were Mahometans, but they made no objections to Fatmeh's reading the Bible and learning about Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

When Fatmeh was old enough she was set to teach a class of tiny children. She managed them very nicely, and used to tell them in her simple, earnest way, what she herself had been taught about the Saviour of the world.

Fatmeh was always a delicate child, and suffered, as a great many Egyptians do suffer, from her eyes. At one time it was feared that she would lose her sight, and her mother overheard the poor child sobbing to herself at night, and praying—"O Lord, help me! O Lord, spare my eyes! *anything* but my eyes." After this Miss Whately had a long talk with her, and tried to show her that though it was quite right to pray that she might be spared this great trial, she must try and believe that God knew what was best for her, and be content to do His will. Her prayer was granted; some remedies that Miss Whately tried proved very successful; her eyes regained their sight, and though they were never very strong, ceased to pain her.

When Fatmeh was fourteen or fifteen years old, she had a bad illness from which she never recovered.

Miss Whately went constantly to see her, and to read to her out of the Bible. Fatmeh was too ill to talk much, but she loved to listen to the reading, though the neighbours tried hard to put a stop to it, saying that she was too sick to listen to the book, and did not want to hear it.

The poor child suffered very much, and once she asked Miss Whately, "When will He take me? I *want* to go." A few days later Miss Whately, on going to her, found her in a dying state. She knelt by the bedside and repeated the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want!" and then added, "You are going to Him, my daughter; fear not!" Fatmeh heard, and opening her eyes, looked up with a calm, happy look.

Her mother and sisters, and many of the neighbours, stood around crying, and Miss Whately, thinking the little room already overcrowded, determined to go out to church, and come back later.

Before she left she stood beside the dying girl and said twice over: "The Lord is with you, my daughter, now and for ever and ever!" Those were the last words that Fatmeh heard on earth, for hardly had Miss Whately got into the street, when one of the children of the house came running up to say that her sister was dead.

In the afternoon Miss Whately returned to the sick-room, and found it crowded with women, all sitting round the dead body, weeping and wailing and making a noise, just like the people in the story of Jairus's little daughter. It was not the friends only

who were grieving in this manner, and crying out, "Oh! sister, sister, Ah! my daughter, so young, so good!" It is the custom among the Egyptians now, as it was among the Jews in our Lord's time, to engage paid mourners to come and weep over the dead; and once when Miss Whately was sitting with a poor widow who had just lost her only son, the wailing suddenly stopped, and she heard the chief of the paid mourners say to the mother—"I shall not cry any more unless you give me something."

It grieved Miss Whately very much to hear such noisy grieving over her gentle little scholar. As she stood listening to it, the Saviour's words brought comfort to her mind, "Why make ye this ado and weep? *the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

When any of us are grieving over the death of those we love, our best comfort is to feel that they are "safe in the arms of Jesus;" and this was the hope which Miss Whately tried to bring to a Mahometan mother who was sorrowing over the loss of her child. "My little one is gone, and *where?*" cried the poor woman with tears. And then Miss Whately spoke to her of that tender Saviour Who gathers the lambs with His arms and carries them in His bosom, and Whom her little daughter had already learnt to love.

In going about among the people Miss Whately often gave away simple medicines to those who needed them; but once it happened that she was asked for a medicine which she was quite unable to furnish. The patient was an old woman who, when asked what was

the matter with her, replied : " I am not sick, but my hair is turning grey, I wish you to give me some sort of medicine to make it as before." In vain Miss Whately tried to persuade her that grey hairs were but natural at her time of life, and were nothing to be ashamed of; in vain she tried to interest her in higher and more important matters; the old woman could think of nothing but her grey hair.

The time of greatest rejoicing in an Egyptian household is when there is either a son or daughter to be married. As in India, girls are married while they are still quite children, and the bride and bridegroom are not allowed so much as to see one another until the wedding-day. For three days beforehand, both families are occupied with their separate feastings and preparations: on the third day the marriage takes place, and afterwards the bride is taken to the house of her husband's parents.

The Mahometan religion allows a man to marry four wives, and therefore it may easily be fancied that the life of one of these poor young Egyptian wives is often far from a happy one. If the husband is a poor man who has to work for his living, the wife will have something to do in cooking and taking care of the house; and the women who are in this position are less to be pitied than the wives of the rich men and the rulers of the country, who, having a houseful of negro slaves to do everything for them, spend their whole days in busy idleness. The ladies' part of the house is called in Egypt the "harem." It is something like the zenana in India, except that

the ladies of the harem are not nearly so strictly shut up as their Indian sisters, but are allowed to receive and pay visits, and to go out driving and shopping; on the one condition of keeping their faces veiled.

The true happiness of an Egyptian woman's life begins only with the birth of her first child. "I never knew what family love meant," said a young mother to Miss Whately, "till my little boy was born, because I never had any one that belonged to me."

The arrival of a new baby—and specially of a first baby—is always made a great deal of in Egypt, and the friends and neighbours all crowd to the house to congratulate the mother and grandmother.

After the first greetings have been exchanged, the visitors are naturally anxious to see the baby, and the little bundle is brought forward to be looked at; but whether the baby be pretty or ugly, no one dares to say a word of admiration, or to notice, "how like he is to his mother." On the contrary, one says, "An ugly little thing!" "He is very brown!" puts in a second; while another adds, "He is not in the least nice!" And this Miss Whately adds is often true enough, because, unfortunately, the Mahometan women have an idea that it is unlucky to wash a child before it is a year old, and therefore it is very generally allowed to go dirty!

But, you will ask, is not the mother offended at these rude remarks? Not at all; for she knows the women do not mean what they say, and she would be far more uneasy if she heard a single word of

praise, because she would look upon that as a sure sign of future misfortune.

The Egyptian people—the Christians alas! no less than the Mahometans—live in constant fear of a mysterious unknown power, which they call “The Evil Eye,” or “The Eye.” It is hard to explain exactly what they mean by it, and perhaps they would not be very well able to explain it themselves: but what they fear is that some misfortune will come to their children, or their cattle, or whatever it is that they most value, if they should fall under the eye of particular people. The person feared is not always a bad, envious person; he may be a passing stranger, or he may even be a well-disposed neighbour who has never dreamt of doing any harm.

The more precious a thing is to them the more the owners fear “The Eye,” and therefore they pretend that it is something they do not care for, and try in a hundred foolish ways to escape the evil they so greatly fear. It is for this reason that the women speak no words of praise of the newly-born baby; for this that foolish mothers daub their children’s foreheads with soot, or dress them in heavy and ugly clothes, or give them harsh-sounding names, in order that it may not be thought that they love them, and that then their little ones may be spared to them.

Miss Whately once met a little girl with the awkward sounding name of *Um el Kheyr*, that is, “Mother of Goodness.” Egyptian girls usually have very pretty, soft names, and Miss Whately was saying something about this to the child’s mother, when the

poor woman said : " I know it is ugly, but I want her to live." " How will an ugly name make her live ?" asked Miss Whately. " Why, you see," answered the mother sadly, " I had two sweet girls before her, and called them Fatmeh and Zanuba, and they both died, so I called this one by the name of Mother of Goodness, so that God perhaps will spare her." The tears came into Miss Whately's eyes as she heard this sorrowful story, and she tried to show the poor mother that it was not a name God cared for, and that if He should take this little one also, it would be out of love, not anger, and because He knew it to be best for the child.

Egyptian women, whether they believe in anything else or not, all of them believe most heartily in the power of " The Evil Eye ;" and they are so tied and bound by the chain of this cruel superstition, that even those who have been taught to know better are very long before they are able to free themselves from it. They often use charms, to defend themselves against the power of " The Eye," but Miss Whately says she has never known any of them *pray* to be delivered from it.

Sometimes Miss Whately meets with cheering proofs that the teachings of the mission-school reach the hearts of some who are outside the school. It happened one day that she went to visit a poor sick Coptic woman, the mother of one of her scholars.

After a time, Miss Whately offered to read to her, and learned with pleasure that her daughter Martha read the Bible to her every day. Miss

Whately proposed that Martha should be the reader, and the girl read a chapter nicely and distinctly, stopping now and then to repeat some of the simple explanations she had been taught at the school. Soon after this, the mother was taken away for change of air; it did her no good, and she died two months after her return to Cairo. Miss Whately never saw her again, but she heard from Martha that the close of her life had been a very happy and peaceful one. "I used to read the Gospel to her constantly," she said, "and she loved to hear it. We were all with her when she died, and she was quite peaceful and glad to go to be with the Lord."

Soon after her mother's death, Martha's father set about arranging a marriage for the girl. Martha was only fifteen, and she would gladly have remained a little longer at the school where she had just become a pupil-teacher. Happily, however, the marriage proved a very happy one. Her husband was a respectable, educated man, and though not himself a Christian, he encouraged his little wife to visit her old friends at the mission-house, and by and by began to read the Bible with her every evening on his return from work. It is to be hoped that in time this man will have the courage openly to declare himself a Christian, and to say, "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The greater part of Miss Whately's work lies in the streets and lanes of busy Cairo, but sometimes when the suffocating heat drives her out of the city, she and a party of friends take a boat and go up

the river Nile, often stopping to land at some quiet village, and making friends with the country-people.

Wherever she goes, Miss Whately takes care to have an Arabic Bible with her, and plenty of Testaments and tracts on board, for sale or giving away. When she has collected a little knot of hearers around her, she asks leave to read to them out of her book. When they find that it is in their own language, consent is usually given readily enough, and after the reading they begin to ask questions which may perhaps give the opportunity of speaking some word that shall, by God's blessing, sink deep into their hearts.

These Bible readings take place in many different spots, sometimes in the desert with the firm, golden sand for seats ; sometimes "on the house-top"—that is on the flat roof of the low built house—and sometimes inside the house ; but this last is not a very pleasant place, for the mud huts of the poorer Egyptians are not apt to be kept very clean. Rich and poor alike in Egypt seem to be without any love of neatness and order. Even in a great, richly furnished house in Cairo, where there was a whole army of negro slaves to do the work, Miss Whately noticed old crusts and pieces of orange peel lying under a handsome clock, and heaps of rubbish filling up all the corners ; and in the huts of the poor people the dirt and disorder are still worse, so that Miss Whately says a cow accustomed to a tolerable stable would refuse to enter them.

Miss Whately once happened to ask the master of

such a hut, what had become of the book she had given him a year before. He answered that the sheep had eaten it ! It appeared that a fat, coffee-coloured sheep lived in the one small room with the man, his wife and five children, and as there was no cupboard or shelf, it had been impossible to keep the hungry sheep from devouring even the book. However, the man promised if a second copy were given him, to guard it better.

In general the poor people sleep on mats spread on the floor, with a light covering thrown over them, but sometimes if it is unusually cold they will make a small fire of dried grass and such things in the big brick oven, and then as soon as this fire has burnt down, the mistress of the house will sweep out the embers, and then the whole family will creep into the warm oven, and spend the night there ! Miss Whately herself was once offered such a sleeping-place.

The countrywomen are as untidy, generally speaking, in their dress as in their house. They lie down to sleep in the clothes they have been wearing all day, and when they get up in the morning they are content to give themselves a little shake, like a dog : —a cat would, as Miss Whately remarks, spend far more time over her toilet. They will leave their hair unbrushed and their dress unchanged for days, or even weeks together, until there is some feast or merry-making. Then they go to the public bath, and put on all their best clothes, and make themselves as smart as they can.

As might be expected, they are very irregular in all their habits and hours. As a rule the whole family meet together for supper in the evening, but as to breakfast and dinner each one tries to provide himself with bread, and, if it is the fruit season, perhaps with fruit, and then eats when and where he feels inclined. As to the women, since they do not trouble themselves to keep either their house or their children clean, they have, except on baking days, very little to do beyond fetching up water from the river. Much of their time is spent in gossiping with one another ; but in spite of this, Miss Whately's offers to sit and read to them are not unfrequently refused, under the excuse that they are "not at leisure !" More often, however, she is hospitably received by both men and women, and made welcome to the best of all that these poor people have to offer.

It happened once that she was kept by a contrary wind nearly the whole day at a little village on the banks of the river. The women pressed food and shelter upon her, and listened with seeming interest to the Bible stories which she read to them. In the evening, when she was returning to the boat, a number of the women went down with her to the beach : one of them caught hold of her hand and kissed it, saying, "I love you," and another said, "Surely God sent this wind on purpose that you might come to us !"

The only one of the party who showed herself unfriendly was one woman who was offended by hearing Miss Whately read out of her book the

words, "All have sinned." This she declared was not true: *all* were not sinners. When Miss Whately asked her if she had ever known any one quite without sin, she replied, that she had never in her life said or done a wrong thing; that her heart was white, and that she never forgot God. She owned that many women sinned by their tongues, "but," said she, "I am different: my heart is white."

Her old father-in-law who was sitting by looked as if he did not at all agree to this, and now interrupted with, "Listen, lady, and I will tell you what she does sometimes." But Miss Whately felt it would be no use for her to listen to tale-telling, and she asked leave to read them another story instead. She chose the Pharisee and the Publican, and tried to show them the sinfulness of pride.

Very different from this self-satisfied woman was a poor ragged old woman, to whom Miss Whately was once explaining the verse: "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Miss Whately asked her what answer she would get if she were to go and knock at the house of some great man? "Why," answered the old woman, "they would drive me off, and most likely beat me." And then she listened with glad earnestness while Miss Whately, in the few minutes that were left to her, showed her how different God is from man: how He loves *all* His children to come to Him, and ask for whatever they need; and then before they parted Miss Whately taught her this short prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Of late Miss Whately and her friends have opened a dispensary in Cairo, in the hope that the sick and suffering who come to seek help from it may thus have the opportunity of hearing of Him Who is the Good Physician, and may learn to love and believe in Him.

And so Miss Whately and her helpers use all the means in their power to spread Christ's kingdom in Egypt—that old land of Bible story. They remember that centuries ago Egypt professed Christianity, and they earnestly pray that the light which it has long since lost may once more shine upon it, and that the land of Egypt may be, not in name only but in truth, a Christian country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

“The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.”

--TERTULLIAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

WHOEVER calls to mind the outline of the map of Africa will remember also the long, narrow island of Madagascar, that lies to the east of the great continent. Compared with Africa it looks small indeed, and yet Madagascar is the third largest island in the world, and is four times the size of England.

As we in England like hearing about new countries, so the Malagasy, the people of Madagascar, like hearing about England. A lady who went once up into a mountain village in Madagascar, where foreigners were little known, found the villagers at first very shy and frightened. Soon, however, they gained confidence and began to talk. "They wanted," says this lady, "to hear about England, and were astonished to find that there were cattle and sheep and pigs there; they were equally astonished to find that rice and sweet potatoes did not grow there, and that even ladies wore boots and shoes, and did not plait their hair in little knots all over their heads. They very much admired a great-coat (which they thought would be beautiful to wear in church) and some thick boots; only the soles puzzled them—they

could not be made of leather, they said, no skin was so thick."

The dwellers in the towns know more, and are more civilised than these mountaineers. They are clever workmen, they can build good houses, and they know how to weave and dye different kinds of materials for clothing. Until the missionaries came into the island the natives knew nothing of reading or writing, but the Malagasy are quick to see the advantage of better ways than those they have been accustomed to, and both in reading and writing, and in many other things as well, they have shown themselves ready learners.

The people of Madagascar are not black like the negroes: they are rather of a light-brown colour, and some of them,—those especially who live in the middle of the island, round about the capital,—are scarcely darker than English people.

This high inland country is the healthiest and best part of the island, and is cooler than the low lying country near the sea, therefore the Queen of Madagascar always lives there.

It takes nearly a week to travel from Tamatave, the town on the coast where travellers land, up to the capital. And what a difficult journey it is! up hills, through forests, over rivers. There is no railway to take you, not even a road along which a carriage could pass. Either you must walk, or you must be carried by four men in a long wicker-work basket, fixed upon long poles. This is the common way of travelling in Madagascar, and this new sort

of carriage is not at all uncomfortable. It generally takes English travellers some little while to get over their fears at the narrow paths, the rickety bridges, the steep rocks, over which they have to be carried, but by and by they find that they may quite trust the steady, bare-footed bearers.

Some days of the journey are spent in passing through the great forest—a deep, beautiful forest, such as you read of in fairy stories. The old king of Madagascar used to say that if an enemy were to march against the capital, he would be met by two Generals, General Forest and General Fever, who would hold the way against him; and indeed if there were not little paths cut all the way along, a stranger would find it a hard task ever to get out of this great forest.

Fortunately there are no wild beasts in it—nothing much bigger than monkeys, which go scampering about from tree to tree, as the squirrels do in our woods at home. The most troublesome animals are the rats. One party of travellers took a cat with them all through their journeyings, so that they might have her by them at night to do battle with the rats. Another missionary, who was not provided with such a useful companion, found when he woke in the morning that the rats had been devouring some papers which he had placed beside him, and had sadly gnawed his great-coat which he had been using for a counterpane!

And now at last the traveller sees before him the capital of Madagascar, Antananarivo. It is built on

the top of a hill, the highest ground in all the island, and so can be seen for miles round. The meaning of the name *Antananarivo* is, "The city of a thousand towns," and it is indeed a very large place; as big as Norwich, but altogether different from any English town.

There is not a single street, or even what we should call a road, the low, irregularly built houses stand three or four together surrounded by mud walls, and the way to get to them is between these walls, along a narrow stony path, so steep that it is difficult at the best of times to walk without stumbling, and in the rainy season, when there is very likely a stream of water flowing down the middle of the path, it is almost impassable. High above all the other buildings stands the queen's palace, its white roof flashing out in the sunlight, making it easy to be recognised from afar.

When the Bishop of Madagascar was taken into the palace to be presented to the queen, he found her sitting on a sofa. She was dressed like an English lady in a silk dress, and on her head she wore a gold crown. Everything about her was as splendid as her people knew how to make it, and it was the more strange, therefore, to see, standing behind her, slaves with only a few rags to cover them, and soldiers in the oddest looking, most untidy uniforms.

In old times there used to be a great many little kings ruling over Madagascar. Now there is only the one queen, but the descendants of all the old

kings still call themselves princes and princesses, and think a great deal of their own rank and importance, even though they may be as poor as beggars. One day some little, dirty, half-naked children came into the mission school at the capital, and said they had come to learn. The teacher called them to her to take down their names, and told one particularly dirty little girl, who she fancied must be a slave, that she must go home to her mistress and be made clean before she could be allowed to come to school. At this the girls and women of the first class looked greatly astonished, and all cried out at once—"She has no mistress! she is a princess!" The teacher begged them to excuse her mistake, saying that she was not yet accustomed to their ways, and that all the princesses she had ever seen wore clothes, and washed their faces at least once a day! This explanation seemed quite to satisfy the scholars.

It sounds strange to speak of women at school, but the poor mothers out in Madagascar, who never had the opportunity of learning when they were young, are glad, many of them, to come to school now with their little ones. There are some quite old people among them who cannot learn very fast, and it is beautiful to see the patience with which they go on spelling the same book over and over. Sewing seems to be the favourite lesson with the women. Our ways are all new to them. Many of them do not know on which finger to place their thimble, and all of them work backwards until they

are taught; but they learn quickly, and work surprisingly well when once they know the way.

One of the first things that the traveller notices on entering Antananarivo is a stone tower. It belongs to a well-built English-looking church, and by and by he finds that there are three other churches something of the same kind in different parts of the city.

When we talk of churches and schools it sounds as if we were describing a Christian country, and happily the present queen of Madagascar is a Christian. On the day of her coronation she declared publicly that she was a Christian, and not long afterwards she gave commands that all the idols in the capital should be brought together and burnt. The queen does not oblige any one to change his religion who does not himself wish to do so, and even now there are far more heathen in the island than there are Christians; but naturally she does all she can to encourage the spread of Christianity.

Now, the Christians of Madagascar go openly to their churches without thought of danger; now, they worship God without fear. But it was not so with them always; there was a time when those who came together to read the Bible and to pray were obliged to meet secretly and by night; a time when men and women in Madagascar were driven from their homes, cruelly beaten and ill-treated, for no other fault than that they had been found praying to their God.

Many were put to death for this cause, and each

one of those four churches marks the spot where some of Christ's faithful servants laid down their lives for their Master's sake. The closing verses of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, exactly describe the sufferings that befel the Christians of Madagascar during the years of persecution. "Some were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, tempted, slain with the sword: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

When first Christianity was preached in the capital of Madagascar, between sixty and seventy years ago, those who heard the Word and were baptized little knew or thought of the terrible persecutions that were to come upon them later. Radama, who was at that time king of Madagascar, welcomed the English missionaries, and encouraged them to open as many schools as they could, and to teach the people. Radama did not become a Christian himself, but he left his subjects free to follow the new religion if they chose to do so. At the end of ten years Radama died, and a queen came to the throne, named Ranavalona.

This Ranavalona was one of the worst queens that ever lived. She was cruel to all her subjects; but it was to the Christians that she showed herself the most cruel. For the first few years, however, it seemed as though she were meaning to treat them as Radama had done, and leave them to follow their

religion undisturbed. Large numbers were baptized, new congregations were gathered together, both in the capital and in the country districts, and all seemed to be going on well.

Soon, however, there were signs that the spread of Christianity was displeasing to the queen. First of all the soldiers were forbidden to receive baptism or to come to the Lord's table; a little later, and the people were ordered to come together to hear a message from the queen. In this message the Christians in the island were declared guilty of despising the idols; of changing the old customs and following new ways—of keeping the Sunday holy and of meeting together for prayer. These things the queen would allow no longer, and she now commanded all who had been guilty of these offences, all who had been baptized, to come forward in a week's time and confess it. It was added that those who refused to accuse themselves would, if they were found out, be put to death.

It was a time of terrible trial, and alas! there were some who made excuses, who said that they had only joined the Christians out of curiosity, and seeing that their religion was evil, had left them; others said that they had kept the Sunday, but that they had never been baptized, and so on. But others, fearless of danger, made a good confession, and acknowledged boldly that they had done this thing and prayed to their God.

One man was asked how often he had prayed, and he answered that he could not tell, but that for the

last three or four years he had never spent a day without praying several times. When the judge asked what his prayers were like, he said, that he asked God to forgive him his sins, "and," said he, "I entreated God to make all the people in this country and in other countries, as well as myself, good people," and he added that he asked the same blessings for all his friends, and for the queen. The judge owned that prayers like these were very good; but as the queen did not like them, they ought not to be offered in her country. The end of it was, that four hundred of the Christian soldiers were put down from their rank, and the other Christians were fined. All were warned that if they were again found guilty they would be put to death.

For some time past the English missionaries had been forbidden to hold services, or to give the people any religious teaching whatever, and in the summer of this year they thought it best to leave the island, at least for a while. During the past year they had been working hard in order to finish printing a translation of the Bible into Malagasy, which they had been preparing; the work was happily finished just in time, and the missionaries had thus the comfort of knowing that though the native Christians were now left without their teacher's advice, they would have God's Word to be their guide and counsellor.

Besides the Bible, the missionaries had translated the "Pilgrim's Progress." There had not been time to print this, so several of the native Christians joined together to make copies of it. Amongst them they

wrote out eight complete copies, and these were lent about from one person to another, till nearly all were familiar with the beautiful story of Christian on his journey.

It was at great risk to themselves that the Christians managed to keep their precious books. The queen had given orders that all books should be given up to the government, and she even sent officers out into distant parts of the country to look for any that might have been hidden away. In spite of this, however, several of the books were kept back. They were hidden in all sorts of places (very often they were put into a box, and buried in the ground); while some of those who were afraid to keep back a whole book, would tear out some one part, and give up all the rest.

A missionary who visited the island nearly twenty years later, while the persecution was still going on, was shown many of these treasured Bibles and Testaments. Some families had but a few chapters copied out by hand: others had three or four printed pages, soiled and torn with constant use, but carefully mended. This missionary had brought with him a supply of fresh books, but as people were still forbidden by the queen to have books, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be brought into the country. He used to fill his pockets with them, and hide as many as he could under his dress, and very anxious he felt lest any should drop out, and be discovered by the officers.

The Christians were no longer allowed to have

their services in any building, so they began to hold secret meetings out on the mountain sides, in some cave or lonely spot where they could sing hymns without being overheard.

The first who was put to death as a Christian was a young woman named Rasalama. She was cruelly beaten and loaded with heavy chains, yet in all her sufferings, she rejoiced that she was counted worthy to suffer for believing in Jesus, and spoke of her hope of a life to come in heaven. When early in the morning she was led outside the city to be put to death by the spear of the executioner, none of the Christians ventured to go with her except one young man. When he saw her calmness and faith, he said, "If I might die so happy and quiet a death, I would not be unwilling to die for the Saviour too."

And when the time came, he was not unwilling. A year later he was led out to that same spot to die the same death. On his way he spoke to his executioners of the happiness that he felt at the thought of so soon seeing Him Who had loved him and died for him, and in his last moments he prayed most earnestly, not for himself only, but for his country, and for all those who were suffering persecution. His death was a grief to very many, for he was one of those ever ready to do good to others : one of those who fed the needy, and comforted the sorrowing, and strengthened the weak.

Several other Christians had been arrested at the same time as Rasalama. Among them was a young woman named Rafaravavy, who was known to have

held Bible-readings and prayer-meetings in her house, and to have been a friend of Rasalama's.

When the queen's officers came to her, and asked if she did indeed pray, in spite of the queen's commandment, she answered, "Yes, I do pray ; for," said she, "I have done it, and how can I deny what is true?" She was then asked to name any of her companions who had prayed with her, but this she firmly refused to do. Twice Rafaravavy was sentenced to death, and twice in some unforeseen manner she escaped. The second time she was led out, heavily chained, to a house near the place of execution, and she heard the officer say : "To-morrow at cock-crow she will be put to death." In the night, however, a great fire broke out in the town, and in the confusion caused by the fire Rafaravavy was forgotten. For five months she remained a prisoner, closely guarded and heavily chained, expecting daily to be put to death.

At the end of that time she was sold as a slave. Happily her master was a kind man, and finding that she was to be trusted, he gave her a good deal of liberty, so that in her spare moments she was able sometimes to go and visit others of the Christians, many of whom were in far greater trouble than Rafaravavy herself.

There were five of them, in particular, who had been sold as slaves to a man whose whole delight it was to make their lives as miserable as possible. He starved them, he beat them, he ill-treated them in all manner of ways, and yet they showed themselves so patient

and industrious and faithful, that he had no real excuse for finding fault with them, and knowing this he hated them the more. At first they were set to work in the rice fields, and there they were so diligent, that their share of work was done before that of the other slaves; then they were made overseers over the rest; and by and by three of them, Joseph, David, and Simeon, were entrusted with their master's money, and sent out into the town to buy and sell for him: yet all this time they were treated just as cruelly as before.

They had no Bible with them, but one of the five knew by heart the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble," and often the friends would strengthen themselves with those grand words.

This trial-time had already lasted for some months, when it became known to the Christians that the queen's anger was stirred up against them afresh, and that they were in danger of being taken and put to death. On learning this, Rafaravavy took counsel with David and Simeon, and they all decided to make their escape and hide themselves as best they might in the country districts.

The first part of that night David and the others spent in arranging their master's affairs. They wrapped up in a parcel some cloth belonging to him, and enclosed an exact account of all the money they had spent for him even to a sixpence, which they now took out to buy food for the journey. The master hearing that his slaves had run away, supposed that

they would have stolen his property : not till some months later did he take the trouble to open the parcel. Such honesty was new and strange to him ; he guessed why they had run away, and exclaimed—“ This is not the general custom of slaves who run away from their masters, these would indeed make excellent servants, *if they would but leave off their religion!* ” How little he knew that it was just *because* of their religion that they were honest : that it was for the sake of their Master in heaven that they served so faithfully their unjust master on earth.

Soon after midnight Rafaravavy and her companions set out, and by the following evening they were nearly fifty miles distant from the capital, and had reached in safety the house of some good Christian friends. Here they were welcomed most affectionately and sheltered so long as it was safe for them to remain there. Sarah, the mistress of the house, became a firm friend of Rafaravavy's, and from this time forward the two women were always together.

For eight long months the poor wanderers remained in hiding : sometimes altogether, sometimes separate. To tell of all their adventures during that time would fill a book. Once a party of soldiers came to the very house where Rafaravavy was then living, to search for her. She had only just time to go into the inner room and hide herself under the bed when they entered the house, and from her hiding-place she could hear them quite plainly asking for her : happily, however, some excuse was contrived to draw them out of the house while she made her escape.

Another time she was hidden in a hole in the ground, the mouth of which was covered over with thorns and briars. Another time the soldiers were close upon her, and she had to leave the road and lie down among the rushes that grew in a bog by the wayside. Here she lay safely while the soldiers passed by without ever seeing her, but when she tried to struggle out, she found that she had sunk so deep into the bog that she could not get out till Sarah came to help her, and her much-prized Bible was quite spoiled by the mud.

There were now so many soldiers all about, that they dared no longer remain in that part of the country, therefore they went on ten miles farther to the house of another Christian. This man welcomed them most warmly. It would not have been safe for them to remain in his house, where they might have been seen and recognised ; so instead of this he had a tent put up for them in the long grass near his house. He then gave orders that no one was to go into that field, and as he was a man of importance, no one dared to disobey his orders. Here they lived for three months, and in one way it was the happiest time of their wanderings, for many of the relations of the master of the house and many also of his servants being Christians ; they used to hold a little service among themselves on the Sunday.

Perhaps the strangest hiding-place of all was the one in which Simeon was several times hidden in times of danger. This was in a kind of rack or cradle built up against the wall—half-way between

the fire-place and the roof. The common houses in Madagascar have no chimneys, and this was the place through which the smoke made its way. You may fancy that it was a very hot and disagreeable hiding-place; specially at cooking-time; but it was a safe one, for the smoke would conceal whoever lay there from view, and besides, no one would ever think of looking in such an unlikely place. One day, when the master of the house was out at work, a thief came in. From his smoky bed Simeon could see everything the man did, and was able to recognise him, so that he was afterwards found out. When he was accused of having stolen, he at first denied it; but when all that he had done was exactly described to him, and he was told that some one had watched him all the while, he became so frightened that he ran away.

It had now become clear to Rafaravavy and her companions that their only chance of safety was to get down to the coast and from thence take ship to England. Their danger was even greater than that of the other Christians, because, besides being Christians, they were now looked upon as runaway slaves. They all therefore went back secretly to the capital and hid themselves in the houses of friends till the night came for them to set out upon their dangerous journey. The travellers were six in number — Rafaravavy, Sarah, and four men; besides two servants who were to go with them as far as Tamatave, the place where they would find the ship.

The ten days' journey was full of perils and narrow

escapes. The friends often, as they travelled, talked of their favourite "Pilgrim's Progress," and compared themselves to Christian. Once their way lay along a hill so steep and slippery from the heavy rains that they could hardly keep their footing ; this they called "the hill Difficulty."

Another time they had to cross a wide and deep stream by a single plank some height above the water. The narrow bridge shook at every step, and the women asked if there was no way but this. They were told there was no other, and they then called to mind how Christian had found that there was no way to the Celestial City but through the deep river. This encouraged them, and they passed over safely.

Once they saw a number of traders coming towards them, on their way back to the capital ; they turned aside into the forest, all of them except Simeon, who had been already seen, and therefore thought it safest to walk boldly on, remembering how Christian had been bidden to go on past the lions that were in the path. Some of the men recognised him and saluted him : he returned their salutation, thinking that now his danger was indeed great. The men passed on, however, and were overheard saying to one another, "That is Andrianomanana" (*Andrianomanana* was Simeon's native name) "who was lately sold as a slave on account of his religion. Where can he be going now?" The other answered that most likely he was out on some business for his master, and then no more was said about the matter. Thus Simeon

escaped the danger he feared, and found, like Christian, that "the lions were chained."

So on went the travellers—suffering much from rain and cold, hunger and weariness, but suffering yet more from the fear of being taken. As they came nearer to the coast, where there were many people about, the danger increased. When, on the tenth day, they were quite close to Tamatave, they sent forward one of the servants to the house of a native Christian, a man of wealth and position, to tell him that they had come. This friend at once sent messengers to bring them secretly to his house, where they were well cared for until the time came for them to go on board the English ship.

One evening, as it was growing dark, they stole out of the house and hid themselves in a wood close to the landing-place. Here their friends joined them, bringing for each one a suit of sailor's clothes. Having cut their hair and put on this disguise, they followed their guides down to the ship. With beating hearts they passed the queen's officers, feeling that in a little while they would either be discovered, or else be out of the reach of discovery.

Safely they stepped on board, but the ship was not to set sail that night, and for a few hours longer they must wait between hope and fear. Early next morning the order was given to sail, and as the six friends stood on the deck, being borne each moment farther away from Madagascar, they knew that they were safe, and said one to another: "Our souls are escaped like birds out of the snare of the fowler. Let us now

bless the Lord, for He has prospered our journey and granted our request," and then, with the captain's leave, they joined in singing a hymn of praise to God for their deliverance.

After their many dangers they were safe. But the fierce storm of persecution was not yet past, and there were many who were unable to escape from it. For a time all would seem to be peaceable once more, and the Christians would begin to breathe freely; then something would happen to stir up the queen's anger anew, and the persecution would break out more violently than before.

It is supposed that from first to last more than two hundred Christians were put to death by the executioner; to say nothing of the many who died in slavery, or who were banished to unhealthy parts of the island, there to die of fever.

In March 1849 eighteen men and women were put to death in one day: fourteen of them were thrown from a high rock down into a stony precipice below. At the last moment they might still have saved their lives by promising to pray no more, but not one of them would give the promise. The other four (two of them husband and wife) were kept for a yet more terrible death—to be burnt alive. On their way to the place of execution they sang hymns, and even in the flames their singing was still heard.

In all their sufferings for the truth these Malagasy Christians, like the first martyr, Stephen, "looked up steadfastly to heaven, and by faith beheld the glory that should be revealed;" like Stephen,

they prayed for their murderers, crying out in the midst of their pains : " O Lord, receive our spirits : for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us ; and lay not this sin to their charge." " Thus," says one who stood by, " they prayed as long as they had any life : then they died, but softly, gently, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."

Persecution followed persecution ; but at last the long night of weeping drew to its end ; the cruel queen was dead. Her terrible thirty-five years reign was over, and she was succeeded by her son Radama II.

Radama was not a Christian himself, and unhappily never became one ; but he had always been compassionate to the Christians and tried to protect them. The very day that he came to the throne he made known that all Christians were free openly to obey their religion, and that those who had been sent into banishment might now return home in safety.

As long as the poor, young king reigned, the Christians had nothing to fear ; but he lived only a few years. His wife died not long after, and the next to come to the throne was the present Queen Ranavalona II. Her name is the same as that of the bad queen, but she is not like her in anything else ; for, as you have already heard, she at once declared herself a Christian, and soon afterwards commanded that the idols should be publicly burnt.

The island was now again thrown open to missionaries, and new schools were set on foot. The Christians, so far from having become fewer in number

during the persecutions, were found to be twenty times more numerous when the missionaries came back to the island, than they were when their first teachers were driven out; and yet there is still abundance of work for the missionaries to do.

There are whole districts in the country, there are large towns where the name of Christ is scarcely known, and often the missionaries have natives coming to them from a distance, and saying: "We want to be Christians, but we have no one to teach us; we will build a church if you will only send us a teacher." To refuse such prayers as these is hard indeed, and the English missionaries in the island are doing all they can to train up Christian natives to teach their fellow-countrymen.

You must remember for how long the Malagasy Christians were left without schools and without teachers, and therefore even the best of them are ignorant of many things which in a Christian country they would have been taught from their childhood. The missionaries find it a very good plan to have boarding-schools for both boys and girls, where they can live under the care of the missionary, and be trained up in good habits from the beginning.

The money for one such girl's school at Tamatave—the place where Rafaravavy and her companions took ship—was collected by a number of working-girls belonging to a Bible class in London. These girls heard the story of the Madagascar Mission, and for some years they have gone on perseveringly doing what they can to help on the work. Twice they have

held sales of their own needlework. The money raised by the first sale was sufficient to build the school-house already spoken of, and the still larger sum raised by the second sale went towards the building of a new church in the capital. Besides this, the girls have sent out year by year enough money to support and educate one little school-boy. If there were many such active helpers at home, missionary work would indeed be lightened!

Here is the translation of a letter from one of these little brown-skinned school-boys in the capital, to his friends in England :—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I visit you by this letter,—how are you?—and I thank you for what you have done for myself. Says RAMBULA.”

You may perhaps have noticed that nearly all the names of people in this chapter begin with an “R.” It is a rule of the Malagasy language that all names of people should begin with the syllable “Ra,” and the natives used to call the missionary’s cat even “Ra-pussy.”

Here is part of another letter written by a more advanced scholar. This also is written to the class of girls, though you would not think so from the first sentence :—

“And to you, sir, do I say that I am glad that you have given me this money, and our church increases very much, and there are many more people—and good is that! Our teacher is clever to teach the

school, and we scholars are glad because we have a clever teacher, in order to make us clever to learn. And so, long life to you,—says your friend,

“RANDRIANMIANANA.”

There is a Children's Hospital now at the capital : many stone houses are being built where wooden ones stood formerly : “The city of a thousand towns” is being gradually improved. On each of the four places of execution a memorial church now stands, which will tell to generations to come the story of the Martyrs of Madagascar.

As Sunday by Sunday we sing in our “Te Deum—“The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,” we may think not only of the martyrs of old, but also of those faithful ones in Madagascar, to whom it was given to belong to that “noble army,” and to glorify God by their deaths.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTY YEARS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

“Whoever goes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the heathen, goes on a warfare which requires all prayer and supplication, to keep his armour bright and in active operation, to wrestle and struggle and toil in pulling down the strongholds of Satan, whether in Africa, India, or the islands of the Pacific.”

—DR. MOFFAT.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTY YEARS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

ONE summer's evening more than sixty years ago, a young gardener named Robert Moffat was walking along the streets of Warrington, when as he crossed the bridge his eye fell upon a placard which announced a missionary meeting to be held in the town. The placard was an old one, and the meeting the it told of already over : yet that placard changed whole course of Robert Moffat's life.

The words "missionary meeting" brought back to his mind the stories that his mother used to tell him, when he was a boy, of the brave missionaries among the snow and ice in Greenland ; and from that moment he decided to leave his work at home, and to go out and spend the rest of his life as a missionary to the heathen.

He would not go, however, without his parents' leave, and it was very possible that they might not be willing to part with him. It was hard indeed for the father and mother to give up their son ; but when he told them of his wish, they did not hesitate long. "We have thought," said they, "of your proposal to become a missionary ; we have prayed over it, and we cannot withhold you from so good a work."

It was not to Greenland that Robert Moffat was to be sent, but to the south of Africa. It was in the year 1816 that the young missionary, then scarcely one and twenty, reached the country which was to be his home for more than fifty years.

He landed at the Cape of Good Hope, spent some little time with a Dutch farmer in the part of the country that is called the Cape Colony, and as soon as he could get leave, set off on his long and difficult journey to the distant land beyond the Orange River, where he was going to settle.

Namaqua Land, as it is called, lies on the west coast of Africa, on the farther side of the Orange River. Before he had ever been there himself, Mr. Moffat chanced to meet some one who knew the country well, and he naturally wanted to hear what it was like. "You will find," he was told, "plenty of sand and stones, a thinly-scattered population, always suffering from want of water, on plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun." It was not an encouraging description, but Mr. Moffat soon found that it was not at all an untrue one.

The want of water is one of the most terrible trials of living in South Africa. In the long, dry seasons even the running streams are often dried up, and the ground becomes so hard and burnt, that nothing will grow upon it. "It would require a good pair of spectacles to see a blade of grass in this world!" a missionary once said to Mr. Moffat, as they were travelling together across one of the great South

African plains. Even thunder-storms are eagerly looked for, in the hope that they may bring rain; but too often it happens that a violent storm passes over the land, while not a single drop of rain falls.

When at last the welcome showers come, it makes a wonderful change in the face of the earth. It has been said that it is as if the ground had been touched by a magic wand. The soil that but a short time before was hard and bare, is now covered with bright green grass, and "beautiful with myriads of flowers." The corn that has been lying hidden springs up quickly, bringing forth a plentiful harvest, and all is fresh and lovely, until the sun once more shines out "with a burning heat," and the grass and the flowers are again dried up and withered.

On his first journey through Africa, Mr. Moffat learned to know the miseries of African travelling and of want of water. There are no railways in this part of the world, so he went, as all the settlers go, in a waggon drawn by oxen. Perhaps you think that you would like this way of travelling—sitting in the cart by day, and sleeping under it by night—but you would soon grow tired of it. The oxen move very slowly, and the jolting of the heavy carts over the rough, stony ground is dreadfully trying.

It was in November, the hottest time of the year, that Mr. Moffat and his companions made this journey. The heat was so great that, when they could manage it, they travelled by night rather than by day, but at last want of water obliged them to push on, even under the burning sun. The hot

sand threw up such a fierce heat and glare, that the travellers could scarcely keep their eyes open. The poor oxen were almost driven wild, and at last became so tired out from heat and thirst, that they had to be left to rest, while Mr. Moffat and the drivers went on foot in search of water. At last, by digging deep down into a particular place in the sand, they came upon a scanty supply which they drank eagerly, though it was stagnant and smelling. Many hours were spent in scooping out water for the oxen, and by the time the thirsty creatures had drunk up all that was brought them, they were ready for a second draught.

To add to the other terrors of this dreadful journey, the travellers sometimes in the dead of the night heard the roar of the lion on the not far-distant mountains; and when some of the oxen strayed away, the drivers told Mr. Moffat that it would not be safe to go far in search of them for fear of meeting the lions.

I daresay that most of you have seen a lion some time or other, and heard him roaring behind the bars of his cage; but it is one thing to hear his voice when there are strong iron bars between you and him, and quite another when you know that he is close at hand, and may at any moment spring upon you. The lion story that I am going now to tell you did not happen to Mr. Moffat, but it happened in the part of Africa where he lived.

A man was out hunting by himself at some distance from his home; he did not succeed in taking anything, and at last, being hot and tired, he sat down

to rest by a pool of water, and fell asleep. When he awoke he saw a large lion lying opposite to him—not much more than a yard distant. For a few minutes the man sat like one bewildered, unable to move ; then he stretched out his hand for his gun, which was lying just beyond his reach ; but the lion, whose eyes were firmly fixed upon the man, at that moment raised his head and gave a fierce roar. Again and again the unhappy man tried to get hold of his gun, but the lion kept guard over it as jealously as if he knew what it was for.

The day wore slowly on. The rock on which the man was sitting grew so hot that it was terrible pain to him to touch it with his naked feet, and he shifted his position as best he could, to avoid it.

Still the lion did not move : all through the night he lay there, and when daylight broke, the man saw him crouched down opposite him. At noon the creature rose and went to drink at the pool, but even as he walked he kept looking back ; and seeing the man stretching out his hand for the gun, he turned in a rage, and was near springing upon him.

Another day and night passed, and still the two remained close to one another. The man said afterwards that he could not tell whether he slept or not, but that if he did it must have been with his eyes open, for that he always saw the lion at his feet. At last, at noon on the third day, the lion again went to the pool, and while there he heard some noise which startled him, for he turned and disappeared in the bushes. Then the man seized his gun, expecting his

terrible enemy to return ; but it did not come, so he rose up to go towards the water. He was so weak, however, that he could not stand, and his feet were terribly scorched and injured by the sun. On his hands and knees he managed to crawl to the nearest path, where he lay, unable to go a step farther. He might easily have been left to die in the lonely path, but providentially some one came that way before long, and brought him to a safe place. Here he was well cared for, but he remained a cripple for the rest of his life.

One man with whom Mr. Moffat talked, showed the marks of a lion's teeth in his shoulder, and told how, as he and a party of friends had just settled down to sleep in the open air, a lion suddenly sprang into the middle of the circle and carried him off. The others, hastily roused from their sleep, fired ; one of the shots wounded the lion, which in opening his mouth to roar dropped his prey. The man picked himself up and ran off, wounded, but not seriously the worse. The same thing happened many years after to Mr. Moffat's own son-in-law ; but now I must leave my lion stories, and tell you something of Mr. Moffat's adventures on reaching Namaqua Land.

The people to whom he was now sent had already had a missionary living among them. Several of them had been baptized, and amongst others Africaner, the chief or head man of those parts. Africaner's story was a very remarkable one. Some years ago he had murdered a family of Dutch settlers. It was well known that it was Africaner

who had done this horrible deed, and rewards were offered to any one who would seize him, but he was never to be found. He now lived the life of a robber-chief, breaking into the houses of all the white farmers in the district, robbing and murdering. The name of Africaner at last became a terror, not to the settlers only, but also to the natives of other tribes than his own; and often they were forced to flee from their houses, and take refuge in the mountains to be out of reach of their terrible enemy.

At last a report reached the settlers near the Cape, that Africaner had given a friendly welcome to some missionaries who had come to his village, that he had declared himself a Christian, and been baptized, with several of his followers. The wonderful news was scarcely believed, and all the white people warned Mr. Moffat of the danger he was running in putting himself into the power of such "a monster" as Africaner. It was solemnly declared that he would be put to death with horrible tortures; and one old lady tried, with tears in her eyes, to dissuade him from going; but no thought of danger could hinder the young missionary from going where he felt it his duty to go.

When at last Mr. Moffat reached Africaner's village the chief was nowhere to be seen. In about an hour he appeared, and spoke kindly to the new comer, saying that he hoped he was come to live with him for a long time. He then gave a signal to a number of women, who came forward bearing bundles of poles, and mats, such as the natives make. Mr. Moffat

wondered what was going to be done; but he had not to wonder long, for in little more than half an hour's time the women had made ready a house—or rather a hut—such as they themselves live in.

This hut was intended for Mr. Moffat, and here he lived for nearly six months. It was not very comfortable; it let in the rain and sun, wind and dust; more than once a snake was found coiled up in some dark corner, and not seldom Mr. Moffat discovered, on coming home, that some hungry dog had forced a way in between the walls of matting, and carried off the supper.

For some time, too, Mr. Moffat was very anxious about Africaner. He behaved well to the missionary, and called himself a Christian, but Mr. Moffat could not feel satisfied that he was a Christian at heart.

At last there came in him the signs of a blessed change. He became tender-hearted, bitterly ashamed of his old life of robbery and violence, of which he could no longer bear to speak. He came day by day to join in the prayers and Bible-teaching. He took great pains to persuade all his people to send their children to school, and was himself the most diligent of the scholars, so anxious was he to learn to read the Bible. He who before had been always fighting, stirring up strifes, making secret attacks, was now known through all the country as a peacemaker; and more than this, he sought out the sorrowing and the helpless, and did all in his power to comfort and help them.

The joy of seeing such a change in the once savage

Africaner made Mr. Moffat ready to forget all the hardships he had to undergo. But the life he was now leading was a very rough one; his food for weeks together was milk and meat, without bread or butter, salt or vegetables, and so long as he could get either the one or the other he was well content; but sometimes neither was to be had, and then he was obliged to take his gun, and go off to the mountains in hopes of shooting something, but he was not always successful.

Clothes were even harder to get than food. Those he had brought with him were almost worn out, and there were no shops where he could buy new ones. An old African woman used to wash his shirts for him, but she knew nothing of starching or ironing, so one day Mr. Moffat thought he would try what he could do himself. He folded the shirt and laid it on a rough block of stone, and then began hammering it hard with a piece of wood, in order to smooth it. Africaner asked what he was doing. "Smoothing my shirt." "That is one way!" said he, and holding it up he showed Mr. Moffat that he had hammered it into holes, some as big as the end of his finger!

When he had been some time in Namaqualand Mr. Moffat was obliged to go on a journey to Cape Town, and he proposed to Africaner to come with him. Africaner was at first very much frightened, thinking that he would certainly be hung. Still he was ready to go anywhere with Mr. Moffat, and they set off together, Mr. Moffat undertaking to answer for his safety.

The farmers were astonished and delighted to see

the missionary again, for they firmly believed that he had been murdered by Africaner. When they heard that Africaner was now "a truly good man," most of them rejoiced, but some refused to believe it. "I can believe almost anything you say," said one, "but that I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth." He ended by saying that his greatest wish was to see Africaner for himself, "although," he added, "he killed my own uncle." At this Mr. Moffat was a good deal startled; but knowing the farmer to be a good man, he thought it best to tell him plainly, "This, then, is Africaner." The farmer, hardly able to believe the truth of what he heard, looked again at the gentle, well-mannered native beside him; then cried out, "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy grace accomplish!" At Cape Town all who saw the chief, and heard him talk, were as much astonished and impressed as the farmer had been, and the visit was a very happy one both for Africaner and Mr. Moffat.

Africaner only lived for about two years after his return from the Cape. As he lay dying he called his people together, and entreated them to be peaceable, and to keep from the sins which he had fallen into, and to receive any missionary who might come to them "as one sent of God."

Mr. Moffat was not able to be with Africaner at the time of his death. He had left Namaqualand and been sent with his wife—for he was lately married—to begin a new mission among a people called the

Bechuanas. He had hoped that Africaner might at some time join him in his new home, but this was not to be.

The country of the Bechuanas lies to the east of Namaqualand, more towards the middle of Africa. Other missionaries had tried to work among the Bechuanas before the coming of the Moffats and their fellow-helper, Mr. Hamilton, but they had met with no success. For a long while the natives refused to let any strangers settle in their country, and the newly-arrived missionaries were obliged to re-harness their oxen and turn back by the way they had come, while the people followed, crying out, "Away with the white men!"

After a time the chief changed his mind and consented to receive the missionaries, though neither he nor his people seemed inclined to pay any attention to what they came to teach. The place chosen for the mission was close to a small river named the Kuruman. Here Mr. and Mrs. Moffat came in 1821, and here it was that they lived and taught for nearly half a century.

Nothing could be much more discouraging than the behaviour of the people for the first six or seven years that the Moffats were living among them. They did not do them any bodily harm, except, indeed, that one woman, being gently asked by Mrs. Moffat to be so kind as to move out of the kitchen that she might shut the door before going out to church, took up a piece of wood and aimed it at her head; but they robbed them, and annoyed them in a hundred ways.

The natives would come crowding into the missionaries' house at all hours, and would remain there, though uninvited, all through meal times. Their shockingly dirty habits made them the most unpleasant of companions, their painted hands left red marks on everything they touched. Often the Moffats would put off their dinner rather than eat it with the natives sitting round : but it was useless—they would not move of themselves, and the Moffats dared not ask them to go, lest they should drive them away altogether.

Nothing was safe from the thievish hands of the Bechuanas. They stole the missionaries' sheep and cattle, they came into their houses and took the knives and spoons, and even the kettle. If there was no one left to guard the house, Mr. Moffat found it necessary to carry about with him as many of his things as he could ; well knowing that if he left them at home they would "take wings" and be gone before his return. More than once Mr. Hamilton came back to find his dinner stolen, and a stone lying in the pot instead of the meat, and a more serious loss than the loss of a dinner—because more difficult to replace—was the loss of the carpentering tools, the axes, saws, and planes.

The Moffats had spent much trouble in leading a little stream of water through their piece of ground. When the native women saw the advantage of this plan, they cut the channel and turned the stream into their own gardens. When they saw how much this inconvenienced the white people, they did it the more

frequently, so that the missionaries were often left for days together in the heat of summer without a drop of water, except what they carried from a fountain some distance off. So great was the scarcity of water that Mrs. Moffat was sometimes obliged to send the heavier part of the linen a hundred miles to be washed.

Mr. Moffat says—"When Mr. Hamilton and I met in the evenings we had almost always some tale to tell about our losses, but never about our gains—except indeed the great gains of a more perfect patience and a firmer faith in the unchangeable purposes of Jehovah."

All this time Mr. Moffat was doing his best to learn the Bechuana language. It was no easy task, for he had no dictionaries and grammars to help him. He could only learn it from the natives themselves, and they took a mischievous delight in puzzling him, giving wrong answers to his questions, and leading him into all kinds of blunders.

The natives took no pains to hide their dislike of the missionaries, and their wish that they would go away. "What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" asked one chief. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be content to live as you do," said another. As to the natives, they were quite content to live just as they were, and would have laughed at the idea that the missionaries could teach them anything which it would do them good to learn.

They did not care for anything that the mission-

aries had to say, and even if they could be persuaded to listen, they would only end by laughing heartily at their words. When one man was told that he had in him a spirit which could never die, and that the bodies of the dead would rise again, he repeated it to those around him, crying out, "Did ever you hear such words? Did you ever hear fables like these?" and his hearers burst into a roar of laughter.

Very different was it when Mr. Moffat began to speak of this same matter to another chief in a different part of the country. "What!" cried this man, "what are these words about—the dead, the dead arise! Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes," answered Mr. Moffat, "all shall arise and come to judgment: not one will be left behind."

The chief looked earnestly at the missionary; then laying his hand on Mr. Moffat's breast, he said, "Father, the words of resurrection are too great to be heard, I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising!—the dead must not arise!" "Tell me, my friend," said Mr. Moffat, "why I must not speak of a resurrection?" The chief stood up, and stretching out his bare arm he exclaimed, "I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?" Now for the first time this man's conscience was awake; now for the first time he thought with terror of the evil he had done, and the lives that he had taken; now for the first time he thought of "judgment to come," and like Felix of old, he trembled.

But no thoughts of this kind could rouse the dull and careless Bechuanas, who seemed to care for

nothing so much as for eating and drinking. When one man, who was graver and more earnest than the rest, was asked what was the finest sight he could see, he readily made answer, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat ; how ugly the fire looks without the pots !"

If the missionaries thought the habits of the natives horrible, the natives in their turn considered English ways troublesome and ridiculous. They could not understand why any one should put his legs and arms into bags, or use buttons for the purpose of fastening his clothes, instead of wearing them as ornaments ; and they thought it "a disgusting custom" to wash the body, instead of rubbing it over with grease and paint ! When Mr. Moffat proposed that the husbands should help in the hard work, such as house-building, instead of leaving it all to their wives, the men and women alike roared with laughter. Such a thing was quite unheard-of among them.

Although the natives despised the white men, they were a little bit afraid of them, and of the wonderful things they were able to make. The Moffats had a clock from the inside of which, when the hour struck, two little wooden soldiers used to march out. This frightened the natives so much, that it was found necessary to take down the clock and cut a piece off the painted soldiers, so as to prove that the clock was not bewitched. The ox waggons with their skilfully made wheels puzzled them greatly ; but nothing struck them so much as the great ships, which some of them saw when they travelled once to the Cape

with Mr. Moffat. "Do these water-houses unyoke, like waggon-oxen every night?" they asked; "and do they graze in the sea to keep them alive?"

It happened that for several years running the country round about Kuruman had suffered severely from drought. At last the people were in such distress that they determined to send for the *rain-maker*. The man they settled to have lived two hundred miles away: there were other rain-makers nearer, but he was supposed to be particularly successful. As he entered the village old and young flocked out to welcome him with shouting and dancing. A few drops of rain fell soon afterwards, and were looked upon as a sure sign of the rain-maker's power.

One shower had fallen, but this was not enough to do the thirsty lands any good, and the rain-maker found the clouds in this country "hard to manage," as Mr. Moffat says. A second little shower fell one day when he was fast asleep in his house, and his wife busy beside him, shaking a sack full of milk, in order to make butter. The chief men of the place ran to praise him, and were surprised to find him sleeping, instead of making rain. The rogue was ready with his answer however, and said, "Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?" This explanation quite satisfied the people, and it was soon being told all over the village that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a sack of milk.

Still no more rain came, and the rain-maker was driven to invent all sorts of excuses. One day he said he could not bring the rain unless he had a

monkey of a particular kind given him. With a great deal of trouble a monkey was caught out on the mountains, and then he pretended that it had something the matter with it, and so was of no use. Next he laid the blame upon the missionaries: perhaps it was the fault of a bag of salt belonging to Mr. Moffat, or perhaps even of Mr. Moffat's long flowing beard! The ignorant people believed all that was told them, and tried hard to force the missionaries to give up ringing their bell for church, and saying their prayers—"talking to something bad in the ground," as they called it.

Meanwhile the rain-maker himself was beginning to get very much frightened, and at last he came secretly to Mr. Moffat, and asked what he advised him to do. "Be honest," was the missionary's advice; "confess that you have been cheating." But this was just what the man dared not do. "They will kill me," he said.

Already the people were beginning to grow impatient and angry. They had given costly presents to this rain-maker, and yet he had done them no good. By and by Mr. Moffat discovered that there was a plot to kill this man. He did all in his power to save him, much to the wonder of the natives, who could not understand why he should wish to save the life of one who had injured him; and at last the chiefs agreed that he should only be driven out of the country, instead of being put to death.

Owing to the want of rain, the missionaries were now looked upon with more distrust than before.

One day a chief followed by about a dozen men came to a tree near Mr. Moffat's house, and told him plainly that unless he and his companions left the country of themselves, they would be driven out by force. Mr. Moffat calmly answered that they were resolved not to go while it was possible for them to remain. "Our hearts are with you," he said. The courage shown by both the missionary and his wife—for Mrs. Moffat was standing by with her baby in her arms, and heard all that was said—seemed to impress the natives. "These men," said the chief to his followers, "must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." And they turned away, leaving the Moffats full of thankfulness at their escape from so great a danger.

The missionaries were indeed living in the midst of dangers. There were often wars between the Bechuanas and other tribes, and when there was fighting going on all round them they had good reason to fear for their own safety. Mr. Moffat was obliged from time to time, when he was on his missionary journeys, to be away from home for weeks together, and then Mrs. Moffat would be left quite alone with a houseful of children, for Mr. Hamilton, the other missionary, did not live with the Moffats.

For seven long years these patient workers had worked on—sowing the good seed, but seeing no reward of all their labours. Often they must have been tempted to despair, yet they persevered, and sometimes in their worst troubles they encouraged themselves with the old saying, "The night is darkest be-

fore the dawn." And so it was : brighter days were at hand, and the missionaries were to be allowed to see that their teachings—still more, the lesson of their own patient lives—had not all been lost.

The first good sign was that the school and chapel were more regularly attended, and soon the little building was found too small to hold the numbers who pressed into it. The natives now began to meet together among themselves for prayer and to sing the hymns which Mr. Moffat had written for them in their own language; and these hymns became such favourites among the people that the sound of hymn-singing was continually to be heard in the village.

The first Sunday in July 1829 was a marked day in the history of the mission, for upon it six grown-up people were baptized, with five of their children. A great number of strangers, white men as well as natives, Christians as well as heathen, happened to be staying at or near Kuruman just at this time, and so were lookers-on at this solemn service—which seemed to interest and impress even those who hardly understood its true meaning. And as to the Moffats—they looked back over the years of darkness and discouragement, they remembered how the Bechuanas had boasted that they would never own Jesus as their King; and with all their hearts they thanked God that He had granted their most earnest wish, and let them live to see a little band of Christians gathered from among this heathen people.

The baptism of these six natives was the beginning of better things. Others soon showed a wish to follow

their example, and to be made Christians. It often happens among ignorant, half-savage peoples, that they are all alike set against the teaching of the missionaries, until some chief or great man among them is roused to listen to it, and then his followers also begin to take some interest in the new religion. A few come to be baptized, and then many more wish to be so. The whole people moves together as it were, so that when any great change has once been encouraged by the leading men or women among them, it spreads fast through all the tribes.

It was curious to notice how as the Bechuanas improved in mind they improved also in their manners and appearance. They were no longer content to go dirty and half-naked. They washed themselves, and wanted to wear clothes like the white people ; they even wanted to learn how to make their own clothes, so Mrs. Moffat had to start a sewing school, and teach big clumsy fingers how to handle a needle. You would have laughed to see some of the dresses the women manufactured, the stuff jackets with bright coloured print sleeves, or the dress that would not fit because it was sewn upside down. The Moffats themselves could not help laughing ; still they gladly welcomed all these little efforts on the part of the natives to make themselves more tidy.

They began, too, to make their houses more comfortable ; and to dig and plant gardens, as they saw the missionaries do. The years of drought had been followed by several good years, and the crops planted bore a most plentiful harvest : so that the Bechuanas

had enough for their own wants, and something besides to exchange with the natives of other parts.

A few years later a larger and better chapel was built, and now the village began to look quite pretty, with its church and schools and workshops standing in the midst of well-watered fields planted with fruit-trees. The natives were learning how to lead little streams of water from the rivers all through their fields and gardens; and by this the thirsty land was refreshed and made fruitful.

By and by a printing press was brought to the mission, and it was amusing to see the astonishment and delight of the natives, as they stood by and watched the white sheets that were put into the press come out of it all covered with black letters. Many of them were able now to read for themselves, and Mr. Moffat, ever since he came to Kuruman, had given all his spare moments to getting ready for them, in their own language, the best of books.

The first part of the Bible that he translated was St. Luke's Gospel, and this was gradually followed by other books of the New Testament. When this was finished, Mr. Moffat set himself to translate the Old Testament. This was a task of tremendous difficulty; and though he gave to it all the time and thought that he could spare out of his busy life, it took him more than thirty years to complete.

"I have felt it," he once said, "an awful work to translate the Book of God." And when at last the work was done, and the last chapter translated, he fell down upon his knees, thanking God that He had

given him grace and strength to finish his task. The labour had indeed been a great one, but Mr. Moffat must have felt himself richly rewarded when he saw the delight of the Bechuanas at being able to read in their own language "the wonderful works of God."

From time to time natives from a distance came to visit the mission village, and when there, they went into the chapel and listened to what was going on. Among those who came was a chief belonging to some people called the Corannas. Their language was very much the same as that of the Bechuanas, so that he was able to understand a good deal of Mr. Moffat's sermon.

What he heard there took great hold of his mind. By and by he came again, bringing with him a large party of friends and followers, and Mr. Moffat found, as he says, on talking to the chief, that he was "not far from the kingdom of God." On his lonely ride home he had been thinking over all that he had been told of the mighty God Whose Son was sent into the world to save men. As much as he could remember he had repeated to his people, and now he was come to learn more himself; "for," said he, "I cannot rest, my eyes will not slumber, because of the greatness of the things you told me on my first visit."

When he went away the second time he made Mr. Moffat promise to come and see him; saying, "There are many at home who cannot travel so far, and I cannot remember all that I have heard: I shall forget some on the road." Mr. Moffat could

not refuse so earnest an invitation, and as soon as he was able he set out on the long and difficult journey.

Directly he entered the village old and young came running out to meet him ; each one of the four or five hundred men and women pressing forward to have the honour of shaking his hand, though some who came were so much frightened of the stranger that they trembled as if they were touching "the paw of a lion." A very different sort of welcome this was from the one he had met with on first coming among the Bechuanas, and very different from the lazy stupidity of the Bechuanas was the eagerness of this people to be taught. During the few days that Mr. Moffat remained among them he was scarcely allowed time to eat or sleep.

On Sunday he was expected to be preaching and speaking from early morning till late at night. There was no building large enough to hold the crowds who collected to hear him, so that they had to stand in the open air, while Mr. Moffat preached to them out of his waggon.

Monday was spent in going about from house to house, visiting the sick and teaching large parties to read. The Corannas were bent upon learning to read, and fancied it would be a very easy matter. "The people seemed resolved," says Mr. Moffat, "to get out of me all they could." So after the evening service he was obliged once more to bring out his spelling-books, and give an open-air reading lesson by the light of the moon. The Bechuana boys he

had brought with him from the mission-village were all busy in the same way. This went on for some time, old men as well as young joining the ring, and shouting out the names of the letters as Mr. Moffat pointed to them.

The teacher at least was beginning to grow rather tired, when he saw a band of young people coming "dancing and skipping" towards him. They seized hold of him (you see they had quite got over their first fear of him), and dragged him towards one of the biggest houses in the village, crying out, "Oh, teach us the A B C with music." They had found out this plan from one of Mr. Moffat's boys, and they were quite delighted with it. The house was soon crowded, and, led by Mr. Moffat, they all began singing at the top of their voices the A B C to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

The longer they sang the more they enjoyed it; and it was not till between two and three o'clock in the morning that Mr. Moffat was able to get away to bed. He says that when he woke up after a short sleep he was "not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village." Every one was humming the alphabet over again. And they must by this time have known both the alphabet and the tune, for long after Mr. Moffat had lain down to rest he had heard A B C and "Auld Lang Syne" going on merrily.

It was impossible for him to stay among the Corannas till they had learned to read; he was obliged to return that very day. Before he left he

called them all together and made them one last speech. He did all he could to help them then, and by and by it was found possible to send a separate missionary to live altogether among them.

Years passed on. Mr. Moffat—or, as he is generally called, Dr. Moffat—was now an old man between seventy and eighty. It was more than half a hundred years since first he landed in Africa. He had lived to see the miserable village of Kuruman changed into an orderly well-to-do town, and its inhabitants changed from miserable savages to intelligent Christian men and women. It had been Dr. Moffat's wish to live and die in Africa. "When I went out," said he, "I went out for life."

When he gave himself to the missionary cause he meant "to live and die in the service," but this was not to be. There were others—there was his own son—ready to carry on the work of the mission, so it was thought best that he should come back home to spend the rest of his life in England. "It would have been pleasant," says Dr. Moffat, "just to remain with the people among whom I laboured so long, by whom I am beloved, and whom I love." But Dr. Moffat knew that though he was no longer able to be a missionary himself, there was still much that he could do to help on the missionary cause, and to stir up others to interest themselves in it.

It was in 1870—fifty-four years from the time when first he left England—that Dr. Moffat said a last good-bye to his African home. The parting from his own dear people, to whom he was as a father, was hard to

bear. Nor was it the Christians only who grieved over his going from them; many of the heathen from the surrounding country came, bringing messages and presents from their chiefs, beseeching him to remain, and asking how they were to live if he went out of the country.

Since Dr. Moffat left, the mission has had to pass through a time of much trouble. There were wars and fightings all round about Kuruman, and the work of the missionaries was for a time seriously thrown back and interfered with.

Yet even out of this evil good has sprung, for many of the natives from a distance, who came to seek shelter in Kuruman, have there had the opportunity of gaining Christian help and teaching, which otherwise might never have reached them.

The latest accounts, too, of the mission have been more encouraging again. In the beginning of the year 1880 Mr. Mackenzie, the missionary who now has the care of the village, wrote home very hopefully both about Kuruman itself and about the strangers who had come to the mission seeking to learn more of Christianity. He tells in this letter of the happy gathering at the opening of the year, when all the native Christians round had come to spend a week at the mission, and to join in the services of prayer and praise with which the new year was begun.

A little college has been started at Kuruman called the "Moffat College," where young men are trained up to go out as teachers and missionaries among their own countrymen, and on into "the

regions beyond." As yet it is only a very humble little college, but we trust that it will grow, and even already it is doing a good work.

If you look at the deep black which covers the greater part of the map of Africa, you will feel the need for more missionaries in this part of the world. The heart of Africa is not very well known as yet, but this we do know of it—that it is peopled with men and women and little children to whom the story of our Father's love has never yet been told.

Christian villages like the one we have now been hearing of are as lamps shining in the darkness, and from them the heavenly light must be handed on, till it is spread over the whole face of Africa.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

“Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—ACTS xv. 26.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

FAR away from England, more distant than Africa, more distant than India, in the middle of the open sea, there lie countless groups of little islands. So far off are they, that for hundreds of years they have lain hidden—unknown and unvisited by any white man.

At last a famous sailor called Captain Cook, in sailing round the world, discovered some of these islands and gave names to some of them. The natives had never seen a white man before, and in one set of islands in particular they were so much delighted with their visitor, and paid him such honour, that the Captain gave to these islands the name which they still bear, "The Friendly Islands;"—a better name than that which another set of islands earned for itself—"The Savage Islands." Captain Cook made some presents to the natives, and then he sailed away: but his visit was never forgotten by the islanders, who used to speak of it to one another, and look eagerly for the return of the white strangers in their wonderful ship.

They did not wait in vain. Captain Cook's

account of these beautiful islands excited great interest at home, and in time it was decided by the London Missionary Society to send out missionaries to the group which was then the best known of them all—the Society Islands.

Such beautiful islands as they were! To read the description of them you would almost fancy you were reading of fairy-land! They lie in little clusters in the still, blue waters of the Pacific, or *Peaceable*, Ocean. Most of the islands are guarded by a solid ring of coral, something in the shape of a horse-shoe, and even when it is most stormy outside this barrier, the broad piece of water between the reef, as it is called, and the land, is smooth and clear as a lake. On each side of the one opening—the gate as it were of the island—stand tall palm trees, with graceful feathery leaves, which serve to guide the sailor in his search for a quiet harbour.

The islands themselves are bright with grass and trees, all looking fresh and green from the abundance of water. The sun shines brightly—not with the fierce scorching heat of an Indian sun—but with a kindly warmth that tempts people to a constant out-of-door life. The winter is hardly colder than the summer: frost and snow are unknown; and if it were not for the terrible storms of wind and rain that from time to time visit the islands, the climate would be very nearly perfect.

All vegetables grow quickly on these islands, and without any care on the part of the natives; instead of having, in order to get bread, first to plough the

ground, then sow the seed, gather in the corn, thresh it, grind it, and bake it ; all that they need do is to gather the ripe fruits of a tree called the *breadfruit* tree, and bake them in a hole in the ground under two hot stones. Nearly all the food they eat is got with as little trouble as their bread, nor have they any need, in so warm a country as theirs, to provide themselves with much clothing.

Having few wants of any kind they have little cause to work, and thus they are inclined to lead an idle, useless life. Their time is chiefly spent either in quarrelling with their neighbours or in amusements and games of one kind or another. Their favourite playground is the sea, and so accustomed are they to the water from babyhood, that they seem as much at home there as on the dry land. The little ones learn to swim almost as soon as they learn to walk ; at four or five years old the boys are taught to manage their little canoes, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a fleet of these tiny boats racing one another over the dancing waves, each one guided by a young sailor perhaps not eight years old. Let it be rough, they care not ; for even if the little tossing boat is overturned they can swim to the land.

Such were the islands which the English missionaries were to make their home for many years. The natives welcomed them in a friendly manner ; they seemed an intelligent set of people, quick to see the advantages of English inventions and tools, and anxious to learn English ways of fishing, boat-building, and the like.

The missionaries gladly taught them all they could, but they felt that these were not the things they had come from England to teach, and when they began to speak of the Giver of all goodness, of the Heavenly Father who made and cared for all men, and willed that His children should turn from evil and become holy, even as He is holy, then the interest of the natives changed into a cold indifference, and they ceased to pay any attention. This was most discouraging ; many of the missionaries lost heart altogether and left the islands, but many stayed bravely at their posts, feeling that the greater the cruelty and wickedness around them, the greater was the need for Christianity.

On some of the islands, though happily not on those to which these first missionaries went, the natives were cannibals, or man-eaters, and were accustomed to kill and eat the prisoners they took in battle. There were other practices scarcely less horrible than this existing in the Society Islands.

You may remember reading in the Old Testament of the heathen peoples who put their sons and daughters to death as a sacrifice to their gods : just in the same way the South Sea islanders believed that their gods would be displeased unless a certain number of human beings were offered up to them, and year by year some unhappy men were seized upon, hurried from their homes to the temple of the gods, and there cruelly put to death in front of some hideous wooden idol.

Many lives were lost in this way : far more were

lost by the horrible custom that was common throughout all the islands, of putting the little helpless babies to death, in order that the trouble of bringing up large families might be spared to the parents. In vain the missionaries spoke of the cruelty and wickedness of such a practice, and entreated that such of the children as were to be destroyed should instead be given over to them; even mothers in this cruel heathen land were without the natural feelings of love and pity towards their little ones, and made no effort to save them from death.

It would take too long to tell the whole story of the gradual conversion of the Society Islands from heathenism to Christianity, from darkness to light. The first whose hearts the Lord opened were two young men, who began to pray by themselves, meeting secretly for that purpose in a wood. This happened just when all the missionaries had for a time left the islands. On their return they found that large numbers had joined themselves to the two young men, and that they were known among the other natives by the name of the "praying people."

What a change had taken place in a short time! Now, these very people who before paid no heed to the things that were told them by the missionaries, came together eagerly to hear the Word of God.

It was not long before the king of the chief island declared himself a Christian, and his example was followed by nearly all his subjects. The people with one consent brought their idols to the missionaries;

the idol temples were destroyed, and neatly built churches put up in their place.

Europeans who visited the islands a few years later saw with astonishment tidy, English-looking cottages, each one with its own garden, standing in the place of the wretched native huts, and well-dressed children, with books and slate in hand, coming to and from school. Wonderful, indeed, was the change that had been brought about in the state of these islands by the entrance of Christianity!

It is not to be supposed that the islanders changed their nature, and left their evil habits behind them all at once; but that they were really in earnest about their new religion was proved by their anxiety to make known to others the blessings which they had themselves so lately learned to value rightly.

After a time it was arranged that some of the English missionaries should leave the Society Islands, and go to new groups, where the Gospel had never yet been made known. Each of the missionaries was to take two or three groups under his special care, and the plan was that a certain number of native Christians—some married, and some single—should go with each ship, and that one or two of them should be left upon each important island that they came to. These young teachers did not know a great deal, but they were chosen from among the best and most earnest of the Christians, and it was thought that they knew enough to be able to prepare the people for the coming of the English missionaries, and make them anxious to learn more.

The only one of these missionaries whose adventures I can tell you of now was a Mr. Williams, who set sail at once from the Society to the Cook's Islands, a small group in which Christianity had never yet been preached.

On one of these islands Mr. Williams found two men and four women, who told him that their home was not here, but in another island called *Rarotonga*, and that they were most anxious to return to it. They did not know, however, how to find their way back, and even had they known it their little canoes were not nearly strong enough to undertake the long voyage in safety.

It was most likely some accident—some sudden storm, perhaps—that had driven them away from their homes to this unknown land ; but Mr. Williams could not help feeling that it was God's care which had caused these people to come from their own home to a land where they had the means of hearing of God's glorious promises.

No sooner had they become Christians themselves, than they came to Mr. Williams, praying him that he would take them home in his ship, and come himself and teach their friends. Their eagerness was great, and Mr. Williams agreed to do as they wished ; but when he came to ask the natives around him where *Rarotonga* was, no one could tell him, and one old man even went so far as to say that the gods had taken it up and carried it away—where he could not tell.

Mr. Williams was not to be discouraged, however : and taking on board the natives of *Rarotonga* he set

out in search of the lost island. For several days their search was unsuccessful, and at last the patience of those on board was almost tired out.

Early one morning the captain came to Mr. Williams, and told him plainly that they must give up the search, or they would all be starved. Mr. Williams begged him to wait till eight o'clock, and promised that if they were not successful by that time he would turn back. The next hour was an anxious one for Mr. Williams: four times he sent a native sailor to the top of the mast to see if there was any land near, and four times he was disappointed.

Once more he sent the lad to look, and as he stood waiting below, he heard the glad cry, "Here, here is the land we have been seeking!" They stood eagerly watching, and as the clouds slowly rolled away, they saw before them a beautiful tree-covered island. They sailed towards it, and on reaching it sent a canoe, with one of the natives of the island and one of the teachers, to explain to the people of Rarotonga the errand on which the white man had come, and to beg that the king of the island would come on board the ship.

The king accepted the invitation readily enough, and showed much pleasure at finding that one of the women who had been brought back in the missionary ship was his cousin. He embraced her warmly, and they "rubbed noses" together, which is the South Sea Islanders' way of shaking hands.

The Rarotongans seemed so friendly, that it was arranged that the native Christians and their wives

should spend the night on the island. Early next morning, however, they came to Mr. Williams in great trouble—the women with their clothing all spoilt and torn—and told him how terribly they had been ill-treated during the night.

At first it was thought that it would be unsafe for them to return, and Mr. Williams feared he should be obliged to leave Rarotonga for the present; but after some consultation, one of the teachers, Papeiha, declared himself willing to remain on the island with the six native Christians, and to do what he could in teaching these savage people, till Mr. Williams should come back again. Taking with him nothing but his Testament and a few school books, Papeiha rejoined his friends on shore, and then the ship sailed away, and these seven brave men and women were left to carry on their dangerous work among a people who had already shown themselves very ill-disposed towards them.

No sooner was the ship out of sight than the teacher turned his steps towards the king's house, followed by a large and angry crowd who threatened to rob him of his coat and hat. They were kept in some order, however, by the king, who bade the stranger speak, and say on what business he had come. The teacher replied that he had come to teach them about the true God, that they might learn to worship Him only, and to burn their idols of wood and feathers, which they called "gods." When the people heard this, they cried out in dismay, "What! burn the gods! what gods shall we have then? and what shall we do without the gods?"

That very evening the Christians met together for family prayers, to which many of the natives also came, out of curiosity. The teacher made them welcome, for he was glad that they should have this means of seeing what Christian worship was like.

Nor did this faithful messenger let slip any opportunity of speaking to the people, going from one part of the island to the other, and talking to each one of the chiefs separately. At first they did not show themselves very willing to be persuaded, but they became more friendly towards Papeiha himself, and paid great attention to all that he said and did. They used to notice him as he walked about with his Testament in his hand—"There! there's the god of that man! what a strange god it is; he carries it about with him!" And when they saw him reading it, they said that he and his god were talking together.

After some time one of the heathen priests came to the teacher, bringing with him his little boy, and told him that he had made up his mind to burn his idol, only that he feared his doing so might bring down some evil upon himself or the child, and therefore he wished to put the lad under the teacher's care. Next day he returned carrying on his back a large idol. A crowd collected, and in the sight of them all the god was burnt. Many of the people, when they saw what was done, were full of terror, fearing lest some great misfortune should come upon them for having thus ill-treated their idol; but when they saw that no harm happened to them, they began to think less of the power of their gods, and

from this time they listened more attentively to the teaching of Papeiha.

The following story of a little adventure which happened about this time, will show you that the people of Rarotonga were not by nature very brave. One of the missionary party had taken on to the island a favourite cat ; and puss, instead of remaining with his friends, had run off to the mountains. At night as the priest who had lately burnt his idol was lying asleep on the floor of his hut, his wife, who was by his side awake, was startled by a strange sound and the sight of two bright lights shining in the doorway. Frightened out of her senses she roused her husband, and bade him get up and pray to be delivered from the anger of the offended gods. The priest in his terror and confusion could think of no better prayer than the alphabet, which he repeated very loudly, and puss, in his turn frightened at the noise, ran off.

A little later, puss, in his wanderings, came to the idol-house, and finding it very comfortable, settled himself there. After a few days the priest and a large number of worshippers came to the idol-house, and as they entered, puss gave a mew. Such a creature as a cat they had never before seen, and at the sight of him the whole party turned and fled home in the greatest alarm, the priest shouting out "Here's a monster from the deep!"

When they had recovered from their first fright, they collected several hundreds of their companions, and arming themselves with spears and clubs they

marched back to the temple to attack their harmless enemy. The noise woke poor Tom from his sleep, and he sprang to the door, and rushed past them, while they, as much terrified as before, were scattered on every side.

That same evening as the natives were amusing themselves in dancing, pussy came to look on. As he drew near, the whole company fled, and the men again went and armed themselves and came back in search of him. A third time this ill-used cat escaped in safety, but the fourth he was not so fortunate. He had gone into a house and crept under the coverlet, where he lay very peaceably. Unhappily his purring awoke the owner of the house, who rose, struck a light, barred the doorway, and calling all the household to his help, began to search for the dreadful monster who lay sleeping quietly, and was now killed without difficulty.

It must have seemed a very hopeless task to civilise and teach such rough ignorant people, but there is great truth in the old saying, "Prayer and pains will do anything," and when at the end of three years Mr. Williams came back to Rarotonga, he found a marked improvement in the state of the islanders. Large numbers came down to the shore to welcome him, tidily dressed in clothes and hats of their own making. Eagerly they pressed round him, each one among the two or three thousand people wishing to shake hands with him.

Next day nearly all the people came to take him to the comfortable house which had been prepared

for him. One man carried the tea-kettle, another the frying-pan ; the chief took possession of some of the earthenware ; even the white children were carried on the shoulders of the sturdy islanders, and thus all Mr. Williams' goods were moved without any trouble on his part.

A day or two afterwards as the missionaries were sitting in front of their house, they noticed a crowd of people coming towards them, carrying heavy loads. They walked in procession, and dropped at the missionaries' feet fourteen large idols, the smallest of which was five yards long. Some of these idols were destroyed on the spot, and the rest were sent home to England as curiosities.

On Sunday 4000 people met together for service ; but as the building held only half that number, it was determined to set to work to build a regular chapel ; and so industrious were the people that in two months' time they had built and fitted up a neat wooden chapel large enough to hold nearly 3000 people.

It happened one day while the chapel was building, that Mr. Williams had forgotten his carpenter's rule, so taking up a chip of wood, he wrote a few words upon it with a piece of charcoal, asking his wife to send it to him. He then handed the chip to one of the workers, and asked him to take it to Mrs. Williams. The man hesitated, and then inquired what he was to say to her. "Nothing," replied Mr. Williams, "the chip will say all I wish." At this the man was more astonished than before, and asked, "How can

this speak? has this a mouth?" But Mr. Williams was busy at the moment, and told him to do his message without more delay.

Mrs. Williams having looked at the chip, threw it away, and went and brought the square. The astonished messenger questioned her as to how she knew what was wanted. "Why," she answered, "did you not bring me a chip just now?" "Yes, but I did not hear it say anything." "It has made known to me what he wanted," replied Mrs. Williams, "and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

At this the man sprang up, and rushed back, waving the wonderful bit of wood in one hand, and the square in the other, shouting out, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!" It was all in vain that Mr. Williams tried to explain the simple mystery to him; he could not understand it, and for some days persisted in wearing the wonderful chip hung round his neck!

The missionaries were doing their best, however, to put an end to such a state of ignorance, by setting up schools all over the island. When Mr. Williams came back to Rarotonga for a third visit, some years later, he found these schools doing extremely well. In one he found seven hundred, and in another nine hundred scholars, many of whom were able to write out very good letters for him on their slates.

These slates the children were not a little proud of, on account of the difficulty they had had in getting them. The missionaries had only a few slates with

them, and it was not here as in England, where you would only have to send to the nearest stationer's shop. One day a large number of children were seen going towards the mountains. From the rocks they contrived to break off thin flakes of stone; these they carried to the beach, and rubbed with sand till they were perfectly smooth, and then they stained them purple by squeezing upon them the juice of a particular plant. Some of the boys then cut the stone to a regular shape, and put it into a wooden frame, and thus they provided themselves with slates as good as any that could be bought.

As Mr. Williams looked upon these hundreds of bright happy children, busy at work in the schools, or marching in orderly procession to chapel, singing as they went, he thought that if it had not been for Christianity, many of these very little ones would have been cruelly put to death in babyhood, instead of being allowed to grow up; and he could not but thank God for the blessed change that had been worked.

Sunday was always a great day at Rarotonga. Besides the regular services held in the chapel, the natives used to hold Bible classes and prayer-meetings by themselves, both before and after the morning service. At these classes they would arrange among themselves what part of the sermon each should take special care to remember. One would say, "I will take the text," another, "Mine shall be the first division;" and later in the day they would meet again and talk over the sermon, and read together any parts of the

Bible which the preacher had spoken of. Mr. Williams says that by this means they managed to remember every important part of the sermon.

Within a few years the appearance of the island had been wonderfully changed for the better. The dress both of the men and women was neat and nice, and they had learned to build, in the place of their tumble-down huts, solid cottages with doors and windows, each one standing in its own garden.

On one of his last visits to Rarotonga, Mr. Williams brought with him a number of horses, cattle, and donkeys. The natives had never seen any animal larger than a pig, and their astonishment and delight were unbounded. The horse they called "the great pig that carries the man," the dog was "the barking pig," and to the donkey they gave two names—"the noisy pig," and "the long-eared pig!"

It was just at the time when the island had reached this improved condition, that a terrible misfortune befel the people, which undid a great deal of the good that had been done with so much pains and labour. One of those violent storms of wind and rain, of which I spoke at the beginning of this chapter, passed over the island, blowing down trees and houses, flooding the paths, and driving all the people from their homes by the shore to seek shelter in the mountains.

The storm lasted more than two days, and two awful days they must have been to all on the island. No place seemed safe; on every side there were falling houses and falling trees; and in spite of the thunder and lightning and the driving rain, it was

safer to remain in the open air than in any place of shelter. Mrs. Williams had a narrow escape from death; she was asleep in bed, when some one who was in the next room came and entreated her to get up at once, as the roof seemed to be shaking. She had hardly left her bed when the ceiling fell in upon it with a crash. Wrapping herself in blankets she ran outside the house with her friends, and there they waited until one of the natives came to tell them of a house at some little distance which was thought safe: before they reached it a tree had fallen upon it, and cut it in two.

At last, on the morning of the third day, the wind gradually lessened, and in time all was calm again. On the evening of that same day they met together to thank God for having saved the lives of all on the island. Happily no lives had been lost in the great storm, though much damage had been done. The chapel, the schools, the mission-houses, and nearly a thousand cottages were gone; all the gardens were destroyed, and a great deal of property had been swept away or lost in some manner.

At a large meeting held soon afterwards to talk over their troubles, one old chief got up and said: "True, our food is all destroyed, but our lives are spared; our houses are all blown down, but our wives and children have escaped; our large new chapel is a heap of ruins, and for this I grieve worst of all, yet we have a God to worship; our school-house is washed away, yet our teachers are spared to us," and he added, holding up the New Testament,

"we have still this precious book to instruct us." These words did much to encourage the people, and they at once set to work bravely to clear away the traces of the storm, to build up the fallen buildings, and to make the island what it had been before.

Much as Mr. Williams loved his dear people of Rarotonga, he could not give up all his time to them: he felt that there were other islands which needed him more—islands in which the sound of God's Word had never yet been heard. The next five or six years of his life were spent chiefly among the Samoan or Navigator Islands, where he was enabled to do a great deal of good. From among these natives he trained up many teachers, several of whom have done much good work themselves as missionaries. The years spent on the Samoan Islands were very happy ones, and so successful that Mr. Williams felt that he might leave these newly-made Christians to themselves, while he sailed in his little boat to a fresh group of heathen islands, the New Hebrides.

The natives of the New Hebrides were known to be some of the most savage and cruel of the peoples of the South Seas, and Mr. Williams' wife and friends tried to persuade him not to run the risk of going among them. But Mr. Williams was a man whose one desire was always to be pressing onwards, seeking to do some fresh good; besides, he always considered that the worse the people, the greater the need for the missionary: so, having preached his last sermon, and said good-bye to his

faithful Samoan friends, he, with two other English missionaries, set out on his last voyage.

On the 20th of November 1839, the mission boat touched upon an island called Erromango. Some natives were standing about on the shore watching. Mr. Williams called to them, and asked for some water; they did not understand the language in which he spoke, but by signs he explained his meaning, and the water was brought to him, and some cocoa-nut milk as well.

The people seemed so friendly that Mr. Williams thought it would be safe to land, and, taking with him some cloth as a present, he stepped on shore, followed by the other missionaries. Mr. Williams was standing in the middle of a party of boys, trying to make friends with them, when he was startled by a sudden noise, and looking up, he saw one of the missionaries, Mr. Harris, rushing along, followed by a crowd of angry natives, armed with clubs and arrows, and shouting fiercely as they ran. The other two missionaries turned and ran also, hoping to reach the sea and swim to the boat. Mr. Cunningham alone succeeded in doing this, and when he turned to look back he saw the dead bodies of his two companions lying stretched upon the ground. Both of them had been overtaken by the natives, and killed instantly.

When the mission ship came home, bringing the sad news of the death of the beloved missionary and friend, there was an outburst of sorrow through all the islands where he had lived and taught. He had loved these natives as his children, and they in their

turn looked upon him as their father. Bitterly they wept, crying out: "Our father, our father! we shall never see him more. He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone!" But even those who loved and mourned him most must have found comfort in the thought that he had died the very death that he would have chosen for himself, that he had died as he had lived—doing his Master's work.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MARTYR BISHOP.

“ Shall danger daunt,
Shall death dismay his soul whose life is given
For God and for his brethren of mankind ?
Alike rewarded, in that holy cause
The Conqueror's and the Martyr's palm above
Beam with one glory.”

—SOUTHEY'S *Thalaba*.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MARTYR BISHOP.

IF you turn once more to the map you will see that beyond those islands of which we spoke in our last chapter there lie other islands, some large, some small, more than you would be able to count. It had been John Williams' wish to go from one set of islands to another, telling his message in each one, and gaining from each one new helpers, until at last all the islands of the South Seas should become Christian, as some of them were already.

You may remember, however, that when he landed upon the island of Erromango, where he was killed, he found the language spoken by the natives so wholly unlike any that he had heard before that he was unable to understand it. The people too were different; their skins were black instead of copper-coloured, and their hair was coarse and woolly like that of a negro. By and by it was found that the natives of all the islands west of Erromango were different from the people to the east of Erromango: different in language and different in colour; and so it was thought that it would be better to send separate missionaries to these Western Islands.

If you look again at the map of the South Seas

you will see two words printed in large letters, and stretching across all these islands:—the first word is POLYNESIA, the second MELANESIA. Polynesia means “many islands,” and is the name given to all those islands that lie to the east, such as the Society Islands, Cook’s Islands, the Samoan Islands. Melanesia means “black islands,” and is the name given to all the Western Islands in which the black people live. John Williams was a missionary in *Polynesia*, while in this chapter you are going to hear of some one who was a missionary in *Melanesia*, to the people of the black islands.

For several years all these islands were under the charge of the Bishop of New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn, but when you remember that New Zealand itself is bigger than England and Scotland together, you will easily understand that the Bishop, active and hard-working though he was, could spare but little time to these distant islands. He was very anxious, therefore, to find some one who would help him in this part of his work.

It happened that on one of his visits to England Bishop Selwyn was staying at the house of a friend of his, Judge Patteson, who had a boy of fourteen named Coleridge. When the Bishop came to say good-bye, he said half-playfully to Lady Patteson, the boy’s mother: “Will you give me Coley?” We cannot tell whether or not this had anything to do with Coleridge Patteson’s after life, but certainly from about this time he began to interest himself in missionary work, and more especially in missionary work in New Zealand.

The boy grew to be a man, and became the clergyman of a little village close to his own home. He was among friends, he liked his work, but he never quite lost his early interest in New Zealand. At the end of those twelve years Bishop Selwyn came home once more and revisited the Pattesons. This time he invited Coleridge Patteson to come and share his work, and now that the young clergyman was able to go he was ready to do so.

One thing only there was which held him back, and that was the thought of the sorrow which his now widowed and aged father would feel at parting from him. To both father and son the trial was a great one, but when the old judge heard of his son's wish he would let no thought of himself stand in the way of his going, and said, "I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again."

In a letter that Mr. Patteson wrote at this time to a little girl of eight years old, a cousin of his, he says: "I am going to sail at Christmas a great way from England, right to the other end of the world, with the good Bishop of New Zealand. Clergymen are wanted out there to make known the Word of God to the poor, ignorant people, and for many reasons it is thought right that I should go. So after Christmas you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world."

And so it was: a few months after this letter was written, the time came for the young missionary to leave England for ever, and to part from all whom he loved most dearly, never to see them again.

After a sea voyage of more than three months Mr. Patteson reached Auckland in New Zealand, which was to be his first home in this new country. The first month or two he spent quietly at Auckland, studying the language of the natives and helping the bishop in a hundred ways. But Mr. Patteson had so much work to do that he was never able to spend much time in one place, and before very long he had started off with the bishop in the mission ship, on the first of his many long voyages among the islands. The ship in which most of Mr. Patteson's voyages were made was built on purpose for the mission, and was called the "Southern Cross." So much of his life was spent upon it that it became almost a home to him.

Perhaps you may think that it sounds a very pleasant kind of life to be always sailing about under blue skies and in calm waters; landing from time to time, and resting in some shady wood, while the natives press round, bringing provisions in exchange for the knives, hatchets, or pieces of cloth brought by the English.

It sounds pleasant enough, but it was not without its own discomforts and even dangers. The ship was small and crowded for the large number it had to carry—sometimes as many as fifty people—and life at sea was itself rather a trial to Mr. Patteson, who was never perfectly well on board ship. He made very little, however, of his own discomforts, and was always ready to do the humblest service required of him. Nor was he ever idle; he was by turns shipmaster, missionary, schoolmaster, and cook, and in one of his

letters home, he tells merrily how "housekeeping affairs take up a good deal of time, for that he has not only to order things, but to weigh them out, and to help to cut out and weigh the meat," and he adds that he has "gone through all the work of housemaid and scullery-maid, and that lately he has even baked bread, and made a cake!"

And now I must tell you how it was that Mr. Patteson came to be teaching a school on board ship. His plan of work was rather different from Mr. Williams.' Mr. Williams used to leave teachers on the different islands; Mr. Patteson used to take away scholars. As soon as he had made friends with the people, he would begin asking whether there were any parents who would lend him their boys for a little, that he might take them in his ship to pay a visit to New Zealand, promising to bring them back safely in a few months, or as the natives would say, "a few moons."

On his first visit it was very seldom that he was entrusted with any boys, but as the people got to know him, they became very willing to let their children go with him, especially when they heard from those who had already been how well and kindly they were treated, and how faithfully they were brought home again at the end of the time. In this six or eight months the boys would learn a good deal, and more than this, many of them became so fond of their new friends that they would beg to be allowed to go back for another six months, spending only a few weeks at home.

Mr. Patteson was always very glad when any boys wished to stay longer with him, for he felt that the more teaching they got the better able they would be to teach their friends. And how much was there for them to learn!—Not reading and writing only, and English, but much besides; for you must remember that the lads were little savages when Mr. Patteson first took them on board, and had to be trained to wear clothes, and to obey orders, and to form habits of punctuality and order, all of them things to which they were very little accustomed.

At first Mr. Patteson used to take the boys to New Zealand for their half year's schooling, but it was found that the climate was too cold for these delicate islanders, and after about ten years, the school was moved to Norfolk Island, which had the double advantage both of being warmer than New Zealand, and nearer to the homes of the boys.

When Mr. Patteson had been working among the islands for six years, and had got to know as much of the natives and their languages as Bishop Selwyn himself, it was thought best that he should take the whole charge of the mission, so in the beginning of the year 1861 he was chosen to be first Bishop of Melanesia.

His time was now divided between his school on shore and his visits to the islands. He tells how once he landed upon a beautiful little island where no white man had ever yet been. All the people here showed themselves very friendly towards him, and he seems to have been specially pleased with

the children. He says, "There was no shyness on the part of the children, dear little fellows from six to ten clustering round me, unable to understand my coat with pockets, and what my socks could be. I seemed to have two or three skins. Dear little fellows," he says, "I longed to bring off some of them. I never saw children more thoroughly attractive in appearance and manner." This was on his first visit and he was not able to take off any scholars, but on his return he found some ready to go with him, and one boy even jumped into the water and swam to the ship in his anxiety not to be left behind.

On shore the bishop's time was no less fully occupied than on board ship. The direction of the school or "College," as it was generally called—the care of the sixty or seventy Melanesians all fell upon him, as well as a large share of the teaching. The life at college was very much the same day by day, whether at the New Zealand school or at St. Barnabas' College, Norfolk Island.

The college buildings at Norfolk Island were all of wood, large airy rooms nicely built, but so simple, that the bishop compares the inside of his study to a wooden box. Besides the living rooms and kitchen, there was a large chapel, a printing-office, a carpenter's shop, and various out-buildings. The whole was surrounded by a farm, which was worked by the scholars, under the direction of the English missionaries. At six o'clock the boys got up, and after an early sea bathe the whole mission party met together

for chapel, which was followed by breakfast in the great dining-hall.

Punctuality was made a great point of. If any one was late he had to go without his breakfast. "It does not matter," writes the bishop, "whether it is I, or the smallest Melanesian boy, because the rule is for all alike."

After breakfast each man and boy on the mission station was told off to his own special work. Some spent the morning on the farm or in the dairy: others were the appointed cooks for the week, and had both to prepare the meals and to see that they were served in proper time. The remaining boys were quite as busy in the school as their companions on the farm. The most advanced took their share in teaching the others, while the new-comers—some quite children, others grown-up young men—sat diligently learning to write, or spelling out easy words. In the midst of them sat the bishop, now giving a reading lesson to a class of small boys from some island whose language he alone could speak, now giving a Bible lesson to a class of more advanced boys—boys who were one day themselves to be teachers and clergymen and helpers in the mission.

The teaching in the school was the bishop's special share of the work, to which he gave the greater part of his mornings; nor was it an easy work, for it must be remembered that when the Melanesian boys first came to the school they could speak no language but their own. Each group of

islands has a language of its own, and so, much of the bishop's time was occupied in learning these different languages.

Dinner was at one o'clock, and the time between it and the six o'clock tea was divided between work, school, and play, an hour being sometimes given to a singing lesson. After evening prayers there was an hour more of schooling, and then the work of the day was over. The younger boys went early to bed, but the elder ones looked forward to this last hour as the time when they were free to go, if they wished it, into the bishop's private room, and talk quietly with him of all that was in their minds.

There was a school for girls as well as for boys at St. Barnabas, under the management of the wife of one of the clergymen, and among the happiest holidays were those given in honour of the marriage of some of the elder scholars. Great days of rejoicing they were, and the bishop tells of all the pains that were taken to make the chapel look its prettiest, and to provide suitable clothes for the brides, and to give every person on the station some share in the general happiness. He thought of everything—even of the wedding rings which had to be made out of threepenny pieces!

In days of sadness, as in days of rejoicing, the bishop was the best friend and helper of all around him. An unusually bright joyous Christmas was followed by a time of anxiety and sorrow. A bad kind of fever broke out upon the island and spread to the school. Seventeen of the scholars took it,

and were for many weeks in a state that required the most constant and careful nursing. It was thought unwise to expose any of the younger members of the mission to the risk of infection, so the whole of the nursing was undertaken by the bishop and the two elder missionaries; Bishop Patteson spending the whole of the day as well as his share of the night in the hospital. Four of the lads died, but the rest recovered, and by Easter the worst of the sickness was over.

From the quiet though busy life on shore, the missionary bishop turned to the not less busy, and often dangerous, life on board ship. Year by year, these voyages among the unknown islands were becoming more dangerous: a kindly welcome from the natives was less certainly to be looked for now than formerly.

In those islands where the bishop was already known he always found a ready trustful welcome, but among the new islands it was observed that the approach of the ship seemed to alarm the natives, and cause them either to keep away from the shore, or to come down fully armed with bows and arrows. What was it that had changed friendship into suspicion and dislike, and thrown so great a difficulty in the path of the missionaries?

The cause of this sad change was, that of late years other white men had come to the islands and had cruelly wronged the natives. These were traders in search of labourers, who would come to the islands and take advantage of the friendliness of the natives

to steal away some of their boys and carry them off to work in distant islands. Sometimes they cheated the poor lads into going with them: at other times they took them off by force, and if their friends made any resistance they did not hesitate to shoot them down. The natives were unable to distinguish between one set of white men and another; they began to look upon them all alike as cruel enemies, and when the "Southern Cross" came in sight, they would say "Here is the kill-kill ship coming," and would at once make ready to attack it.

Once when the bishop was sitting talking to some of the natives, a man rushed up to him with a heavy club and would have killed him, if he had not been prevented by the others; it appeared that a relation of his had been killed by a white man. Another time the bishop was shot at, but happily the arrow missed him. One day in August 1864, the bishop and five helpers left the ship, and went in a small boat to try and land upon one of the Santa Cruz islands. As soon as he stepped on shore three or four hundred men collected round him. He knew very little of their language, but he went into a house and sat down; and by and by went back to the boat. He found it surrounded by men who were holding it fast. He stepped into it, and with some difficulty he and his companions succeeded in freeing it, and began to row towards the ship. Instantly the natives drew their bows; and in a moment arrows were whizzing round them on every side. Three of the little band were struck, and not one of them thought that there was a hope of

getting away ; yet they laboured on bravely, even the two who were most seriously wounded never dropping their oars or ceasing to pull. Hardly a word was spoken ; only once, Edwin Nobbs, a young man of one and twenty, who was badly wounded in the cheek, cried out—(“thinking,” says Bishop Patteson, “even more of me than of himself”)—“Look out, sir, close to you !”

At last the ship was reached, and then with difficulty the bishop drew out the arrows and bound up the wounds of the three sufferers. One of the three recovered, and for a few days all three seemed to be doing well ; but the danger in these cases is not so much from the wound itself as from the arrows having been poisoned, and first one of the young men, and then the other, began to suffer terrible pain ; and then the bishop knew that the deadly arrows had done their work, and that all hope was gone.

Day by day their sufferings increased. “Yet,” says the bishop, “their simple trust in God through Christ, their thankful, happy, holy dispositions, shone out brightly through all. There was not one word of complaint, it was all perfect peace.”

One of the two lads, Fisher Young, was only eighteen. As he was dying he said to the bishop—“Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad ; poor Santa Cruz people !”

Edwin’s sufferings lasted much longer than Fisher’s, but in a fortnight he too was dead. The bishop had loved these two boys like his own children, and

their loss was the greatest sorrow of his life. With a heavy heart he went back to bear the mournful news to Norfolk Island. Yet even in the time of his deepest sorrow, he could say, "I try to be thankful." He looked to his most merciful Father in heaven for help and comfort, and he was able to say, "How true it is that they who seek, find; I sought the Lord and He heard me."

All this time the missionary work was going on steadily and encouragingly. Fresh boys were constantly coming to the bishop, and asking to be baptized; and in several of the islands parents now brought their little ones to him to be baptized, undertaking that they should be brought up as Christians; and on one of his last voyages, he was able to baptize nearly three hundred natives.

There was one Sunday, early in the year 1869, which was a very marked day in the history of the mission. In the morning the bishop confirmed nine of the more advanced scholars; and in the evening he baptized sixteen boys, from ten to sixteen years old.

A still greater happiness was the being able to ordain one of his Melanesians; a young man named George Sarawia, who had been with the mission for ten years, and had been going on steadily all these years "from strength to strength," growing in knowledge and in goodness. With feelings of the deepest thankfulness the bishop set apart the first native clergyman of the Melanesian Islands, praying that he "might be but the first of a goodly band of Melanesian clergymen to carry the Gospel to their people."

In 1870 the bishop had a serious illness which left him less strong than he had been formerly. The next year he set out in the "Southern Cross," on what was to be his last voyage. He visited George and his wife in the island which they had now made their home, and in which George was keeping a very successful school, and beginning to gain great influence for good over the people. He revisited several of the islands which were now in part Christian, but the wish of his heart was to go again to the Santa Cruz Islands, where Edwin and Fisher had been killed; and to try and bring those savage natives to hear the words of Him who taught men to love their enemies, and to overcome evil with good.

That there was risk in going there the bishop knew full well. In a letter written about this time he says, that he knows there may be considerable danger, yet that there were one or two reasons which made him think that this was the best moment in which to make the effort. In another letter he speaks of the cruel wrongs done by the English traders, and earnestly begs that if any harm should happen to him, no revenge may be taken upon the natives for his sake.

It was now the 20th of September 1871, the days were very hot and brilliantly fine: so calm and still was the sea, that the "Southern Cross" lay motionless in the midst of the blue waters—within sight of the islands, yet unable to reach them.

Morning and evening, during those peaceful days, the bishop read the Bible with his scholars. They

were going through the Acts of the Apostles, and had come to the seventh chapter. "And," says one of the boys, "he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us about the death of Stephen, and then he went ashore on that island Nukapa."

Nukapa was a tiny island close to Santa Cruz, upon which the bishop meant to try and land first. On Wednesday morning he, with Mr. Atkin (a young clergyman who had been with him at the time of the first accident at Santa Cruz) and three Melanesians, got into the boat and rowed towards the shore.

As they drew near they were met by three or four canoes. The men in them seemed to be friendly, and as the tide was not high enough to let the boat get up to the island, the bishop let himself be taken on shore in one of these canoes. By so completely trusting himself with the natives, he hoped to show them that they had nothing to fear from him. The canoe reached the shore, the bishop landed and passed out of sight while those in the boat remained quietly waiting for his return.

Suddenly and without warning, the natives from the canoes drew their bows, and began shooting upon the boat: it pulled away quickly, but already Mr. Atkin and two of the Melanesians were struck. They made their way back to the "Southern Cross" and were at once taken on board, and the terrible arrows removed.

But the first thought of all the party was for their bishop; and as soon as his wound had been attended to, Mr. Atkin re-entered the boat and set out with

three others in search of the bishop. As they drew near the island a canoe drifted towards them ; at first it seemed to be empty, but as it came closer they could see that there was something lying in the bottom, and a moment more showed them that it was the body of the dead bishop.

He had been murdered by the natives in revenge for five islanders who had been carried away by the traders, and there he lay, wrapped in a mat of cocoanut, his breast covered with a branch of palm. There were wounds upon the body, but the gentle face was untouched, and lay with a calm, sweet smile upon it. Reverently they took up the sorrowful burden and bore it to the ship. What had passed in those few minutes between the bishop's landing and his death will never now be known, but whatever his sufferings may have been, they were but short, and we know that the thought of dying suddenly in the midst of his work was one which was often before his mind.

For the two brave helpers, Mr. Atkin and the young Melanesian, Stephen, there were days first of anxious waiting and then of most awful pain still to be gone through, but by God's grace the bitter trial was patiently borne, and in about a week's time they, too, died, and were taken to join their beloved friend and leader.

So died that true soldier of Jesus Christ, the first Bishop of Melanesia. And as Sunday by Sunday we sing those glorious words, "The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee," we may well think of Coleridge Patteson and John Williams and the many faithful

ones who have laid down their lives for their Master in the islands of the South Seas.

Still the work of the Mission goes on hopefully and well. Several of Bishop Patteson's scholars have now become clergymen, and are doing good work in the different islands. For some years the mission was left without a bishop, but in 1877 Mr. John Selwyn, the son of the great and good Bishop of New Zealand, was chosen to fill Bishop Patteson's place and to carry on his work.

Bishop John Selwyn knew well how earnestly Bishop Patteson had wished Christianity to be brought to the "poor Santa Cruz people," and from the first he was always on the watch for some opportunity of making friends with the natives of those islands. At last, two or three years ago, on one of his voyages he met with a chief from the group of islands on which Bishop Patteson had been killed. This man had been taken prisoner and carried away to some distant islands, and was very anxious to get back to his home again. Bishop Selwyn bought him and took him back to his own island in the missionaryship; and now being with this chief, and having made friends with him, he was able to land upon the island without danger.

When he was leaving, one of the young native teachers who had been trained at Norfolk Island came to him and said that he and his wife wished, "for Bishop Patteson's sake," to be left on the island to do what good they could there. The next year the bishop was able to place them, as they wished, upon the Santa Cruz group, and encouraging accounts have since been heard of the work they are doing.

Slowly yet surely the darkness of heathenism is rolling away from these islands, the light is coming to them, the glory of the Lord is beginning to shine upon them, and in hope and faith we look forward to the time when throughout these seas His holy Name shall be known and glorified,—when in each one of these islands prayer and praise shall day by day be offered up unto Him.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THREE FRIENDS IN GREENLAND.

“ How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence ;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.”

—ADDISON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THREE FRIENDS IN GREENLAND.

HAVE you never in the winter time built yourself a snow house? piled up your frozen bricks one upon another, and last of all, put in your windows of clear transparent ice? And how tempting such a house looks when it is finished, with its white walls sparkling in the sun! It seems a pity that we may not live in our pretty snow palace!

But do you know that there really are people dwelling in the coldest parts of the world, who do build themselves such houses—not for play, but to live in. These people are called Esquimaux, and they are found all along the northern shores of America and in Greenland. While the short summer lasts they live in tents made of skins, but when the winter sets in, and the snow is firm and binding, they build themselves little rounded snow huts, something the shape of a bee-hive.

I wonder how you would like, on a winter's night when it was freezing hard, to lie down to sleep on the floor, with the cold snow walls all around you! You would make a good fire, do you say? But that would never do, for a fire inside the hut would melt

the snow, and then the whole house would disappear. No; a traveller among the Esquimaux must learn to wrap himself up well, as they do, in skins and furs, and must content himself with the light and warmth that come from the oil lamps overhead.

Besides their snow huts and their tents, the Esquimaux have a third kind of house. This last is a single room built of stone, so low that a man could hardly stand upright in the highest part. At first when you look, you see no doorway at all, but only that long tunnel built of stones. It is so low and narrow that you can only get through it by crawling upon hands and knees, but there is no other entrance into the hut. When all the family is collected inside, the Esquimaux roll a stone against the opening so as to shut out all the fresh, biting air, and then with the lamps burning and the whole party huddled up close together, the hut soon becomes what we should consider unbearably hot.

English people would think it very troublesome to have to be always moving about from one house to another, but the Esquimaux have so little to carry about with them, that it matters little to them. A couple of lamps, a few skins for sleeping on, and a cup made out of sealskin to hold water,—this is all the furniture that is to be found in many an Esquimaux hut!

Every one has heard something about Greenland; every one has sung the hymn about "Greenland's icy mountains," and knows what a bitterly cold country it is,—the coldest part of the world indeed.

People who have lived in Greenland tell us how ink and wine freeze even in the warm room, and how an empty cup when put down upon the breakfast-table will freeze to the cloth. The meat is all frozen into hard blocks, and must be cut out with a hatchet before it can be used, and, worst of all, hands, feet, and fingers easily get frostbitten unless they are carefully protected from the air.

To guard against this danger both men and women wrap themselves up in skins and furs, covering themselves up so completely that nothing is to be seen but their faces and their long black hair—while even these are covered if the cold is unusually severe. If you were to see, from a little distance, an Esquimaux prepared for a winter's journey coming towards you, I think at first you might be inclined to mistake the strange-looking figure for a bear upon two legs; and as to the women, they are even stranger looking than the men, for many of them have a loose sort of hood hanging from their shoulders, in which they carry the baby! What should you think of such a cradle as that?

Never was there a country that less deserves its name than *Greenland*—it has no fields, no forests, and but few flowers. In a few sheltered places, near living houses or beneath some great rock, you may find in the summer some coarse, short grass with our English wild flowers springing up in the midst of it, but such bright spots are rare; and walk where you will in Greenland, you would find it impossible ever to get beyond the sight

of snow and ice. The bare rocks above your head are capped with snow; even in midsummer the sea beneath your feet is blocked with great ice mountains, among which little fishing-boats can with difficulty steer their way.

When the long winter sets in, the sea becomes frozen all over, so that no boat can sail upon it, and then the Greenlanders lay aside their boats and take to sledges drawn by dogs. These sledges are very light, and if the dogs are strong and well fed, they draw them over the firm snow and smooth ice at a capital pace.

About twenty years ago an American sailor called Dr. Kane went out to explore the Arctic regions, as the part of the world near the North Pole is called. He sailed along the coast of Greenland for some distance, but the farther north he got, the more difficult he found it to thread his way through the great blocks of ice, and at last the ship was so closely surrounded that she could move no further. This happened at the beginning of the winter, and Dr. Kane cheered himself with the hope that when the spring came some of the ice would melt away and the ship be released from her prison.

Long and dreary was the winter to all the poor men shut up on board the ship. You know how short the days are here in England in the winter-time; but in North Greenland there is no daylight at all from the end of October till February. It was with feelings of sadness that the sailors saw the sun set one October afternoon—knowing as they did that it

would be four long months before they would see it again.

Dr. Kane and his companions found nothing so hard to bear as the long darkness; it was dreadful to wake up morning after morning and never to find daylight, never to be able to move about or to read a book, or to do anything without the light of a lantern. The terrible cold was hard to bear, but the darkness was far worse.

At last the sun and the daylight came back, and now Dr. Kane hoped that the ice would break up and the ship be set free. But though the sun came back and shone out brightly, the ice showed no signs of melting away; now, however, the days were long; indeed, during the months of June and July there was no night at all, but even at twelve and one o'clock at night there was light enough to read by. Still the ship remained immovable, so the ship's carpenter set to work to make light dog-sledges like those used by the Esquimaux, and in these the sailors made long hunting and fishing expeditions. Very often they found wild fowl; sometimes they caught a seal, and once they shot a great bear.

Too soon the short summer came to an end, and the long darkness set in once more. This year their trials were even greater than last; their food ran short, and they could get no more, and they were in such want of firewood that they had to cut wood from the sides of the ship and burn it.

Not very far from the place where the ship was lying there were some Esquimaux huts, and Dr.

Kane resolved to go and visit these huts and see if the owners had any food to spare. He was kindly welcomed by them, and spent the night with them in one of those little round stone huts that I have described to you, but he found that the natives were even more in want than the strangers.

After this Dr. Kane saw a great deal of these poor Esquimaux, and his kindness to them made them grow quite fond of him. The winter before they had been much less friendly, and had always been trying to steal things out of the ship, but now that both Esquimaux and Americans were in the same trouble, and both alike in danger of starvation, they became fast friends. Their scanty supply of food they shared with one another, and when with the returning spring there was again a more plentiful supply of fish and sea-fowl, they rejoiced together.

When once the long winter was over, and they had enough to eat, the Esquimaux became quite cheerful and gay, and never troubled themselves with the thought that next winter they might be as badly off as ever, or tried to lay in stores beforehand. One morning when Dr. Kane was out walking he came upon a party of Esquimaux boys playing at ball upon a frozen lake. They shouted with laughter, as one after another hit or missed the shining ball, and were as merry over their play as any boys at home in England could have been. But Dr. Kane could not be as light-hearted as these happy Esquimaux, for he feared that when next winter came

their sufferings would be greater than before, and yet he saw no way of escape.

The third summer came, and still the ship remained ice-bound, and now Dr. Kane was persuaded that she would never be able to get away from the place where she was lying. And therefore he determined to leave her, and to trust himself to the small boats and the sledges. They put the three boats and all the things they valued most upon the sledges, and then turning their faces towards the south, they set out on their long, cold journey to the open sea. Nearly all their dogs were dead by this time, but the friendly Esquimaux travelled with them and helped to carry the things.

When at last, after a weary march, the open sea was reached, they halted for a few days, and then they parted. The Esquimaux went back to their dismal homes in the far north, and the Americans launched their boats and sailed towards the south. Before they parted Dr. Kane called all the Esquimaux—men, women, and children—around him, and thanked them for all their help, and gave presents to each one of them. And then he spoke to them—advising them to leave the desolate north and to come down and settle in South Greenland, where the winter was not so long and dark as here; where the cold was less terrible; and where they would not be in such great danger of dying of starvation in the cold season.

Although the southern part of Greenland is not quite so dreary as the north, yet it, too, is cold and

barren and desolate, and the people who live there have to undergo so many hardships, that one is inclined to wonder why any one who can help it should ever go to this land of ice. And yet a certain number of white people do go to Greenland each year. Some few—like Dr. Kane—go in hopes of discovering new land; far more go for the sake of the seal and whale-fishing. And there are some who go, not for pleasure or for gain, but simply that they may teach the poor Greenlanders to believe in Him who is the Saviour of all the ends of the earth.

Almost the first missionary to the Greenlanders was that brave man, Hans Egede, whose story I told at the beginning of this book. He it was who worked on patiently for fifteen years without seeing any reward of all his labours. At the end of that time the friends at home who supported him began to think that the money spent upon this mission was all wasted, and that he must come back to Denmark. Sadly the old man prepared to leave the land where he had laboured so hard, and, as it seemed to him, so uselessly; but God was even now raising up fresh helpers to take his place and carry on his work.

The history of the Greenland Mission came just at this time to the ears of a young man named Matthew Stach, a German. It filled Matthew with sadness to think that so good a work was about to be given up, and he began to turn it over in his mind whether it would be possible for him to go himself to Greenland.

At last one morning when he and a friend of his,

called Frederick Boenish, were at work together digging a grave-yard, he began to speak of this wish of his, and to his joyful surprise he found that the very same thought had entered Frederick's mind. The two friends now went aside into a wood that was close at hand, and kneeling down they prayed to God to show them what they ought to do; then they wrote a letter to the heads of their church, declaring their wish to go out as missionaries, and asking advice on the matter.

At the time when these men lived,—150 years ago,—people were much less used to send out missionaries to the heathen than they are now, and Matthew and his friend met with many discouragements before their wish was granted. Now both Matthew Stach and Frederick Boenish were ignorant, unlearned men, rich in nothing but love to God and to man, and Egede's friends not unnaturally thought that they were most unlikely to succeed, where a man like the good and learned Egede had failed.

They knew next to nothing of the country to which they were going, not as much even as you know after reading this chapter. One gentleman asked them how they meant to live when they got to Greenland, and they answered that they would build houses and cultivate the land. "But," said the gentleman, "there will be no wood to build with." They replied that then they would dig holes in the earth and live there; but their kind friend, seeing that they were not to be discouraged, said they should not be driven to that; and he and some other people

provided them with planks and nails and window-glass to take with them in the ship.

Thus at last, after months of waiting and uncertainty, Matthew and his companions set out on their journey to this unknown land. Frederick Boenish was prevented from sailing with the first missionaries, but as soon as he was able, he followed them.

Some of those who went out to Greenland came back almost directly, others stayed only a few years, but Matthew and Frederick, and a third brave man named John Beck, went out determined to spend their whole lives in this far northern land, if by so doing they could teach any of the poor Esquimaux to know and to keep God's commandments. You will see how faithfully these three friends kept their resolution, even when their hardships were the greatest, and when they had almost given up the hope of ever doing any good.

As soon as Matthew Stach and his companions had reached Greenland they went to the house of Mr. Egede, who welcomed them most kindly, and gave them all the help in his power. Under his direction, they set to work to build themselves an Esquimaux hut, to shelter themselves in until their house was ready. He also began to teach them a little of the Greenland or Esquimaux language, but though our poor missionaries did their very best, studying the Greenland grammar, and diligently writing out copies and exercises, with all their pains they found it next to impossible to master this most difficult language.

If the natives had been willing to help them they might have got on better, but instead of helping them, they only laughed at them and stole away their books and their carefully written exercises. The behaviour of the Greenlanders at this time was most discouraging. They refused to make friends with the strangers, and never came into their houses except to beg or steal; and when the missionaries, in their turn, tried to visit them, they kept asking them "whether they would not soon go away again?"

Before the new-comers had been half a year in the country there was a most terrible outbreak of small-pox, which carried off many hundreds of the Greenlanders. It lasted for nine months, and during all that time the little band of missionaries went fearlessly up and down among the people, nursing the sick, and burying the dead. Even the cold-hearted Greenlanders were struck by the brave unselfishness of the strangers who had fed those who had nothing to eat, and buried those that were dead. "You have done for us," said they, "what our own people would not do!" But no sooner was the danger over, than all their feelings of thankfulness were forgotten, and they treated their kind helpers as rudely as before. Towards the end of the winter the missionaries themselves fell sick, but when the milder weather set in they recovered.

During the next two or three years their troubles and disappointments became greater rather than less, and they were near dying of starvation. They had hoped to receive a store of provisions from

their friends at home, but in this they were disappointed.

They now tried to catch seals for themselves, after the manner of the Greenlanders ; but seal-catching is very difficult work for those who are not accustomed to it ; and besides, the only boat they had was so old that it had been laid aside as useless by Mr. Egede. For want of a better one, however, the German missionaries gladly took it and patched it up, but do what they would, it was still too rickety to venture in safely upon stormy water.

And all this time the Greenlanders saw their sufferings, and would not put out a hand to help them. Even when they had food enough and to spare, they refused to sell any of it to the missionaries ; or if they did ever consent to sell, they asked the most extravagant prices.

The missionaries had now learnt to speak the Greenland language fairly well, and so long as they spoke only of seal catching and the like, the natives would listen to them ; but as soon as they went on to speak of the sinfulness of man and the goodness of God, they found that their hearers became sleepy and inattentive, or moved away. Sometimes indeed, they would say, "We believe it all, we believe it all!" But it was plain that they only said this to save themselves the trouble of listening to any more. At other times they would advise the missionaries to go back to their own homes, saying, "In your country people may perhaps have diseased souls, and be in need of a Saviour, but we have healthy souls already,

and nothing is wanting, if we have but enough to eat."

When the missionaries saw the unwillingness of the natives to listen to their words, they began to lose heart, and to ask themselves whether it was worth while for them to stay any longer in this comfortless land. They met together to talk the matter solemnly over, and two of the party decided to return home by the next ship that came. The other three, Matthew, Frederick, and John, declared that they would bind themselves to the work they had undertaken, come life, come death, believing where there was nothing to be seen, and hoping where there seemed nothing to be expected.

There was a line of a hymn with which the friends often encouraged one another. It was this—"A man may lose his road, but never lose his faith in God ;" and indeed through all these years of trouble and perplexity nothing could have kept them from despair, but their real strong faith in God and their belief that they were doing His will. They would not look, said they, at their own weakness, they would not be anxious about their own wants, but in the strength of the Lord they would persevere. Thus they prayed and waited, spending more time than ever in perfecting themselves in the Greenland language.

There is an old saying: "The night is darkest before the dawn," and so it was that this very year, when the missionaries' troubles were at the worst, a little ray of hope shone out upon their path. They

had expected that the ship which took away their companions would bring them some letters and provisions, and when none came they felt that they were forgotten by their friends at home. They were more in want than they had been at any time, and were even obliged to eat shell-fish and raw seaweed, when one day a strange Greenlander, named Ippegau, from a distant part of the country, came to them, offering to sell them all the food that he could spare.

It appeared that in one of their journeys the missionaries had chanced to meet this man, and had spoken kindly to him; they had forgotten all about it, but he had not, and thinking that the strangers might be in want, he had travelled up of his own accord to help them.

Without such timely help the missionaries would have died of starvation, and they thought with thankfulness that the same God who fed Elijah in the time of famine was remembering them now and caring for them. In the middle of this year, too, they received letters from home, and also some provisions, though not the half of what they had expected.

The last ship that came that year took back good Mr. Egede, but it brought with it three new helpers, Matthew Stach's mother and his two sisters, Rosina and Anna, the eldest of whom was married to John Beck not long after her arrival.

And now the worst of the missionaries' trials were over, and from this time onward their fortunes began to improve. Their friends at home had begun

to understand their wants better than at first, and took care year by year to keep them well supplied with all that they most needed, and amongst other things they sent them a good boat. The rough wooden house too began to look more comfortable and cheerful, now that there were women living in it, and when a year or two later a little baby was born to John and Rosina, the missionaries began to feel as if they had made quite a home for themselves in this desolate land.

The three friends, remembering how difficult they had found the Greenland language, were much astonished to see how quickly Anna picked it up, and how readily she made friends with the little Esquimaux children. Her singing delighted them, and in time she succeeded in teaching them to sing for themselves easy hymns which John Beck and Frederick Boenish had put into their language. The grown-up people too were beginning to show some signs of friendship; they would come to the mission-house, and even listen to the reading of the Bible, though without showing any real interest in what they heard.

For five long years the missionaries had been patiently toiling and had taken nothing, but now at last something happened which filled their hearts with gladness.

One afternoon when John Beck was busy copying out the translation he had made of the Gospels, a number of strange Greenlanders from the south part of the country came in to visit him. They were

very curious to know what he was writing, so he began to read and afterwards to talk to them about the tender love of our Lord God in sending His Son into the world to die for our sakes upon the Cross. And as he told of the garden of Gethsemane, one of the Greenlanders who was standing by, stepped forward and cried out in a tone of the deepest earnestness, "How was that? tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved too!" Such words as these had never before been heard from any Greenlander, and John Beck himself was crying for very joy as he went on to tell of our Saviour's life and death.

Some of those who heard soon grew weary and slipped out, but the others listened attentively, and entreated to be taught to pray; but of all the Greenlanders, there was none so anxious to learn as Kaiarnak, the man who had spoken first. Day by day he came to the missionaries asking to be taught something more. What he learnt himself he taught to his wife and children, and at last he persuaded nine of his companions to come and pitch their tents near to the mission-house, so that they too might hear the good news. At first many of his old friends mocked him, and did all they could to draw him away from the mission-house; but he was not to be moved from his purpose, and said, in answer to those who tempted him, "And yet I will stay with them, and hear the words of God, which have once tasted so well to me."

All through the winter Kaiarnak remained with his new friends. His daily life, his truthfulness, his

patience, his unselfishness, showed plainly that he was seeking to become a Christian, not in word only, but in deed; and on Easter Day the missionaries joyfully baptized him, in the sight of a large number of natives, by the name of "Samuel." His wife and two children were baptized at the same time, and there were many others who declared themselves ready to become Christians; but the missionaries thought it best that these should wait for a while, that it might be seen whether they were indeed in earnest.

The long winter was the best time for getting to know the Greenlanders and teaching them, for as soon as ever the spring time came, and the sea was unfrozen, they all, both men and women, started off on long fishing expeditions to hunt the seal and the whale.

If there ever were to be a season in which no seals could be taken, how great would be the loss to the poor Greenlander. His clothes, his food, the walls of his tent, the oil for his lamps, all come to him from the seal, and without the skin and the flesh of this one animal he would die of cold or starve of hunger. The Greenlanders have no fields in which to plant crops, but, as it has been said—"the sea is their corn-field, and the seal-fishing their most plentiful harvest."

It was a great trial to the missionaries to have to part with these newly-made Christians, for they much feared that when they were scattered far away

in distant parts of the country, they would forget all that they had been taught; but in time they found that by this very means the Word of God was spread abroad more widely than it could have been in any other way, for those Greenlanders who had themselves learnt about Christ, told those they met all that they knew, and repeated the hymns and texts which the missionaries had taught them.

Thus it often happened that the missionaries in their journeyings among the heathen settlements found the way already prepared for them by the Christian Greenlanders; the people knowing a very little about the great truths of the Bible, and wanting to learn more. One day they found a woman who had been told the story of the woman of Samaria, and was longing to know more of Him who gives to the thirsty the living water; and another time they found a woman who had heard nothing but this one text, "Awake thou that sleepest," and was anxious to be taught more.

Samuel Kaiarnak was among those who went away to the south country in the summer time. He was absent for a year, and his friends were growing very anxious about him, when at last one day, just when the mission household was making great rejoicings over the marriage of Frederick Boenish and Anna Stach, their joy was increased by Samuel's sudden appearance. But that which gave them the truest gladness was to find that he had not forgotten their parting charge to him to "remember Christ Jesus,"

but that he had been earnest in prayer, and that by his teaching and example he had won others to believe on the Lord Jesus.

After this Samuel came to live near the mission-house, and both he and his wife were of great use to the missionaries in all their work. But the following year Samuel took cold, and died after a week's illness. As the Greenlanders stood weeping around his bed, he comforted them, and put them in mind of the good things prepared for those that love their Lord, and then he added: "You know that I am the first of you that was converted by our Saviour, and now it is His will that I should be the first to go to Him. If you are faithful to the end, we shall see one another again before the throne of the Lamb."

The missionaries grieved much over the loss of their faithful Samuel, while at the same time they rejoiced over the number of those who were beginning to follow in his steps.

Year by year fresh Greenlanders came to be baptized. Among others who were being prepared for baptism were two young women, the daughters of a very old man. This old man came to one of the missionaries, and asked whether he might not be baptized too, saying—"It is very likely that I shall never learn as much as my children, for my hairs are quite grey and I am very old, but I believe with all my heart in Jesus Christ, that He died for all men;" therefore he was received into the congregation of Christ's Church.

About this time the missionaries received each

of them a present of a pair of shoes from one of the Greenlanders. The man who gave them said to his wife—"Have you never any thoughts about giving our teachers something? They do so much for us and we do nothing for them." The missionaries were greatly pleased by this little gift, for it showed that the converts were beginning to find out the happiness of *giving*, whereas in former times they thought only of receiving, and expected to be paid for listening to the words of the teachers, or, as they used to say, "for lending their ears."

Now that the Christians had increased to such a large number, it was found necessary to build a new church for them. The first care of the missionaries when they landed in Greenland had been to build a school-house in which to hold service. For many a long year it had seemed as if this room would never be filled, but now, fourteen years later, it was found too small for its purpose, and a new church had to be built in its stead.

With its church and school and mission-house, and the improved houses of the Greenlanders, the settlement looked very different now from what it was at first. The missionaries called it "New Herrnhut," which means "the Lord's Watch," after the name of their own old home in Germany. From time to time these three patient workers went on short visits to old Herrnhut, but they always came back to the new Herrnhut, to carry on their work there amid the cold and ice. Other missionaries came out to join them, and among those who came were two sons of John

Beck's and one of Frederick's, now grown to be men, and ready to help their fathers in their self-denying, loving work.

For nearly thirty years these three friends, Matthew, John, and Frederick, had been toiling together hand in hand; bearing the same sorrows and rejoicing in the same joys; but now one of the little band, Frederick Boenish, was called to enter into his rest. He died in the summer of 1763, many years before his two companions. The next to die was John Beck. In a letter of his to Matthew Stach, written seven years after Frederick's death, he recalls the history of their life's work together.

"We three it was," says he, "who made that solemn vow one with another, wholly to follow our Lord in this land; to do all, and bear all, as unto Him; He graciously accepted our desire to serve Him, and in His unspeakable condescension and mercy has crowned our work with blessing. He has kept His promise, though we often withstood Him. How many times we besought Him, weeping, to grant us even but *one* soul out of this nation. But He stayed not at *one*. These congregations which we have seen grow up from the very beginning; how far do they exceed all our early prayers, thoughts, and anticipations!"

And still to this day, though those first brave missionaries are all dead, there are good men and women preaching and teaching in Greenland, and seeking to "make ready a people prepared for the Lord." There are now scarcely any heathen left

except in the most wild and distant parts of the land. All along the rocky, ice-bound coast, are scattered little mission-settlements, each one with its church and school, whence good is sent out to all the district round. It is true indeed that though all call themselves Christian, there are some who do not lead upright Christian lives: and over such as these the missionary must grieve sorely: but yet, on the other hand, there are very many whose heart's desire it is to serve and please their Lord.

The Greenlanders can never become a great or a learned people; their life is too hard and too struggling for them ever to have the time or the means for that: but even chance travellers have been struck by the improvement in the character of the Greenland people since they have become Christians. Before the missionaries came, murder was hardly thought to be a sin at all, robbing and stealing was the common habit, and it was unsafe for any foreign ship to touch upon the coast; the widow and the orphan were left to starve without any to help them. But now the people are honest and peaceable: shipwrecked sailors find as kindly a welcome from the hospitable Greenland Esquimaux as they could from their own countrymen; the weak and helpless are cared for by the more well-to-do Christians.

The history of the Greenland mission teaches us very plainly that great lesson which God would have us all learn—the lesson of *patience*: patience under difficulties, patience in disappointment. To each one of us it says: “Let us not be weary in well-doing: for

in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RED INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

“ Know ye not Him who laid
The deep foundations of the earth, and built
The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder sun ?

. . . We know

And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds
And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall
Of waters in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make His being felt,”

— SOUTHEY’S *Madoe*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RED INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

IN this chapter we are going to hear about some boys and girls in America. It is not of the white people, the Americans, that we are going to speak, but of the people of the land, the Indians, as they are called.

Have you ever wondered why the natives of America should be called *Indians*? Well, the name was given to them nearly four hundred years ago, by a great blunder in geography, and it has stuck to them ever since. This was how it happened. When Columbus, the discoverer of America, set out on his voyage of discovery, he did not expect to discover a new world. What he hoped to find was only a new and shorter way to the East. He was seeking, as it has been said, "the back-door of Asia," and instead of that he opened "the front-door of America." But even when he had landed upon this new and unknown country, Columbus still believed that it was a part of India; and so firmly was he persuaded of this, that he called the dark-skinned people who came forward to meet him "Indians."

This name is still given to the natives of both

North and South America; but in order to distinguish them from the people of India, they are usually called "Red Indians," from the colour of their skins.

The history of the North American Red Indians is full of sadness. Three hundred years ago there were Indian villages where the busy town of New York now stands; but gradually, as the white settlers came into the land, the Indians were driven farther and farther to the West.

At first the Indians welcomed the new-comers; but when they saw that they were going to make themselves masters of the land, they began to fear them, and to turn against them. Then there were wars between the two; there were terrible cruelties on both sides, only it must be remembered that the red men were untaught savages, and that they had been grievously ill-treated by the strangers. So the struggle went on; the Indians getting fewer and fewer, till upon the eastern shores of North America there was not a single native left.

But did no missionary go out to these unhappy Indians, to teach them the glad tidings of peace, to tell them of Him who died, not for the white men only, but that He might gather together in one the children of God that are scattered abroad? Yes, missionaries went out, and the Indians generally heard them gladly; but there are many difficulties in the way of preaching the Gospel to the Red Indians. For one thing they do not all speak the same language, and the missionary who has learned to speak

to the Indians of one part of North America will find himself quite unable to understand an Indian from some other part.

Then another difficulty is, that the Indians have no settled home. Instead of living in houses, they live in *wigwams*; that is to say, a sort of tent made of skins stretched over three poles. The Indians call all houses "wigwams," and they speak of a school as a "teaching wigwam," a church as a "praying wigwam," and so on. These tents are all but bare of furniture, so when the Indian is tired of being in one place, he thinks nothing of taking up his wigwam and journeying with his family and all that he has many miles distant. So it may happen that when the missionary re-visits a spot where a year ago he received a friendly welcome from some Indian family, he now finds it utterly deserted.

Once in a lifetime perhaps, and no more, these Indians have heard the name of the Saviour of the world—"a Saviour rich unto all that call upon Him;" but "how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" and "how shall they believe" in Him of whom they know so little? Whenever the Indians have been persuaded to live a more settled life, the missionaries' work among them has been full of encouragement, but what the Indians like is to go wandering about over the wide, open country.

There are no more skilful hunters in the world than the Red Indians. They are swift of foot and keen of ear and eye, and they can imitate the cries of the different creatures so exactly as to deceive even

the animals themselves. North-Western America is the great fur country from which we get many of the furs that people in England prize so much—but the Indians hunt, not for the sake of the furs alone, but in order to supply themselves with food. There are no lions and tigers in North America, but there are bears and wolves, foxes and great buffaloes, and the Indians will wander for days over the plain, or along the ice-bound river, following the track of some of these wild creatures.

The Red Indians do not pray to idols. They say that they believe in an unseen God, whom they call the "Great Spirit," but they know very little about this "Great Spirit," and do not seem to pray to Him at all, or to think of turning to Him for help.

The missionaries generally find the Indians ready to receive their teaching. They hear with gladness that the "Great Spirit" is loving, as well as mighty; that He cares for the children of men, and that out of His love for them He sent His Son to live among them and to die for them.

One Indian was made so happy by the "good news," that he told the missionary that "since he knew Jesus, his heart laughed all the while." This man was very anxious to get some missionary to come with him to teach his people, and four different times he had come to beg that one might be sent, and each time he had had to go home disappointed.

Another chief had been waiting in the same way for eight long years, and you may be sure it grieved the missionaries sorely to be obliged to say "no" to

such earnest, patient entreaties; but alas! here, as in many other parts of the world, the harvest was great, and the labourers few, and the missionaries could only pray to their Lord that He would send forth more labourers into His harvest.

But this chapter was to be about the Red Indian children, and it is time that you should hear something about them.

Where the families live at such great distances one from another, as is common in North-Western America, it is impossible to gather the children together in a school. As the children cannot come to the school, the school must come to the children, and this is the way in which one clergyman manages. When he starts on his long rounds, he fills his waggon with books, and at every house where he sees any children he stops, and lends some book and chooses out something to be learned by heart, promising to come again in a month's time to change the book and to hear the lesson. By this means, though the missionary has not a single school in his district, he has two hundred scholars.

Still, though this sort of teaching is better than none at all, you can very well understand that if instead of going to school every day you were to have a lesson only once a month, and to be playing about out of doors all the rest of the time, you would not learn very much.

There are many things, too, which it is easy for people to learn when they are young, and hard for them to learn after they are grown old. It is never

too late for people to learn to love God, and to lead holier lives, but it may be too late for them to form new habits, and to begin to go to school. Many of the Indians who had become Christians after they were grown up, were anxious that their children should have the opportunity of learning far more than they themselves could ever learn.

In a little settlement of Christian Indians called "Garden River," on the shores of Lake Superior, there lived (indeed there lives still) an Indian chief named "Little Pine." This good old man had himself been brought near to Christ; he had "tasted that the Lord is gracious;" and now it was the wish of his heart that all his countrymen should know the same happiness. Above all, he wanted to see a Home built, where the Indian children might be taken in and fed and clothed; where they might be taught like the white children, and be trained to get their own living, and where they might learn enough to be able when they grew up to go out and teach others. Little Pine talked over this plan of his with Mr. Wilson, a missionary who had come to the village on a visit.

Mr. Wilson thought the plan a very good one, but it was clear that such a Home could not be built without a great deal of money, and where was the money to come from? The old chief was at work in the woods one day, when suddenly the thought flashed into his mind that he had better go himself with Mr. Wilson to "the great towns of the pale faces,"—that is, the white people—and ask them to

give money to build a great "teaching wigwam" for the Indian children.

And so the English clergyman and the Red Indian chief travelled together through several of the large towns of Canada, and everywhere the chief told his story, and begged earnestly for help. A good deal of money was collected in this way, but not enough; so the following year Little Pine's brother travelled all the way to England with Mr. Wilson, to try and interest new friends in their cause.

At last the necessary money was collected, and the work of building was begun. Under the direction of Mr. Wilson, the Indians worked with a will, and before long the Home, a tolerably large wooden building, was finished and ready for use. Fifteen Indian children, eight boys and seven girls, were waiting to come into it, and at last, one day in September 1873, the Home was opened amid great rejoicings.

The dining-hall was decorated with moss and flowers, and a good dinner was prepared for all the workers. Towards evening a short service was held, and then Mr. Wilson took the visitors all over the house, and showed them everything, the kitchen, workroom, dormitories, and so on.

Five days passed; all was going on well with the fifteen Indian children, and some new scholars were just expected. Saturday night came; the children gathered together as usual, before bed-time, for prayers, and sang their hymn. At ten o'clock Mr. Wilson went round the house; the children were asleep, and all was quiet.

About three o'clock in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were roused by the sound of footsteps hurrying backwards and forwards, and the dreadful cry of "fire! fire!" They sprang up, to find the outside of the house in flames.

The first thought was for the children. The Wilsons' own little ones (the eldest of them was but four years old) were wrapped up in blankets and carried into the church. The Indian children had already come downstairs into the dining-hall: there Mr. Wilson found them, and called to them to go and stand together in the garden that he might count them. He counted, and made only twelve; the children said that three were in the church, but only two could be found there. At last it was discovered that the missing child had been taken to a neighbouring house.

By this time the ringing of the church-bell had brought together several of the Indians from the village. Mr. Wilson told them to try and save what they could, but already the rooms were full of smoke and flame, and it was too late.

And now the flames were spreading, so that the church was no longer thought safe, and the children had to be brought outside. The Indian children who lived in the village were sent home at once; Mrs. Wilson and one little girl were taken to the house of the Roman Catholic priest; the other three children had been laid down under the shelter of a barn, but now the flames were gaining upon that too, and they had to be moved.

It was a pouring wet night, but unhappily the rain, instead of putting out the fire, only increased the smoke.

Mr. Wilson now went back to bring his other children to join their mother. He found his eldest little boy sitting by himself on a pillow under a hedge, waiting for his father to come and fetch him. The blanket which wrapped him had fallen from his shoulders, and his sunny hair was wet with the heavy rain; but he sat quite calmly, with a smile upon his lips, looking upon the burning house. "Naughty fire, to burn down papa's house," he said; "shall we go away in the big boat, now that our house is burnt down?" His father took him up in his arms, and ran with him to the priest's house, thanking God that though the house and all the goods were destroyed, his dearest treasures were spared to him.

By this time it was morning—Sunday morning, and the sexton came to Mr. Wilson to ask whether there was to be any service. Happily the church was uninjured, so Mr. Wilson gave directions that the bell should be rung as usual. The people came together, and Mr. Wilson read the Litany and gave a short address, speaking of the heavy trial that had befallen them all, and telling them that they must trust God, and wait patiently till He should make their way clear before them, and show them what they ought to do.

In the afternoon they went to hunt among the ruins of the burnt house for their lost possessions. Everything of value was either gone or utterly spoilt

—the piano, sewing-machine, books, clothing, and all the winter supplies.

On the Monday the Indians came to talk matters over with Mr. Wilson, and asked him what he meant to do about the work : whether to give it up, or to collect fresh funds. Did he, they asked, feel “weak” or “strong,” about it? Mr. Wilson reminded them of what he had said in church, that he could only wait upon God till he saw his way. Then the chief, Little Pine, spoke, and pointed out how trifling was the loss of home and possessions compared with the loss of wife or child.

But, alas ! this sorrow, too, was to come upon the poor Wilsons : their baby girl had been very ill ever since the fire, from the cold and rain to which she had been exposed, and early on the Tuesday morning the little one was taken away to live for ever in heaven.

It was clear that for a while at least the Wilsons must leave Garden River, where they had no longer any home of their own. Mr. Wilson called the Indian children around him, and sadly wished them all good-bye. The poor old chief, Little Pine, was sobbing bitterly as Mr. Wilson bade farewell to him and his brother. And now the steamer, “the big boat,” that was to take them away, had come up to the landing-place, and the mission family stepped on board and were soon carried out of sight of their once happy home.

You may be quite sure, however, that the Wilsons did not, during their absence, forget the needs of the

Indian children. They told the sad story of their loss to friends both in England and in Canada, and very soon money enough was collected to build a new Home, larger and better than the one that had been burnt down.

The spot chosen for the second Home was about nine miles distant from Garden River, on the shores of the river that joins the two great lakes—Superior and Huron. The being so near to a river was a great advantage, because, since the roads in that part of Canada are very rough, and the nearest railway station is more than a hundred miles away, by far the easiest way of getting to the Home is by steamer. This is in the summer time, for from December to May the lakes are usually frozen over, and all supplies and all home letters have to be brought over the snow and ice for miles on sledges drawn by dogs or ponies.

People who know this climate well say that the long hard winter is really the pleasantest season of the year—better than the short summer, when you are tormented by insects and half suffocated by the heat. It is true that now and then the house may be almost buried by some unusually heavy snow-storm, and the driving snow find its way through the cracks into the rooms; true, that sometimes the frost is so severe as to freeze the chairs to the floor; but then if the days are cold they are generally bright and sunny, and what with skating and sledging and walking on snow shoes, there are plenty of ways of keeping one's self warm; so in spite of all disagreeables it may

fairly be said that in Canada the winter is a pleasant time!

The short summer must be taken advantage of for all missionary journeys up the lake by boat or canoe. Now, too, is the time for harvesting, when all hands are needed in the fields, so in July the Home is closed, and the children sent off on their long summer holiday.

But I am telling you of the holidays too soon, and must go back to the summer day in 1875, when the second Home was opened. There are two Homes now, one for boys and one for girls, and both are built of stone instead of wood, so that there is less danger than formerly of fire. The boys' Home is called "The Shingwauk Home," after the father of the old chief "Little Pine," while the girls' Home has been called after the name of another Indian chief, "The Wawanosh Home."

The Shingwauk Home has a farm belonging to it, which is managed by the boys themselves, under the direction of a farm-man. Besides their regular lessons, the boys are each one taught a trade; some are trained to be carpenters, some tailors, some shoemakers, and as soon as they are fit for it, they are placed out as apprentices with the white work-people in the nearest town.

Two of the elder boys have already left the Home, and gone to teach Indian schools. It is hoped that when they are old enough they will become clergymen, and go out as missionaries among their heathen fellow-countrymen. One little fellow, called Benjamin,

is learning to be a doctor, and a very great blessing it will be to the Indians to have a really good doctor among them.

All the washing and mending for the two Homes are done by the girls, and in this, as in many other ways, the one Home helps the other. Just lately some fowls have been bought for the girls' Home; and it is proposed that the little girls should have the whole charge of these fowls, and be allowed to sell the chickens and eggs, and that whatever money is raised in this way should go to the support of some other little Indian girl at the Home. What an interest all the children will take in the new-comer whom they have helped to provide for. We may be sure that they will do their very best for her; but as their earnings alone would not be sufficient to clothe and feed her, it is hoped that some band of little white children will join together to help them.

What will become of these little Indian girls when they leave the Wawanosh Home? Some of them will go into service, some will become needle-women, some perhaps teachers, while most of them will, it is hoped, marry and have comfortable homes of their own, where they will be able to teach their children all the good ways that they themselves were taught. There are now from fifty to sixty boys in the Shingwauk Home, and about twenty girls in the Wawanosh.

Some of the children have very long, strange-sounding names, which we should be puzzled to pronounce. For instance, here is a boy with eighteen

letters in his name *Ahzhahwushkokeyhik*. The meaning of all this long word is "Blue Sky," and it is very general for these Indian names to have some pretty meaning, such as, "Thunder in the South," "Brought on the Stream," "Sun-like face." Still, as English people find it very difficult to remember these Indian names, it has been thought best to give the children, when they come to be baptized, some English name, such as Benjamin, William, Esther, and the like.

There is a boat belonging to the Home named "The Missionary," and a certain number of the elder boys are chosen out as sailors to manage the boat and to go with Mr. Wilson on his missionary voyages. Sometimes they are away for days together, spending the whole day on the lake or river, and camping at night round a fire in the forest, or under the open sky. Such an out-door life is just what the Indian boys are accustomed to, and they delight in it.

These journeys are undertaken in order that Mr. Wilson may make friends with the heathen tribes scattered about and beyond the shores of the great lake, and perhaps persuade one or two of the chiefs to send their children to be trained at the Home. For this purpose he travels many hundreds of miles in his good little boat, "The Missionary;" for you must remember that Lake Superior is very different from any of our English or Scotch lakes. We call it a *lake*, but it is more like a sea; from the middle of it no land is to be seen, nothing but water on every side, and

in the times of the autumn storms it is as rough and dangerous as the sea itself. But perhaps you will better understand its immense size when I tell you that the whole of England might be sunk in Lake Superior, and nothing more be seen of it except the mountain tops!

Sometimes Mr. Wilson meets with a very unfriendly welcome from the wild Indian tribes; sometimes the chief will forbid him to speak to the people, but when this happens, Mr. Wilson signals to the boys he has brought with him to begin singing a hymn, and the sound of the Indian words—words which they can all understand—will draw the attention of the crowd, and make them more inclined to listen to what the stranger has to tell them.

On one of these missionary journeys Mr. Wilson and his boys visited a settlement of heathen Indians on the shores of Lake Neepigon, a small lake to the north of Lake Superior. The Indians watched their landing, and the chief stepped forward to welcome Mr. Wilson, saying to him that he was "the white teacher," for whom they had so long been looking.

The chief then explained that more than thirty years ago his father had met with a good, kind, white man, and that this man had told him that he and his people ought to give up their wandering life and build themselves houses; and he had promised to send them a missionary, "a black coat," as the Indians say, to teach them the good and the right

way. So the old chief went back to his people, and told them all that the "white chief" had said to him, and commanded them not to travel about as the other Indians did, but to clear the ground, and to plant potatoes and to build log houses like the white settlers.

All this the Indians did ; but more than this they could not do without some one to teach them, and though they waited patiently year after year, the teacher never came. At last the old man died, commanding his people, as he lay dying, to wait for the coming of the teacher, to receive him well, and to ask him to open a school among them.

Thirty-three years had passed, and now at last the desire of these Indians was fulfilled—the teacher had come. "We now welcome you," said the chief to Mr. Wilson, "as the English teacher that our father told us to look for."

Earnestly the Indians listened as Mr. Wilson talked to them of the Great Father in heaven, and of the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world.

Next morning when the missionary party was obliged to leave, the chief came up, leading his son, a bright-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, and after tenderly wishing him good-bye, gave him to Mr. Wilson to go back with him to the Home, and be brought up as a Christian. "I know I shall lie awake at night and grieve for the loss of my boy," said the father, "but it is right that he should go."

Little Frederick, as he was named, soon became

very happy in the Home, and he was of such a sweet, gentle nature, that he grew to be a general favourite. He was quick at his lessons too, and it seemed likely that when he was old enough he might go back to help and to teach his own people.

But it was not in this way that God saw fit that little Frederick should help his people. Before he had been a year in the Home he fell ill, and though, when the winter was past, he recovered slightly, he soon became worse again, and about the middle of May he died. The Indian boys lovingly took their part in nursing him, and sitting up with him at nights. He was very patient all through his illness, repeating what his father had said, that it had been his grandfather's wish that he should do what the English teacher told him.

He was often heard repeating over to himself some of the Bible verses he had been taught, such as: "Suffer the little children," and "God so loved the world." Once he tried hard to say the Lord's prayer, but he was too weak and ill to remember it all, and at the words, "As it is in heaven," he stopped short and said in his broken English—"Can't say my Father, too much run away me."

Later on Mr. Wilson asked him, "Who was it that died on the Cross for us, Frederick?" It was a moment before he seemed quite to understand the question, and then he answered clearly and distinctly, "Jesus Christ."

The poor father had been sent for, but could not arrive in time, and half-way on his journey a letter

from Mr. Wilson met him, telling him the sad news of his child's death.

In reply he dictated a letter in which he said to Mr. Wilson : " My heart is sore, I feel very sorry for what has happened ; I do not blame anybody about the death of my boy, but I am happy for the care you have taken of him. I am very sick at heart. After what has happened," he added, " I do not think any of the Neepigon Indians will let their children go to the Home." But he was still as anxious as ever that Mr. Wilson should come to them, and set up a " teaching wigwam " or school among them ; and he signed himself, " your friend who loves you."

Some months later the father himself came to the Home, earnestly beseeching that his wish might be granted, and some one be sent to Neepigon to teach the Indians of Him who had been the dearest Friend and Saviour of the dying boy. The father was assured that the wants of his people had not been forgotten, that Mr. Wilson himself had longed to come to them ; but he was lying ill, and had been obliged to leave all his work for a while.

At last, however, a clergyman was found, not to live with them altogether, but to pay them long visits ; and it was further arranged that one of the boys from the Home, Joseph Esquimaux, should go too, as schoolmaster, and be left at Neepigon to take care of the mission when the clergyman was obliged to leave.

The last accounts from Neepigon have been full of encouragement—a little, plain, wooden church has

been built by the Indians themselves, on a terrace overlooking the lake, and there Sunday by Sunday the Indians gather together to hear more of that God Who, as little Frederick's favourite verse says, "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

At the end of the missionary's first visit he was able to baptize nineteen Indians, and among them Frederick's father. When he came back the second time, he found that ninety-seven people, old and young, had given in their names to Joseph as anxious to come to his school in the winter. Four more Indians came forward to be baptized: two of these were an old woman of ninety, with her daughter; the others were a young, newly-married husband and wife, just beginning life together. Frederick's father and some other of the Christian Indians were present at this service, and acted as godfathers and godmothers to the newly baptized.

There is much in the story of the Neepigon Indians to call for thankfulness and praise. Even the death of little Frederick, who now is not, "for God took him," has been by God's blessing a means of good. "We feel sure," writes one of the missionaries, "that by God's wise ordering, the death of the boy in the faith of Christ will yet be the life of his tribe, and also of a great many besides!"

The Indian Homes have had many difficulties and drawbacks since first they were started, but through it all they have persevered, and already

there are bright signs that all this loving, patient work has not been in vain.

It is very encouraging to see the difference between the wild, dirty looks of the children when first they are brought to the Home, and their bright, intelligent appearance, when they have been in it some little time.

It is encouraging, too, to think of all the seeds of good that these children must carry with them when they return to their distant homes, and to feel that in this way the good influence of the Home reaches out to many beyond the children who are trained in it, for as it has been truly said, "They who care for the children care for the nation."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.

“To the shore
The natives thronged ; astonished they behold
Our wingèd barks, and gaze with wonderment
On the strange garb, the bearded countenance,
And the white skin ; in all unlike themselves.
I see with what inquiring eyes you ask
What men were they—of dark-brown colour, tinged
With sunny redness ?”

—SOUTHEY'S *Madoc*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.

ABOUT five and twenty years ago notice was given of a missionary meeting to be held in a little country village somewhere in England. When the evening came the weather was so bad that only very few people ventured out, and it was proposed to put off the meeting. The missionary thought, however, that those who had made the effort to come ought not to be disappointed, and he gave his lecture.

Among the listeners that evening was a young man named William Duncan. What he then heard interested him so much that he made up his mind to offer himself as a missionary.

He was accepted, and sent to a missionary college near London, to be trained for the work which he had undertaken.

The time of preparation was coming to an end, when Mr. Duncan was told that it had been decided to send him out to take charge of a new mission on the western shores of North America, and that he must be ready to leave England in little more than a week.

British Columbia, to which Mr. Duncan was now

to be sent, is that part of North America which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Compared with the size of the rest of America, British Columbia does not look much more than a narrow strip, but in reality it is as large as France. It is a pleasant country, too,—not cold like Greenland, or hot like Africa, but like our own temperate England, neither too hot nor too cold. It is a very rainy country, and perhaps some people will say that in this too it is like England; indeed we may fairly say that it is much worse, for certainly there is no part of England of which it can be said, as is said of part of British Columbia, that it rains there for ten months out of the twelve!

British Columbia, although a beautiful and a fertile country—a country of woods and lakes and rivers—was very little known by white men until about fifty years ago, when gold was discovered there. At once there was a rush of miners from all parts of the world, who hoped to make a fortune in the gold diggings of British Columbia.

But the miners were not the only inhabitants of the country: there were also the natives, the Red Indians.

The poor Indians looked with awe and astonishment upon all the wonderful inventions the white people brought with them, their steamers, and guns and gunpowder. But unhappily they gained more harm than good from the coming of the stronger and more civilised white men; they soon learned to imitate many of the worst habits of the miners.

Drunkenness, which before was unknown amongst them, now became only too common, and this great evil brought with it many others. The respectable white settlers would now have nothing more to do with the Indians, and tried to keep them altogether out of the towns, and thus their state was becoming year by year more sad.

It was just at this time that an English man-of-war was ordered out to British Columbia. The commander of the ship, Admiral Prevost, was filled with pity at the sight of the poor neglected Indians, and on his return home he went to the Church Missionary Society, and told them that if they would provide a missionary for British Columbia, he would undertake to give him a free passage out in his ship. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Duncan, the young missionary-student of whom we have already spoken, was made choice of for the work.

There was no time to be lost, and in the last month of the year 1856, ten days only after he had received the summons, Mr. Duncan set out on his long six months' voyage to British Columbia. Fort Simpson, the place where Mr. Duncan spent the first four years of his missionary life, is close to the sea, in the northern part of the country. There are about twenty houses all standing near to one another, belonging to English people who have to do with the fur trade, and here it was that Mr. Duncan lodged.

On each side of the houses of the white settlers, stretching in one straight row all along the sea-beach,

are some two hundred and fifty wooden houses occupied by the Indians. This Indian camp was Mr. Duncan's parish, these were the people he had come out to work amongst.

Only two days after his arrival at Fort Simpson Mr. Duncan saw a terrible sight on the beach, just in front of him, which must have made his heart sink. A noisy crowd of Indians, with faces painted and feathers on their heads, came rushing wildly past, led by two naked savages. Beating their drums, and uttering horrible yells, the crowd rushed down to the seashore and there began to hunt about for something. By and by they seemed to have found what they were seeking, and now Mr. Duncan could see that what they had got was the dead body of a man, and that they were tearing it to pieces as a pack of wolves might have done. Mr. Duncan turned away from the awful sight in horror and disgust; he now knew that the people among whom he had come to live and work were not savages only, but *cannibals*, eaters of human flesh.

Did it not seem a hopeless task to win such fierce, savage creatures, more like wild animals than men, to listen to the message the missionary had come to tell? How would their rough, ignorant minds ever understand it? and even if they understood it, what hope would there be of their forsaking their old savage habits, and living in peace? and what could one Christian man do among such a host of heathen! But Mr. Duncan, like King Jehoshaphat of old, strengthened himself with the thought that the battle

was not man's but God's, and that the power of the Cross of Christ was able to raise up even these poor savages out of their miserable condition, and make them fit to be partakers of God's glorious kingdom.

And so this fearful deed—and it was not the only one of the kind that he saw during the first few months after his arrival—instead of disheartening Mr. Duncan, only made him resolve with the deeper earnestness to persevere in the great work he had undertaken.

For the present, however, he could only stand by and watch in silence, for he was unable to speak to the Indians until he had learned something of their language. This he now set himself to do with the greatest diligence. He got an Indian, named Clah, who understood English, to be his teacher. Taking an English dictionary, he wrote out several of the most necessary words, and made Clah tell him the Indian names for them. In this way he found at the end of two or three months that he had learned several hundred Indian words, and was even able to write out easy sentences.

All this time, too, he was getting to know more of the ways and habits of the Indians. He found that they were not all cannibal, though there was a large party among them known as the "man-eaters," and a second party known as the "dog-eaters." He found too that there were in every tribe a certain number of *medicine-men*.

These "medicine-men" are not, as you might perhaps suppose from the name, doctors, but more what

we should call conjurors or "witch-doctors;" they are supposed to have the power of making rain and drought, of charming people, of causing and removing misfortune, and the like. Naturally, therefore, they are very much feared by the poor, ignorant Indians, and have a great deal of power over them; and, as we shall see, these "medicine-men" were able to cause Mr. Duncan a great deal of trouble. The autumn is the favourite season with the medicine-men, when they are most busy with their magic and their cruel, horrible practices. It happened to be October when Mr. Duncan first arrived at Fort Simpson, so that he very soon had, as we have seen, an opportunity of seeing them at their dark heathen work.

In January, when the fishing season was over, and a heavy fall of snow kept the Indians more indoors than usual, Mr. Duncan took Clah with him, and paid a long round of visits. He went into not less than a hundred and forty houses, and was well received in them all; but he owns that the first sight of these painted, half-naked savages, sitting round their fires, was very alarming to him. Everybody talked at once, and the noise was deafening for a while; then there would come a sudden hush, and they would all turn and stare at Mr. Duncan, nodding at him and smiling, and saying in low tones, "Good, kind person, good chief."

This friendliness on the side of the Indians was a very good sign, but it was not possible to get much beyond this until Mr. Duncan was able to speak to them in their own language. At last, after eight

months' patient work, he felt that he might now make his first attempt.

With Clah's help he wrote out a very plain sermon in Indian, and one Saturday in June he sent round to nine of the principal chiefs and asked if they would call their people together next day, and let him come and speak to them. All the chiefs were willing to do what was asked, and next morning Mr. Duncan took Clah with him and went to the house of one of the chiefs. Here he found everything prepared, and about a hundred people waiting to hear him.

At the sight of so large a number come "for the first time," as he himself says, "to hear the Gospel tidings," Mr. Duncan's courage almost gave way, and he began to think whether it might not be better to speak in English and get Clah to interpret for him; but Clah himself was so nervous and frightened that Mr. Duncan soon saw he must trust to himself and do the best he could. Telling the Indians to shut the door, he knelt down and prayed silently to God to be with him, and then he began to read his sermon.

The people all listened quietly and attentively, and made no difficulty about kneeling down, as Mr. Duncan asked them to do, while he prayed. They said little, but Clah said he could tell from their looks that they had understood what they heard, and felt it to be good. From this house Mr. Duncan went on to the next, and there again read his sermon and prayed, and after this he went to each of the remaining seven houses.

In one house he found as many as two hundred people waiting to hear him, and in none were there fewer than fifty. They all behaved reverently and paid great attention, and at the end of the long day Mr. Duncan could write with thankfulness: "About eight or nine hundred souls in all have heard me speak; and a great number of them, I feel certain, have understood the message. May the Lord make it the beginning of great good for this pitiable and long-lost people!"

A few days later Mr. Duncan went round to all the chiefs who had lent him their houses, and made each one of them some little present as a mark of his gratitude. The presents themselves were very trifling—some caps and other articles of clothing that had come out from England—but the chiefs were much pleased to find that their friendliness had not been forgotten.

The next step was to open a school, and one of the chiefs, named Legaic, agreed to let his house be used as a schoolroom. The Indians seemed to understand that a great part of the white men's power came from their books and their learning; they thought that if they had the same learning they too might be powerful; and so it happened that on the day of the opening he found fourteen or fifteen grown-up men and women for his scholars, as well as the fifty children. It had been arranged that the children should come in the morning, and the grown-up people in the afternoon, but the elders, though very anxious to learn—were a little shy about coming,

and at last the master of the house and his wife seemed to think that their best plan was to come in the mornings with the children.

When the school had been at work for nearly three months Mr. Duncan began to think of building a separate school-house. A piece of ground was chosen, close to the house of the chief Legaic, and the work was begun. The Indians took a great deal of pride in it, and not only did they give their work, but they offered, quite of themselves, to provide the wood for the roof and flooring, and those who were too poor to give in any other way took the planks from their own houses and even the very boards they used as their beds, and brought them to Mr. Duncan.

With so many willing workers the building was very quickly finished and furnished, and in two months' time the new school was opened, and counted on its books fifty grown-up people, and a hundred and forty children.

All seemed to be going on most successfully, and two or three of the chiefs had been so much impressed with Mr. Duncan's teaching that they declared openly that they did not mean to have anything more to do with the medicine-men and their magic. It was natural enough, therefore, that the medicine-men should wish to do all in their power to ruin the school, for they knew well that as soon as the Indians began to believe Mr. Duncan's teaching, all their power would be gone.

Even Legaic, the chief who up till now had shown

himself so friendly, became timid and uneasy. The medicine-season had now come round again, and one day Legaic came to Mr. Duncan and begged him to close his school for a month, or at least for a fortnight, just while the medicine season lasted—giving as a reason for his request that the passing to and fro of the children disturbed him and his companions at their work.

If it had been only a matter of obliging Legaic, Mr. Duncan would very gladly have done as he wished, but he saw clearly that his closing the school just at this time would be looked upon by the Indians as an encouragement of the medicine-work. He therefore told the chief that he could not do it. At this Legaic grew furious, and threatened to shoot any of the children who dared to come, but still Mr. Duncan remained firm.

The next day school was held as usual in the morning. In the afternoon, just when the scholars were collecting, Legaic and six other medicine-men, all painted and decked out in feathers, burst into the schoolroom, while a number more hung about the door. In angry tones Legaic bade all the children leave the school.

At this Mr. Duncan stepped forward and boldly asked the chief what he meant to do. Legaic was nearly mad with rage; he shouted, stamped upon the ground, and threatened to kill Mr. Duncan, unless he promised to close his school for at least four days. Here was Mr. Duncan helpless and alone, among a crew of savages who had it in their power to kill

him; still the young missionary was not to be frightened out of doing his duty. He calmly told the angry chiefs that God was his Master, and that he must obey God rather than them; that these customs of theirs were evil, and that he had come to teach them a better way. Then the chief, pointing to himself and two of his companions, said—"I am a murderer, and so are you and you, and what good is it for us to come to school?" Seizing hold of this opportunity Mr. Duncan told them that there was pardon even for murderers, if they would but turn to their Saviour for forgiveness, and seek to lead better lives in the time to come.

For more than an hour Legaic and his followers stayed in the room, then finding that all their threats were powerless to frighten Mr. Duncan, they all went off, leaving Mr. Duncan astonished and thankful at having escaped unhurt. He did not know until afterwards that he owed his life to the Indian Clah.

Clah was a heathen still, like all his countrymen, but he had grown fond of Mr. Duncan, and was determined to stand by him. Fearing some mischief that afternoon he had come into the school, carrying a pistol hidden under the blanket, which, Indian fashion, he wore over his shoulders. He placed himself close behind Mr. Duncan, unseen by him, but facing all the chiefs. Legaic quickly found out what Clah was holding in his hand, and from that moment he dared not harm Mr. Duncan, and could only hope to frighten him.

After this stormy afternoon the school was

allowed to go on peaceably, though in a different house; and by and by it became clear that the power of the medicine-men had been a good deal shaken, and that several of the chiefs who up to this time had been hesitating which side to take, were now encouraged to give up the medicine-work altogether.

All these things took place just about Christmas time. On Christmas eve Mr. Duncan begged his scholars to bring as many of their friends with them as they could next day, as he wanted to tell them something new. More than two hundred came, and after the school children had sung some hymns, Mr. Duncan spoke to all the people in Indian, and tried to make them understand why Christians kept this day holy, and to tell them something of the kindness and love of God in sending His Son into the world to die for our sins. So Christmas was kept for the first time among the Indians of Fort Simpson !

Mr. Duncan now knew enough Indian to be able to hold regular services every Sunday for as many as liked to come. In the course of a year or two there grew to be as many as two or three hundred regular church-goers, and the English settlers used to say that there was something very homelike in the sight of the tidily dressed families going to and from service. The services were of course as plain as possible. Old hymns were sung over, and new ones explained and learned. A short address was given, and questions were put as to what had already been taught.

A good deal of Mr. Duncan's time was taken up in visiting the sick. The Indian doctors understand very little about illness, and make more use of charms than of medicines, so Mr. Duncan found that both the sick people themselves and their friends were very grateful to him for any advice and help he was able to give.

On going one evening to take some medicine to a sick man, Mr. Duncan found the house full of strange Indians from a village about eighty miles distant. He longed to say something that these strangers might carry away with them in their hearts, but for some time he felt himself unable to begin. He secretly prayed to God to teach him what to say, and at last the right moment seemed to come, and he began to tell them of the heavenly message that he had come to make known to the Indians.

They listened with interest, and while he was speaking one man exclaimed several times, "Good news! good news!" and at the end another said, "It is true!" Mr. Duncan could only pray that God would bless the words spoken, and make them as seeds of good, sown in the hearts of the hearers.

One of the worst evils against which Mr. Duncan had to struggle was the drunkenness that was becoming year by year more common among the Indians. At last it was increasing so fast that the chiefs themselves began to see the evil of it, and to feel that Mr. Duncan was quite right in fighting against it as he did. They talked the matter over, and agreed that they would follow Mr. Duncan's

example and "speak strong" against this great evil.

But the best proof of all, that they really intended to learn better ways, was that several of them began coming to the school. The first to come was the fierce Legaic, who, though he had come for a time when first the school was opened, had never been since his violent quarrel with Mr. Duncan, three months before.

"The head chief," writes Mr. Duncan, "was at school to-day; his looks show that he well remembers his past base conduct, but I try to disregard the past, and show him equal kindness with the rest."

As the work went on, Mr. Duncan was able to trace a very real improvement in both the minds and bodies of his scholars. He saw with satisfaction that many among them had ceased to paint their faces and to wear the hideous nose-rings and lip-rings which they used to be so fond of. They were more tidily dressed, and better still, they were beginning to show by their more peaceable and industrious behaviour that all the teaching they had had was not thrown away upon them.

The Indians were, on the whole, very ready pupils, learning easily, and remembering what they learned; and when at the end of nearly four years a clergyman came for a short time to Fort Simpson, there were more than twenty Indians whom Mr. Duncan thought fit in all ways to be baptized.

For a long time past Mr. Duncan had earnestly wished to persuade as many of the Indians as he

could, to separate themselves altogether from their heathen companions, and to follow him to some spot where they might found a Christian village of their own. The place he had thought of as suitable for this purpose was called Metlakahtla. It was about twenty miles distant from Fort Simpson, a pretty sheltered spot, standing on a bay of the sea.

Mr. Duncan felt that those who were already half inclined to become Christians would find it less hard to keep to the right when they were no longer living within sight and sound of all the old evil heathen customs; and besides this, there were many other reasons which made him anxious to leave Fort Simpson.

Several of the Indians were pleased with Mr. Duncan's plan, and promised that they would go with him; but when they learned the rules of the new settlement, some of them hesitated. No Indians were to be allowed to come to Metlakahtla who would not promise to give up all medicine-work and magic, to be clean, to leave off painting their faces, to give up drinking and gambling, to keep the Sunday holy, to be honest and industrious, and to send their children to school.

Some of these rules were very hard for an Indian to keep; it was hard to give up the customs to which they had been accustomed all their life long; it was hard to have to part—as some of those who had heathen relations were now obliged to part—with all their property; but yet when in the spring of 1863 Mr. Duncan set out in his canoe for the new home

that was to be, he found fifty of the Indians ready to follow him.

There was everything to do at Metlakahtla: houses to be built, gardens to be laid out, and roads to be made. Wooden houses do not take so long to build, however, as our stone ones; under Mr. Duncan's leadership the Indians worked with a good will, and by the end of the autumn the new village began to present quite a homelike, English appearance, with its two streets of tidily built houses facing the sea, each house standing in its own bit of garden.

In the middle of the village was the church—at that time only a plain wooden building, used on week days for a school—but now a large handsome building with spire and belfry, big enough to hold more than seven hundred people. Year by year some new building is added, some fresh improvement made, so that travellers who now visit Metlakahtla are suprised and delighted by the thriving appearance of this Indian village.

But we are going on too far, and must turn back to the first year of the new settlement. Six weeks after Mr. Duncan had left Fort Simpson, he had the pleasure of welcoming three hundred more of his old friends, who had at last made up their minds to turn their backs upon heathenism and to begin a different and a better life at Metlakahtla; and from this time there was always a steady stream of new settlers coming to make themselves citizens of Metlakahtla; more especially at the time of the new year.

All through the winter Mr. Duncan was diligently

teaching his people, and when in the spring of 1863 the Bishop of British Columbia came to Metlakahtla, there were fifty-six grown-up persons waiting to be baptized, besides fourteen little children. The bishop spent the whole of one day from early morning until late at night, and great part of the next, in examining those who wished to be baptized; and he was much touched by the deep earnestness of their manner, and the simple truthfulness of their answers.

Amongst those who came to be baptized was Mr. Duncan's old teacher Clah, and the great chief Legaic. For long Legaic had hesitated whether to come out from Fort Simpson or not. At last he made up his mind to give up everything, and to go and join the Christians at Metlakahtla. His heathen friends followed him to his new home, entreating him to come back and be their chief once more, and promising him large gifts if only he would return. While some of his friends held out such bright hopes of the advantages he would gain by returning, others of them mocked at him and tried to laugh him out of his determination.

Legaic was sorely tempted, but he stood firm; and passionate though he had been in old days, he now bore with patience all the angry words of his former friends. The remembrance of his past sins weighed heavily upon his mind, and he heartily desired to lead a better life. "I pray God," said he to the bishop, "to wipe out my sins; strengthen me to do right: I want to take hold of God, am anxious to

walk in God's ways all my life. I think we have not strength of ourselves."

He was baptized by the name of Paul, and Mr. Duncan was full of hope that he would keep the solemn promises he had now made. But how true it is that we "have not strength of ourselves." Only a short time after his baptism Legaic called his friends together on the seashore and told them sadly that he felt he must go back to his old life at Fort Simpson. With tears in his eyes he told them that he knew it to be wrong, but he could not help it, he was "pulled away." Sorrowfully they stood watching him as he sailed away in his canoe: yet there was a secret hope in their hearts that he would come back again.

The next morning, to the joy of all the village, his canoe was seen returning. Legaic went straight to Mr. Duncan's house, told him with bitter tears what a night of suffering he had passed—doubting whether to turn back or go forward—and humbly entreated to be pardoned and received once more.

From this time Legaic wavered no more. He set himself to learn carpentering and settled down peaceably at Metlakahtla. He became Mr. Duncan's right hand, his helper in all good works, a true missionary among his heathen countrymen. Having been so great a chief, he still had great power among them; and he was not ashamed to speak boldly even to those who had known all the evil of his past life.

More than once he visited Fort Simpson and spoke to his old friends there. To those chiefs who made

answer that they were too old and too sinful to change their lives, Paul Legaic replied, "I am a chief; you know I have been bad, very bad, as bad as any one here. I have grown old in sin, but God has changed my heart, and He can change yours. Nothing is impossible with God. Come to God; try His way, He can save you."

Those who remembered this man's life in times past, how he had murdered both men and women, and boasted openly of the number of lives he had taken,—those who remembered how he had fought against the missionary, and threatened to kill him and his scholars if he went on with his teaching, heard with glad wonder that "he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."

For six years Paul Legaic went on steadily in well-doing. At the end of that time he was taken ill, while on a journey, and died at Fort Simpson. His only trouble was that he could not say good-bye to Mr. Duncan, who had, as Legaic says in a little letter he wrote to him from his sick-bed, "showed him the ladder that reaches to heaven." "And I am on that ladder now," adds the dying chief.

Those who watched beside him said, that during his illness he often declared that one of the blessings for which he had most cause to be thankful was, that God had kept back his hand from hurting Mr. Duncan at the time when he had meant to kill him.

Such is the story of Paul Legaic, once a fierce and passionate savage, brought up to a life of sin and wickedness; yet by the grace of God, this man was brought from darkness to light; by God's grace he forsook the evil customs that were so dear to him, he fought manfully against temptation, and gave himself up, body and soul, to be no longer the servant of sin, but to be the faithful servant of Christ.

One of the most encouraging things about the Metlakahtla Indians was the excellence of their behaviour when they were away from home. "Wherever they go they carry their religion with them," it was said of them. And Mr. Duncan heard with pleasure that when they were out on fishing expeditions the Metlakahtla Indians always kept Sundays holy, no matter what others might do. They met together to hold service among themselves, and did what they could to persuade the heathen Indians to come and join them.

An English friend of Mr. Duncan's describes a river-journey he made alone, with a party of Metlakahtla Indians, to visit a mission about seventy miles distant. They were to go by water all the way in a boat rowed by the Indians. At last after a long day's journey they landed, and prepared to spend the night out in the forest by the side of the river.

After supper the Indians sat round the fire for a long time, laughing and talking. By and by all were quiet, and the Englishman fancied they were growing sleepy. But no; a few moments later he saw that the whole party was kneeling bare-headed round the

fire, reverently listening while one of the number repeated a prayer. Then all the voices joined, and though the words were Indian, the Englishman could make out that they were saying "Our Father"—that prayer which is used by all Christ's people scattered throughout the whole world.

Much more might be told of this Indian village, but I must hasten on to describe a very eventful visit that was paid it a few years ago, in the summer of 1878. Perhaps you have forgotten the name of Admiral Prevost, the good sailor who first interested himself in the Indians of Fort Simpson, and who brought Mr. Duncan out in his ship. At any rate, the Indians had not forgotten him; many among them had themselves felt his kindness, others had heard of it from their friends, so that though Admiral Prevost had not been in the country for sixteen or seventeen years—since before the move to Metlakahtla—his coming was looked forward to by all like the coming of a dear friend.

At Fort Simpson the Admiral found Mr. Duncan waiting with a boat to take him to Metlakahtla. The boat was rowed by sixteen Indians, and out of those sixteen nine were formerly, as Admiral Prevost himself knew, medicine-men and cannibals. There, standing upon that very beach twenty-five years before, the sin and misery which he then saw around him had first made him wish to send a missionary to these poor heathen; and now, what a blessed change he beheld!

As they neared the village they saw that it was all

hung with flags, and gaily decorated; while on the mission-house the motto was displayed, "A real welcome to Metlakahtla." In spite of the rain, nearly the whole village was collected round the landing-place to receive their honoured guest.

When the Admiral had reached the mission-house, the band played, and all the people joined in singing a hymn. In the evening, service was held in the church, and Admiral Prevost gave an address. "It was an evening never to be forgotten," writes the Admiral. "After twenty-five years' absence God had brought me back again face to face with those tribes amongst whom I had witnessed only bloodshed and cannibalism. Now they were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. The very churchwarden, dear old Peter Simpson, who opened the church door for me, was the chief of one of the cannibal tribes."

You can easily fancy how much there was for the Admiral to do and see during his month's stay at Metlakahtla. He must see the church and the little graveyard where Paul Legaic lies buried; the market-house, too, and the saw-mill, and the different workshops. Then he must visit the sick, and see the insides of these tidy-looking wooden houses.

One evening he was invited by a carpenter to come to his house and hear him play upon a little organ which he had bought at the capital. The man played, and his wife stood by his side singing many of our well-known hymns. Wonderful indeed was the sight to one who remembered what an Indian

hut used to be like—bare, comfortless, dirty; the inmates sitting idly round the fire, or perhaps busied in the horrible medicine-work, which so often led to quarrelling, and even to murder.

A great many holidays and treats were given in honour of Admiral Prevost's visit. One day he himself took the five little girls who were being brought up in the mission-house, for a pic-nic on one of the islands opposite. They spent the afternoon in picking berries, and came home by moonlight—a very merry party.

Another day, when at last the rain had stopped, the Admiral invited the whole village to a feast. Tables were spread on the green in front of the church, and after the tea was over there was plenty of play and singing, until nine o'clock at night, when the gathering broke up with hearty cheers for the giver of the feast.

One wet evening not long after the Admiral's arrival, all the men of the place met together in the schoolroom to hear an address from him, and to speak their own words of welcome. One of the speakers said, "As children rejoice to see a father, so we rejoice to see you." Another said, "It is wonderful to see what changes have come among us since your last visit; we think of your good work, and we are amazed. If it shall be so that you leave this world before us to see God, remember we are trying to follow you."

The Indians had not forgotten their old wild ways before Mr. Duncan came to live among them. "What

we once were is known to you," said another, "for you saw our state. We profited by your visit, but you suffered by us. Which of us is not now ashamed when we see your face again, and remember the injuries we did to you?" And Peter, the old churchwarden, added, "We know God put it into your heart to come here. God bless you for coming."

But to Admiral Prevost the happiest days of all at Metlakahtla were the quiet, peaceful Sundays, when all the work of the busy week was laid aside, and at the sound of the church bell, the whole village, men and women and little children, came together to worship God and to hear His Word in the church which they had themselves built.

And now this long story of the Metlakahtla mission must come to an end, though much might yet be told. In the history of this mission we see how Christ's last command was faithfully obeyed, and His Gospel preached to every creature, and here too we see how Christ works with and encourages His servants, blessing their humble efforts abundantly above all that they have ever ventured to ask or to think.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

“Thou shalt never behold the golden city which is on earth, where heathens worship sun, and moon, and the hosts of heaven : be content, therefore, to see that Golden City which is above, where is neither sun, nor moon, but the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof.”

—KINGSLEY'S *Westward Ho.*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

WHEN first the New World was discovered, more than three hundred years ago, many were the strange tales that travellers brought home concerning these unknown lands. And of no part of the world were stranger tales told than of that corner of South America which we call *Guiana*. Explorers who forced their way through the spreading forests to the far interior, brought back reports of a city standing on the shores of a lake—a city of gold! The walls of the houses were covered with gold, the vessels in the emperor's palace were all of gold and silver; the men of the country carried bows made of gold, and even their naked bodies were sprinkled over with gold dust.

Such were the wonders of which the inhabitants of *Guiana* spoke to the English and Spanish travellers who visited their land, and many a brave band of discoverers went forth to seek for the Golden City, standing in the midst of *El Dorado* or the Golden Land. Once indeed some English sailors declared that they saw “rocks shining with gold,” but though many a long year was spent in searching for *Manoa*

(so the natives called the Golden City), it was never found.

So occupied were the early travellers in looking for this fabled city that they scarcely considered the beauty and richness of all the country round them, or thought at all of the natives, except when they needed their help to guide them through the bewildering forests in their useless search for gold.

Guiana is the name given to the strip of land that lies between the two great rivers of South America, the Orinoco and the Amazon.

It was close to the mouth of the Orinoco that Columbus landed when first he set foot on the continent of America, nearly four hundred years ago. In his history of his voyage he says: "I found some lands, the most beautiful in the world, and very full of people." These people Columbus called *Indians*, because, as I told you before, he was firmly persuaded that the country he had discovered was a part of India.

Within the last hundred years strangers from all the ends of the earth have come to work or to settle in Guiana—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen from Europe, Hindus from India, negroes from Africa, Chinese from China; but there are still plenty of Indians to be found dwelling in the forests, on the banks of the great rivers, and there are still some among them who speak the same language and have the same habits and customs, and call themselves by the same names as those half-savage natives whom Columbus met with.

"The most beautiful land in the world," Columbus

called this newly discovered country, and indeed it is a beautiful and a pleasant land. Here it is always summer, and here there are no long, dark evenings, but the days and nights are of equal length all the year round. Ice and snow are quite unknown here, and though at certain seasons much rain falls, there are none of the dark, foggy days that we know so well in England, and as soon as the down-pour is over the sky clears, and the sun shines out brightly again.

An English traveller guards himself from the sun and rain by hat and umbrella; the Indian has no such shelter, nor does he need it, for he has only to cut one of the great palm leaves which grow in all parts of the forest, and he is defended alike against the driving rain and the fierce heat of the sun.

A stranger would soon lose his way in these immense forests, but each path is known to the Indians, and they can readily find their way by a hundred little signs that the white man would never think of noticing. It is often difficult walking along the rough, narrow tracks, scrambling over fallen trees, cutting one's way through low-growing branches covered with closely tangled creepers, wading over some swampy ground, or crossing a river on no safer bridge than the rounded trunk of a tree.

Here and there on some open spot in the midst of a green meadow or by the river-side, will be found an Indian village—a few roughly built huts, resting on wooden posts, and thatched with the great palm leaves I spoke of—but often the traveller may go

the whole day long without ever meeting a human being.

The stillness of the forest around him is broken by the hum of the thousand insects, the cry of the parrots and other brilliantly coloured birds that go flying over head. But hark! what is the sound he hears as of a bell tolling in the far distance? Wondering, he pauses to listen, and now he hears the sound coming nearer, and there flies past him a snow-white bird sounding out his deep, regular note. He is called the "bell-bird," and his clear bell-like note can be heard at three or four miles' distance.

If the traveller is thirsty, he has only to bruise a sort of water-vine which grows plentifully in these forests, and a supply of cool, clear water flows out from it; if he is hungry, he can eat some of the wild fruits which grow over his head. One of the commonest and most useful of these fruits is the *plantain*, of which it has been said, "Roasted, they serve as bread—fried, they are as meat and as fruit—boiled, they are a substitute for potatoes, and beat into a paste they form an excellent pudding." The writer adds, that he himself became so fond of plantains, that he ate them morning, noon, and night, and scarcely needed any other food.

But to return to our traveller: should darkness overtake him the fire-fly, which he will see in almost every bush around him, will be his candle. Let him take one of these tiny shining insects and hold it in his hand, close to his book or paper, and it will give him light enough to read or write by.

But there is one thing our traveller must not do; however tired he may be, he must not lie down to sleep upon the bare ground. Wherever he settles for the night he must first light a fire to scare away the wild beasts—for there are dangerous animals called jaguars prowling about these lovely forests—and then he must take out his hammock and make it fast to the branches of some trees. A hammock is a long, narrow piece of stuff, either woven or netted. The Indians use hammocks always instead of beds, even when they are at home; and in sleeping out of doors it is quite necessary to have one, because if you were to lie on the damp muddy ground you would be in danger of being bitten by some of the terrible serpents that you will hear about you by and by.

The Indians live chiefly upon plaintains and fish, and a kind of plant called cassava, from which their bread is made. They might grow plenty of other things, but they do not care to take the trouble. Sugar grows particularly well in Guiana, and those Hindus and Chinamen and negroes I told you about, have all been brought over from their own countries to work in the sugar plantations.

Separate missionaries have to go to all these different peoples, but it is of the missions to the people of the land, the Indians, that you are now going to hear, and of those Indians in particular who live in British Guiana, and who are therefore under the special care of England.

The Indians are rather shy, and not fond of coming to the town or mixing with the white men, so that

if the missionary is to get at them he must leave the sea-coast and the towns, and go down one of the great rivers, far into the forest.

About forty years ago a young missionary of the name of Brett was set ashore on the banks of the Pomeroon, one of the great rivers of British Guiana. Two or three broken-down huts, and a still more miserable-looking chapel, showed that there had once been a settlement here, but now it was deserted by every one except an old Christian negro woman and her two children.

Just round about the huts a few trees had been cut down, but it was only a little space that was so cleared; behind the huts, and on each side, rose up the mighty wall of forest, in front flowed the river.

Up and down this river canoes were constantly passing, carrying sometimes white men, sometimes negroes, and sometimes Indians. The white men and the negroes would very often stop and come and take part in the prayers which Mr. Brett held every morning and evening in the little ruined chapel; but the Indians would paddle past as quickly and noiselessly as possible, in order to avoid being spoken to.

This was very discouraging. The kind-hearted old African woman "Jeannette" saw Mr. Brett's disappointment, and did all she could to help him by sending her own two children to him to be taught, and by going about and persuading her negro friends, who lived scattered about in the neighbourhood, to send their children as well.

In this way a school of some sort was started; still

this was not exactly what Mr. Brett wanted, for most of the negroes were Christians already, and it was to teach the heathen Indians that he had come. Unhappily the Indians are never very willing to mix with the negroes; then too they looked down upon Mr. Brett, because he was young. They thought that one so young, and who lived in such a miserable house, could have nothing to teach them.

The house, it is true, was no worse than their own huts, but it was not, they seemed to think, as grand as a white man's house ought to be, and indeed when Mr. Brett first took possession it was as dismal-looking a home as well could be. The wooden walls were rough and decayed, the roof was in holes, and when the river was flooded water would come up through the chinks of the floor. One chair, a bench, and a broken table, brought in by the good old Jeannette, was all the furniture to be found in the three rooms. As, however, there was at that time no better place to move to, Mr. Brett set to work to make the best of this one, and with the help of the children he dug a small garden, and planted some flowers and vegetables.

By and by a party of Indians came down into the neighbourhood of the mission to cut palm leaves. Every evening Mr. Brett used to cross the river in his canoe to go and visit them, and talk to their captain. It was discouraging work, for they could neither of them understand much of the other's language, and to all that Mr. Brett said, the chief would answer that "he did not understand;" and

though by slow degrees he and his people became more friendly, they could not be persuaded to visit Mr. Brett, or to come over to church.

One Sunday morning, however, five of them did appear at church, brought there by a negro. All five wore scarlet flannel shirts and high caps made out of palm leaves, and nothing else at all! The behaviour of these strange-looking visitors was very noisy and irreverent, but Mr. Brett knew that too much must not be expected at first from savages and heathens, and he was glad that they should have cared to come to the mission at all. It seemed a hopeful sign, but at the end of two months their work on the river was done and they had gone away out of reach.

The next set of Indians whom Mr. Brett tried to make friends with were even more disappointing than the last. They showed plainly that they had no wish to listen to what the white man had to say, and one of their chiefs said plainly when asked to listen to the Word of God,—“My father knew not your book, and my grandfather knew not your book; they understood more than we, we do not wish to learn what they did not know.”

Time passed on. To the young missionary it seemed as if he had left home and given himself to this work all in vain; he was beginning, too, to feel ill, and though old Jeannette was a most loving nurse, she knew nothing of doctoring, and in this lonely, cheerless spot, there were none of the comforts that a sick man needs.

It happened one day about noon that a strange, pleasant-looking Indian appeared at the door of Mr. Brett's hut; he had with him a little boy about five years old, and, in very imperfect English, the man made Mr. Brett understand that he wanted him to take his little boy and teach him.

At first Mr. Brett could hardly believe he was in earnest, and asked him what had brought him to the mission. The stranger answered that he had heard from some of his countrymen of the new religion that was being offered to the Indians, and was anxious to learn more about it. Afterwards, when Mr. Brett came to know the man better, he found that he had been a sorcerer or *medicine-man*, but that having become disgusted with the dishonest tricks that all these heathen sorcerers practise he had given them up, and now was seeking to know a better and a purer way.

Although they had some difficulty in understanding one another, the hour spent with this man was one of the pleasantest Mr. Brett had known for a long time; and it was with gladness that he heard his visitor promise that he would return soon and bring some of his family with him.

True to his promise he returned in a day or two, bringing with him the little boy and a girl two or three years older. When he was obliged to go away the second time, he left the children behind with Mr. Brett. The little boy was very unhappy for a while, and tried to run away, but finding himself kindly treated, he forgot his troubles, and soon made himself quite at home.

Before long the father came back again, bringing with him his wife and several of her sisters. Other Indians began to follow the example of this family, and soon there were as many as thirty children attending school. On Saturday all the parents used to come up to the mission to spend the Sunday and to go to church, and when they came they would bring with them a plentiful supply of provisions to feed the children during the coming week.

The next year some of the Indians were baptized, and among them our old friend, who received the name of "Cornelius." Cornelius was the first of the Indians to become a Christian, and from the time of his baptism till the day of his death, twenty-eight years later, he "held fast the profession of his faith without wavering," and showed plainly that he was a Christian, not in name only, but in deed and in truth. He would often go with Mr. Brett on his missionary journeys, and now and then he would go by himself to visit some of the scattered Indian families who had hitherto refused to come to the mission.

Before he started on the first of these journeys Mr. Brett wrote out for him in large letters, in the Indian language, our Lord's last command to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Cornelius was to carry this with him, and explain it to the Indians. After nearly a fortnight he came back with twelve men, who soon afterwards brought their families and settled near the mission, in wooden houses which they put up for themselves.

The little settlement by the river-side was now beginning to look much more cheerful. The chapel had been repaired, a new mission-house built, and the old one, after having been done up, was used only as a school-house. The chapel was generally well filled on Sundays, but what pleased Mr. Brett even more than this, was to find out (as he did quite accidentally) that many of the Indians were in the habit of having daily family prayer among themselves in their own language.

The children were not the only scholars whom Mr. Brett had to teach. Many of the grown-up people were very anxious to learn to read and to speak English. What they liked best of all, however, was seeing pictures and having them explained to them. They were particularly interested in some pictures of the ancient Britons. They could hardly believe that there was a time when the great English people had been as fierce and savage as the Indians; but Mr. Brett told them that it was indeed so, and that it had been "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" that had made this great change: that Gospel which was now preached to themselves.

Cornelius was one of those who tried very hard to learn English: by long patience he did at last manage to read it, but not well enough to be able to enjoy it. One day when Mr. Brett went to see him he found him lying in his hammock, spelling out the commandments from a little English prayer-book. He stumbled on till he came to the words, "the

third and fourth generations," and then he stopped and sighed hopelessly.

Mr. Brett laid his hand on his shoulder, and asked if he understood the words he was trying to read. Cornelius started up, and answered that these words were so hard that he could not at all understand them. After some talk, Mr. Brett asked him how it would be if some parts of the Bible and prayer-book could be printed in Indian? Cornelius was delighted with the idea, so Mr. Brett set to work at once to translate the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. These were printed upon a little sheet, and scattered all about the country; and so eagerly were they received that Mr. Brett found some Indians, thirty miles away, who had learned them by heart already, before any missionary had ever come to teach them.

Encouraged by this Mr. Brett went on to translate the Gospels, and other parts of the Bible. It was a long and difficult task, and one that took many years to complete; though Cornelius and a sister-in-law of his did all in their power to help, and some of the school children knew enough by this time to be of real use to Mr. Brett.

Troublesome though the work of translation had been, Mr. Brett must have felt rewarded for all the pains he had taken, when he saw the delight of the old people at being able to read the Gospels in their own language. As to Cornelius, he was never tired of reading our Lord's parables; and chapters like St. Matthew xiii. he would read over and over again, though he must have known them almost by heart.

Unfortunately the Indians of British Guiana do not all speak the same language. Each tribe or division has a language of its own, and the Indian of one tribe does not understand the language of another kind of Indian, any more than an Englishman would understand the language of a Welshman.

Some among them knew a very little English, and the children were all taught English thoroughly as soon as ever they came to school. Still Mr. Brett found that it was impossible for him to make friends with the old people until he could speak their language, and there were four quite different languages spoken by the Indians round about the mission. Four new languages to be learned! Here was a task that needed much patience and perseverance!

On Saturdays there was no school, and Mr. Brett would often take Cornelius or some of the elder school-boys, and go up the river in his canoe to pay a visit to some distant Indians, and to make fresh friends.

On one such visit he was very warmly welcomed by the chief, and invited to join in a feast of bread and crabs. As they had already had a meal of crabs earlier in the day, Mr. Brett would have declined, but his companion explained to him that it would be thought very bad manners if he refused, and that if he could eat no more, he must at least carry away with him what was offered!

One of Mr. Brett's visits was to a tribe of Indians living higher up the river. They were known to be the wildest and fiercest Indians in the district, and

in bygone days there had been quarrels between them and Cornelius' countrymen.

Now, however, the Christian Indians wanted these old quarrels to be forgotten; and several of them would willingly have gone with Mr. Brett to try and persuade their former enemies to come down to the mission; but Mr. Brett thought it safest to take with him only three or four of the elder boys to paddle the canoe, and with them he started off on his journey.

By noon they reached the first settlement, where they found several women. Wild-looking figures they were, with their almost naked bodies smeared all over with red paint and ornamented here and there with blue spots. The women could not understand much of what Mr. Brett said, but they understood that he was seeking the master of the settlement; and calling to a man who was standing at a little distance, they bade him guide the strangers through the woods to the house of the chief.

When they got there they found that the old chief had left home with his son and most of the men of the village. There were three men left, however, one of whom spoke a little English; so sitting down among them, Mr. Brett began to tell them how the good people in his own country had sent him over the great sea to teach the Indians how they might please the Great Spirit, and be taken to live with Him after death.

They listened attentively; and when Mr. Brett begged them to come down next Sunday to the

mission and hear more, they made answer that they had no boats, but that when their captain came back they would tell him all that had been said.

Mr. Brett spent two or three days longer in this part of the country. When he got back to the mission the first question of the Christian Indians was, "Did you get any of them?" and Mr. Brett was pleased to see that they were anxious the good news should be made known to others as well as to themselves.

Three weeks passed, and the strangers had not been heard of, but one Sunday morning the chief and some of his men appeared at church. Next week a still larger number came, and by and by many of them became regular attendants, and some of them brought their children to the school.

About this time it was decided to remove the mission from the river-side to a piece of ground upon the slope of a hill. This was a great change for the better, for here they were not tormented with insects of all kinds as down by the river, and, besides, the situation was drier and more healthy.

It is almost impossible for any one who has not lived among forests to have any idea of the discomfort caused by the insects. Among the most annoying are the mosquitoes, whose sting is much worse than that of a gnat. At one place on the river where Mr. Brett tried to start a mission the Indians were fairly driven away by the mosquitoes; another spot was then chosen, where there were no mosquitoes, and a little wooden chapel was put up there. But

though there were no mosquitoes, there were ants—white ants—and in a very short time these busy little workers had so eaten into the boards of the chapel, that it was necessary to pull it down and build a new one. Before long that too was destroyed by the ants; and by the end of another seven years they had actually made the third building good for nothing! A fourth has now been built, which it is hoped the ants will leave alone.

Wasps are also plentiful, but wasps and mosquitoes and ants, though very annoying and painful, are not dangerous, like the snakes, which lie hidden in the path or the house, and will often inflict their deadly sting before they are discovered. Mr. Brett was once going to put his hand into a boxful of papers, when an Indian boy who was beside him cried out "Snake!" When the box was turned over, the poisonous creature darted out, and glided along the school-room floor, but before he could make his escape the boys managed to kill him with their sticks.

Another gentleman was trying to draw on his boot which was stiff and shrunk with the rain. He could not get it on, and it was well for him that he could not, for a little while afterwards there dropped out of it an ugly, black scorpion, whose bite would have been most dangerous.

As many of the mission churches in Guiana are built, for the sake of coolness, without doors or windows and open at both ends, the services are not infrequently interrupted by visits from creatures of some sort or another, now it may be a stinging

centipede who has settled upon the clergyman's surplice, and must be got rid of, now it is some large beetle crawling about, or a wasp who has built her nest under the reading desk, and keeps flying in and out; or, worst of all, it may be a snake which has hidden itself in the pulpit, and comes swiftly gliding across the floor. The moment he is caught sight of, the women seize hold of their children, and climb up on to the benches: the men and boys arm themselves with hats, shoes, sticks, or anything that is at hand, to throw at the hateful visitor, and then all is confusion till the snake is killed. It may sometimes happen that the snake was quite a harmless one, but when the Indians see a snake they try to kill him at once, without stopping to ask whether he is dangerous or not.

The houses that the Indians built for themselves at the Hill were much better both inside and out than those they had formerly been content to live in. They were learning, too, to dress themselves neatly and to wash and mend their clothes, but it was not by these outward signs alone that it could be seen they were gaining good from the lessons they had been taught.

Some of you may have heard of the terrible Irish famine that happened about thirty years ago. When the Indians of the Hill were told of the distress of the poor people in Ireland they wanted to send them some of their food, but it was explained to them that food could not be carried such a long distance across the sea. The Indians themselves were very

poor just at that time, for they had suffered from a severe drought, but when Cornelius heard of the wants of the starving Irish he went and brought a large part of some money which he had lately earned on purpose to buy clothes for himself and his family. Others followed his example, and more than ten pounds was collected by the Indians, who showed by their readiness to give that they were beginning to feel the truth of those words of our Lord Jesus—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Twenty years passed. Cornelius was growing an old man, when Mr. Brett was obliged by illness to go home for a time to England. Cornelius went with him to the coast to see him off; there were tears on the old man's cheeks as he wished his friend good-bye. "Cornelius," said Mr. Brett, "if God spare me, I hope to return and see you again." "Yes," he answered, "you say you are coming back, and you will. And you will meet me again by and by,—but not here. In this world I shall see your face no more."

And he spoke truly. Early in the following year (1868), a few months before Mr. Brett returned, the good old man was taken to his rest. "Great was the sorrow," says Mr. Brett, "of all connected with the mission; for every one loved him. He seemed to belong to *all*, and all felt that a good man had been taken away from them."

Two years afterwards some friends in England sent out a bell for the mission church, upon which are engraven the words—"In memory of Cornelius, the first Indian convert to Christ in the Pomeroon dis-

trict." This bell has been rung ever since by one of Cornelius' sons, and Mr. Brett hopes that the duty will always be performed by some one of his descendants, who will thus do in another way the work Cornelius did for twenty-eight years, that of calling his countrymen to worship God.

It is now more than forty years since Mr. Brett first went out to British Guiana, and wonderful indeed has been the change that has taken place among the Indians in that time. Among no tribe has the change been more wonderful than among those poor ignorant Indians whom Mr. Brett tried so hard to make friends with first of all. In those days they used to answer to everything, "I do not understand," and at one time Mr. Brett wrote of them in his journal: "All my efforts are of little use." But suddenly, when it was least expected, they came down to the mission, asking to be taught, and now they, too, have become Christians, and their children are being brought up as Christians, instead of as little savages.

Another missionary has come to take Mr. Brett's place at the Hill; but Mr. Brett still lives not very far away, at Georgetown the capital of British Guiana, and from time to time he comes down to visit his old friends; examines the children in their nice, orderly school, and joins in the earnest, joyous services at the mission church.

From other missions in British Guiana the same encouraging accounts are brought. Indians from distant parts of the country come pressing down;

entreating to have a teacher sent to them. The missionary who was sent in answer to one of these prayers, found that nearly his whole time was spent in holding classes and teaching the eager Indians, who kept pouring in from all the country round.

Towards the close of 1880 one thousand three hundred and ninety-eight Indians were baptized at once in this place by Mr. Pierce, the missionary who had been sent down to teach them. They were baptized in the open air, by the river-side, and as each one came up out of the river a white robe was thrown over him, as a sign of the inward purity that all true Christians must seek for.

God grant that these Indians may be true to their baptismal promise, that so they may overcome, and that Christ may one day say of them, "They shall walk with Me in white—for they are worthy."

Note.—Since the above was written, news has reached England that in descending the falls of the great river Essequibo in October 1881, the boat in which Mr. Pierce was travelling was upset, and he himself drowned, with his wife, his two daughters and a son. The only one of the party who was saved was a boy of eleven.

The loss to the mission will be a terrible one; yet even in the midst of the great sorrow, we may rejoice in the thought that the last year of Mr. Pierce's life must have been filled with glad thankfulness, as he was allowed to see the "windows of heaven" opened, and so rich a blessing poured down upon his labours.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BURIED SEED, OR ALLEN GARDINER'S WORK IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"I was given a seed to plant, and when most I loved it, I was bidden to bury it in the ground; and I buried it, not knowing I was sowing."

—JAMES HINTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

*THE BURIED SEED, OR ALLEN GARDINER'S WORK
IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THE story I am now going to tell you is full of sadness, and yet it is not altogether sad, for often we find it true that out of disappointment comes blessing; out of sorrow, joy; out of death, life.

South America is not a part of the world of which we very often hear. Of one country of South America, British Guiana, you have already heard. That was in the north, and now we are going down to the far south, to the famous "Cape Horn," the most southerly point of America.

I should have liked on our way to have taken you down the sea-like Amazon, the grandest river of the world, to have wandered with you through the great forests—those forests from which we get all the india-rubber and elastic of which we make so much use.

I should have liked to have told you of the missionaries who make their homes in this little-travelled part of the world, in order that they may make friends with the shy, half-savage Indians, and train their children up to be Christian men and women;

but our journey has been a long one already, and now it must soon be coming to an end.

If you look closely at the map you will see that Cape Horn belongs not to South America itself, but to one of a number of islands that go by the name of *Tierra del Fuego*. It is of a mission to these bleak, mountainous islands that I am going to tell you. But before I describe to you the islands or the people who live in them, I must tell you a little about Captain Allen Gardiner, a man whose name can never be forgotten by those who know about missionary work in *Tierra del Fuego*.

When Allen Gardiner was a boy, it was his great wish to be a sailor and to travel all over the world. Once when he was quite a little fellow he was found asleep on the floor instead of in his bed, and when he was asked his reason for choosing such a sleeping-place, he replied that he wanted to accustom himself to hardships. Finding in some book of travels a list of African words, he wrote them down, thinking they might be of use to him some time; and so, in one way and another he tried to prepare himself for the kind of life he had chosen.

He was not quite sixteen when first he went to sea; and for sixteen years more we hear of him sailing all over the world, visiting many different countries, and among them South America. The time was now come when Captain Gardiner might, if he had wished it, have settled down quietly at home, but his love of travelling was still as strong as when he was a boy.

There was another reason too which made him not content to remain at home; his heart was full of love to God. While he was at sea, he had tasted for himself and seen "that the Lord is gracious," and now he could not rest till he had led others to share in his happiness. The thought that in many of the beautiful lands through which he had travelled there were children of God scattered abroad, living in misery and sin, ignorant of their Heavenly Father and of Him who died that He might gather them together in one; this thought filled Captain Gardiner with sorrow, and made him determine that the rest of his life should be spent as a missionary to the heathen.

He did not neglect other ways of doing good, and while living on shore at Brighton, he used to visit the poor, and to read aloud the Bible on Sunday afternoons to those who would listen to him in the poor, bad lodging-houses; but the fixed purpose of his life was to be a missionary.

His brave wife was as ready as her husband to give up home and home comforts, and go wandering all over the world for the sake of helping him in the work he had bound himself to. She and his children shared in many of the long, rough journeys by land and sea, journeys which, in spite of all discomforts, were made bright by the father's loving, happy, courageous nature. He would take them with him as far as it was possible, and then leave them in some safe place, while he himself pressed boldly on into more dangerous parts.

Captain Gardiner was a man who never undertook anything without earnest prayer to God beforehand to guide and strengthen him. In one of his papers there is a beautiful prayer, written by him when he was at sea just at the beginning of his missionary journeys. In it he prays, "Lord, make me cheerfully to give up all, and to follow Thee. Thou, Lord," he says, "hast put it into my heart to devote myself to the service of the heathen," and he prays that if it be God's will, he may be able to be of some use, but that if not, he may be kept back from going. "Show me clearly the path of duty; direct me, O Lord, what I should do, and where I should go." And then he asks for grace to persevere: "Having put my hand to the plough, may I never turn back! May Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness!"

Captain Gardiner spent three years in South Africa, partly among the Zulus, the warlike people of whom we have heard so much lately. War broke out and he was obliged to leave the country, not, however, without having done something to make the way easier for missionaries who should come back there later. He then tried to settle among the heathen on some of the islands in the Indian Ocean, but the foreign rulers of the islands would not allow it.

Captain Gardiner's thoughts now turned to the Red Indians of South America. Two or three hundred years ago great part of South America belonged to Spain, just as great part of North America belonged

to England. It was discovered and settled by Spaniards, and most of the white people in South America speak either Spanish or Portuguese.

But besides the white people there are, both in North and South America, dark-skinned natives, "Red Indians" as we call them, the descendants of the men who were living in the land, when first it was discovered. Missionaries have been sent to the Indians of North America, but far less has been done for the Indians of South America. Much more is being done for them now, both by Roman Catholics and Protestants, but in Captain Gardiner's time, there were whole tribes unvisited by any missionary.

It was these poor neglected Indians that Captain Gardiner longed to help, and for ten years he was patiently going about from one part of America to another, and to and from England, seeking in vain to be allowed to settle among some of the Indian tribes, and to collect enough money for the mission.

There was always some hindrance ; either the Roman Catholics made a difficulty, or some Indian chief refused to let him enter his land, or war broke out just as there were hopes that a mission might be started. Then, too, missions cannot be supported without money, and much of Captain Gardiner's time was spent in going backwards and forwards, between South America and England, trying to raise up new friends to take interest in the work, and to give the necessary money.

Captain Gardiner had now tried unsuccessfully to

begin a mission in three different parts of South America—Chili, Patagonia, and Bolivia—and it does not seem that he had made a single Christian. Most men would have been disheartened and given up the work in despair, but with Captain Gardiner “past failures were but a reason for more vigorous efforts.”

He thought of the apostles on the Sea of Galilee, toiling all night and taking nothing, and yet at their Master’s word letting down the net once more; he, like them, seemed to have toiled in vain, “but,” said he, “it will not always be so; the promise, though long delayed, will assuredly come to pass.” We can know no more than St. Peter did, at what time or on what side of the vessel, we are most likely to meet with success, and so, trusting to his Master’s command, Allen Gardiner was ready again to let down “the Gospel net,” and to undertake a fresh mission somewhere else.

He was driven out from the mainland, but in those islands I spoke of, in Tierra del Fuego, he was not likely to be interfered with. These islands were also peopled with Indians, miserable savages indeed they were, yet the “glad tidings of great joy” were to be “to all people,” and ought they not to be told to the Fuegians as well as to others?

The real meaning of Tierra del Fuego is “Land of Fire,” from which you might suppose that it was a particularly hot country. Instead of this it is cold and damp—a country of long winters and short cold summers, a country of snow-covered mountains and of glaciers. Its name of “Fireland” comes from the

signal fires which the natives light when there is any news to be spread through the island, to gather all the scattered people together to one spot. The English sailors always talk of these islands as "Fireland," and the natives as "Firelanders," and perhaps you too may find this name easier to remember than the Spanish words "*Tierra del Fuego*."

From time to time English ships sailed near these islands, and once, before the time at which my story begins, an English captain had landed on one of them, and brought back to the ship with him a little girl, two young men, and a boy whom the sailors called "Jemmy Button," because he was bought for the price of a large pearl button.

These four quickly made themselves at home on board ship, and were quite willing to be taken to England. The strangers were kindly cared for during the two years of their visit, and were taught many things that it was thought might be of use to them afterwards. They learnt quickly, and by the time they were taken back to their own home, they were intelligent, well-behaved young people; very different from the little savages they had been two years before—very different from the rough, ignorant relations to whom they were returning.

There had been some thought of leaving a missionary behind on the islands, and the plan was tried for a few days; but as soon as the ship was out of sight the natives came round the white man, robbing him of his things, and threatening to kill him. It was clear that one Englishman could not safely be

left alone on these islands; and, with a feeling of disappointment, the captain was obliged to sail away, leaving his young Fuegian friends to get on as best they could.

A year later the island was again visited, and Jemmy Button was discovered—very dirty and ragged and miserable, but still able to speak English, remembering English ways, and keeping a very grateful recollection of his kind English friends. It was clear from what Jemmy said, that it would not now be any safer than before to land a missionary on the island, and again the ship sailed away.

Fourteen years passed. Nothing more had been heard of Jemmy and his companions, and no fresh effort had been made to christianize Fireland, when in 1848 Captain Gardiner determined to make the attempt. His plan was to take with him four or five sailors, and to make a settlement upon one of the islands.

The plan was tried, but in less than a week it was plainly seen that it could not succeed.

The moment the white men had turned their backs the natives came down to rob them of their stores. There was no place on the island where they could be locked up, and the little boat they had with them was too small to be used as a store-house.

It was clear that very little could be done without a larger ship, one large enough for the mission-party to live in altogether. With this ship Captain Gardiner thought he would be able safely to go about among the islands; perhaps he might find out

Jemmy Button, and persuade him and some other Indians to come and live on board the mission ship; from them he would learn the language, and then he would be better able to make friends with the unfriendly natives. It was to be, in fact, a floating mission instead of a mission on land.

So the mission party returned to England by the ship that had brought them out, and Captain Gardiner set himself to collect the money that was needed. He found it impossible to get as much as was required to buy the large ship. People were beginning to get disheartened about the South American missions, and Captain Gardiner was obliged to be satisfied with two open boats, much smaller and less convenient than the one he had hoped to get.

Still he was determined to run the risk of going with these, rather than not at all, and he was cheered by finding a little band of men, all as brave and earnest as himself, who were ready to sail with him, and to share all the dangers of this missionary voyage. One of these men was a Mr. Williams, a surgeon, another was a Mr. Maidment, three more were Cornish fishermen, brave religious men all of them, and the last was a carpenter named Erwin. This man had been on the last voyage, and now he offered to go again, "for," said he, "being with Captain Gardiner was like a heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer."

All was in readiness; the mission boats were put on board the ship which was to carry them as far as

Tierra del Fuego, and in September 1850, Allen Gardiner left England for the last time. It was in December that the mission party reached Fuegia. December is the warmest month in these southern lands, yet even now the weather was as cold and dreary as it might be here in February or March.

Very dismal the snowy, sunless coasts looked to the new comers, yet not one among them gave way to any feeling of discouragement: rather they thanked God that He had given them this work to do for Him, and when the ship was surrounded with canoes full of greedy, miserable Firelanders, they looked upon them, not with disgust, but with tender pity, and with a feeling of joy that they had come to bring blessings "so great and so much needed to these poor creatures."

The natives were eager for food and beads, and such presents as they were accustomed to receive from the white men. As long as the ship was there, they behaved peaceably, but there was no knowing what they might do when the mission party was left in their power.

At last the time came for the ship to leave. With anxious hearts the friends must have watched it slowly disappearing. In six months' time they expected to be visited by another ship, but until then they would be quite alone among the natives. They were well supplied with provisions, and it was supposed that they would find plenty of fish (the Firelanders live chiefly upon fish, for their country is too cold to grow corn), and wild birds. Every-

thing seemed to be well planned, and it was thought, that if the natives drove them away from the island near which they had anchored, they would have no difficulty in making their way to some spot where there were no natives, and where they might wait in safety for the coming of the ship.

Their troubles soon began. The ship was hardly out of reach when it was remembered that the store of gunpowder had never been taken off. Without powder the guns were useless, and though there were large flocks of ducks and geese flying over the islands they could take none of them. They were disappointed too in the quantity of fishes. Instead of being plentiful, they were very scarce ; sometimes they were able to buy small ones from the natives ; but the Firelanders refused to tell where they got them from. When he was here before, Captain Gardiner had landed some goats upon this island, and he now went in search of them ; they were gone, killed most likely by the natives.

More than once the mission party were surrounded by angry natives, and were in great danger. Captain Gardiner was one day lying asleep in the boat close to the shore, when he was waked by two natives trying to get into the boat. It was impossible to push off, for the boat had run aground, so Captain Gardiner thought it safest to land. He and his companions stepped out of the boat, and before all the natives knelt down upon the beach and prayed to God to protect them. The natives stood by, silently watching, without attempting to do them

any harm. Some knives and buttons were then given to them, and by-and-by the missionaries got away safely, feeling very thankful for their escape.

A few days later, the natives came again ; this time they carried spears and baskets full of stones, and their whole manner was so threatening that Captain Gardiner thought it best to leave this island (Picton Island, as it is called) and to go and seek a shelter on the south coast of Tierra del Fuego itself, in a little bay called Spaniard Harbour, where there were no natives. He painted upon the rocks of the island they were leaving, "Gone to Spaniard Harbour," and he wrote a letter explaining that they had been driven away by the unfriendliness of the natives.

Day by day their troubles increased. One of their boats was lost in a storm ; their fishing net was carried away by the ice ; and, worst of all, sickness broke out among them, caused by cold and want of food. The best thing perhaps would have been to take their remaining boat and try and reach the Falkland Islands, which are not very far off, and where there were English people living. But in their small boat they dared not undertake the dangerous voyage, and besides, they made sure that in June help would come to them.

The month of June went past, and the ship had not come, and now the men were too weak and ill to think of setting out on a difficult voyage over a stormy winter sea. They could do nothing but wait—wait and trust and hope. Captain Gardiner and Mr. Williams both of them kept journals, so that

we know well the wonderful story of those months of suffering.

It was winter, and from time to time the ground was covered with snow. Their only shelter was the boat, covered in with a tent, and a cave a mile or more distant from the boat, which half the party made use of as a hut. Already in June their provisions were fast failing; they were becoming daily weaker.

But throughout all their trials there were some things that never failed—their unselfish love one to another, their patience or their faith in God. Not one of the seven murmured; each one tried rather to bear the other's burden, to comfort and to strengthen his neighbour. Captain Gardiner himself was constantly going backwards and forwards between the cave and the river where the boat was lying, doing all he could to add to the scanty store of food, and to lessen the sufferings of those who were sick.

"Wait on the Lord," were words often spoken by Allen Gardiner, "wait, I say, on the Lord." Much of his time was spent in prayer, not only for themselves that they might be content to do God's will, and to trust Him in all things, but also for the poor Indians whom he had so longed to help.

There is a paper written by him on his birthday, in which he says: "I pray that Thou wouldst graciously prepare a way for the entrance of Thy servants among the poor heathen of these islands . . . and should we even languish and die here, I

beseech Thee to raise up others, and to send forth labourers into this harvest."

There are many such prayers for Tierra del Fuego to be found among Captain Gardiner's papers. The wants of the mission were never forgotten by him. While he was living in the cave he wrote a number of directions, showing how South America might best be helped, and the Indians christianized, and in his last letter to his wife we find him repeating his earnest wish that the work in "poor Fuegia" may be steadily gone on with. "Missionary seed has been sown here," he wrote, "and the gospel message ought to follow."

Captain Gardiner's birthday (June 28th) was marked by the death of one of the three fishermen, the first break in the little band.

And now I must hasten to the end of this sorrowful story, which some day I trust you will read in full for yourselves. There had been some mistake about the ship: July and August passed, and still it did not come. By the end of August two more were dead—Erwin the carpenter, and another of the three Cornishmen. "Thus," writes Captain Gardiner, "one and another of our little missionary band are gathered by the Good Shepherd to a better inheritance, and higher and more glorious employment."

The four who were still left were so weak that they could no longer walk backwards and forwards between the port and the cave. While his strength lasted, Mr. Maidment tenderly nursed and waited upon the sick. For the sake of saving him trouble,

Captain Gardiner was anxious to move down to join the others at the river, but he found himself not able to walk, or to rise from the place where he lay. His faithful companion did not return to him, and from this he felt sure that he must be dead.

For five days Captain Gardiner lay there alone, without food or drink. Day by day he still wrote in his journal words of thankfulness and praise for his freedom from bodily pain, and for the heaven-sent peace which filled his mind. His last writing was a short letter to Mr. Williams—who most likely was already dead when this letter was written—to tell him of his belief that their dear friend Mr. Maidment was also dead. “Doubtless he is in the presence of His Redeemer whom he served so faithfully,” wrote Allen Gardiner, and joyfully he himself looked forward to the time when all their “little company” should have been “called home” to be for ever with Christ. This letter was dated September 6th, 1851, the very day, most likely, of his death—the day on which his long sufferings were ended.

Six weeks later the hoped-for ship came to Spaniard Harbour, directed there by the words painted on the rocks at Picton Island. The mission boat was found, and soon the sorrowful story was all too plain. The sea beach was scattered over with books and papers and tools belonging to the mission party, and among other things was picked up Captain Gardiner’s well-worn Bible, that which had been his “comfort in his trouble.”

Though the books and papers had been lying for

so long in the rain and damp, they were happily not much the worse. The officers who had come on shore "cried like children," as they read of those months of patient waiting for the ship that never came, and as they looked upon the sorrowful sight around them. The books and papers were carefully collected, and taken home for the friends in England.

The news of the death of these seven brave men filled all hearts with reverent sorrow ; but when the journals and letters were read, those who loved Allen Gardiner most felt that their love and admiration for him could best be shown by fulfilling his dying wish, and sending out a new mission to Tierra del Fuego.

A missionary ship, just such as Captain Gardiner had wished for, was built, and named, in memory of him, the *Allen Gardiner*. Instead of trying to settle on any of the savage islands belonging to Fireland itself, it was determined to let the mission be at the Falkland Islands, those islands belonging to England that I told you about. Here there were no savages to be afraid of, a village might be planned with its church and schools, its gardens and farms, and here natives of Tierra del Fuego, three or four at a time, might be persuaded to spend a few months, and then be taken back to their own homes, just as Jemmy Button was.

Jemmy Button had not been forgotten all this while ; the friends of the mission often wondered what had become of him, and the Captain of the *Allen Gardiner* was told to try and find out whether he was still alive. So the *Allen Gardiner*

sailed close to the island where it was thought most likely that Jemmy would be found. The English flag was hoisted, and soon two canoes were seen coming towards the ship.

When they got near, the Captain called out, "Jemmy Button, Jemmy Button," and to his surprise and delight, a man in one of the canoes stood up and shouted out, "Yes, yes, James Button." He was quickly taken on board, and strange it was to see this naked savage—for in appearance he was no better than the rest of the natives—shaking hands heartily with all the sailors, and to hear him speaking to them in broken English; clothes were given him, and he was soon sitting at dinner, handling his knife and fork quite properly, and asking eagerly for all his old friends in England.

Here was this man, who had been living for more than twenty years among savages, never seeing or hearing a white man, still remembering much of the language and the customs that he had been taught when he was on a visit to England, more than three and twenty years ago. He was a boy then, he was a middle-aged man now, but he still recollected all the kindness that had then been shown him, and, what was even more remarkable, he had taken the pains to teach his wife and children all the English he knew.

Three years later the island was again visited, and this time Jemmy was persuaded to come with his wife and three children, and spend the winter at the mission station. From the Buttons the mission-

aries managed to learn a good deal of the Fuegian language, though it must be owned that they did not get on so fast with Fuegian as their visitors did with English. Jemmy soon fell back into clean and orderly ways; he was very polite, and indeed the whole family behaved so well, that the missionaries were quite sorry to part with them when the time came for them to go back home.

One of the missionaries spent a month with Jemmy on his own island, and when he left he had no difficulty in persuading five natives (three of them with their wives) to come and pay a visit to the Falkland Islands. The new visitors spent ten months at the mission. They were industrious and well behaved; behaved reverently in church, and learnt to say their prayers morning and evening.

And now the missionaries were encouraged to think that the time was come, when they might venture again to try and set up a mission in Tierra del Fuego itself. When therefore they brought back their visitors they landed with them.

For a time all went well, and the natives seemed to be perfectly friendly. One Sunday, the sixth day after their arrival, the whole party, belonging to the ship—the Captain, Mr. Phillips the missionary, and all the sailors except one—went on shore to hold service. As they were in the middle of singing “From Greenland’s icy mountains” they were suddenly attacked by the natives, and every one of them murdered. There was no one to help them, for Jemmy Button does not seem to

have been present, and the young men who had been at the Falklands, had no power to prevent the cruel deed, though both they and the women who had been with them were full of grief at it and cried bitterly.

One of these young men was very anxious to go back again to the Falklands, and he and his wife were so much in earnest about it that the captain who came to fetch away the missionary ship agreed to take them back. For some time they were the only natives at the mission. They had openly put themselves on the side of the Christians and the white men, and having taken this step they never went back from it. Day by day those who watched them noticed an improvement, not in their learning and their work alone, but in their whole character, and with thankfulness they observed little signs which led them to hope that this young husband and wife were really trying to please God.

It was indeed sorrowful news that for the second time was brought to the friends of the mission; yet even in the midst of their sorrow they were determined that the work should not be given up.

Three years later a new missionary came out from England to take charge of it, a clergyman named Mr. Stirling. As soon as he was able, Mr. Stirling visited Tierra del Fuego, taking with him the young Christian Fuegian, "George," as he was afterwards called.

The natives very well remembered the visit of the *Allen Gardiner* four years before, and now they

thought it had come back to punish them for what they had done. They were very much frightened therefore, until they found that the new comers were speaking words of peace. They sat in their canoes listening attentively to George while he spoke to them from the ship, and invited them to come to the Falkland Islands, where they would be kindly treated and learn to "know about Jesus Christ who died for them." Several were willing to accept the invitation; more indeed than could be taken at one time, and in all ways the visit was very successful.

When Mr. Stirling next went to the island he was well received, but he found the natives very sad. There had been sickness in the island, and nearly every family had lost some one relation. Among those who were dead was Jemmy Button. Poor Jemmy! he had always shown himself a firm friend to the white people, and it is pleasant to know that almost the first Firelander who was baptized was a grown-up son of Jemmy Button's—"Three Boys"—as his father had named him for some unknown reason.

For the next four or five years the school at the Falkland Islands went on very successfully. The *Allen Gardiner* went backwards and forwards, bringing the old scholars back to their homes and carrying back a fresh set to pay a long visit to the mission settlement, where they learnt so much.

But Mr. Stirling could not be satisfied until there was a mission at work among the natives, upon one of their own islands. I told you that this story, though it began so sadly, ended brightly. You have

heard how two attempts to begin a mission in Tierra del Fuego had failed—how the first missionaries died of starvation, and how those who followed them were murdered by the natives. A third trial was still to be made, and now you are going to hear how this last trial succeeded.

The place chosen by Mr. Stirling was in the large island, some way beyond the spot where Captain Gardiner and his companions died. It was in the prettiest part of Tierra del Fuego, in a part that is something like England, with plenty of trees. It was close to the sea, and easily reached by the natives in their canoes. Then too there was grass on which to keep cattle, and in many ways this place—*Ooshooia*, as it is called, seemed to Mr. Stirling very well suited for a missionary village.

He determined to come and spend some months here, in order to get thoroughly acquainted with the people. He had with him several of the young Christian natives who had been living at the Falkland Islands, but except for these he was quite alone; there was no Englishman with him.

The *Allen Gardiner* left him at *Ooshooia*, and was to call for him again at the end of six or seven months. Mr. Stirling could speak the Fuegian language, he was known and trusted by many of the natives, and he was carefully watched over by his own little band of Christian boys. He was in far less danger than Captain Gardiner had been, but now when he felt himself left quite alone among these same natives, he can hardly have helped thinking of

those sorrowful histories of the beginning of the mission to Fireland, and wondering whether he too would have to pass through the same trials. But if any such anxious fears came into his mind, he did not give way to them or let the natives see that they were there.

Very soon after he landed there was a quarrel among some of the natives. Mr. Stirling went up to ask the cause of it, and no sooner was he seen coming near than the dispute was stopped, and the men slunk away, ashamed to have been found quarrelling. Mr. Stirling followed the ringleaders to their huts, and spoke very seriously to them on the sinfulness of such behaviour towards one another.

Mr. Stirling knew very well that the best way of preventing people from quarrelling is to give them plenty to do and to think about. He therefore proposed to the natives that they should help him in outdoor work of all kinds, making ready for the new village. The natives did not know anything about handling the hatchet or the spade, but many of them were willing to learn, and Mr. Stirling was able to teach them; and then, too, the boys who had been at the Falkland Islands were able to be of a good deal of use.

Work was begun very early in the morning; between seven and eight o'clock all who liked used to meet at Mr. Stirling's little wooden hut for prayers and catechizing. A hymn was sung and a chapter of the Bible read, and then some part of the

Creed or the Commandments was taught to the natives, and very simply explained. No one was allowed to come into the hut who was not neat and clean, and those who were known to have broken any of the plain rules that Mr. Stirling had made were punished by being shut out of the hut for a certain time. The good and industrious, on the other hand, were rewarded by presents of food.

In the evening there were prayers again, and then when the work of the busy day was over, when darkness had fallen and all was still around him, the missionary would rest himself by a quiet, lonely walk. "As I pace up and down at evening before my hut," he once wrote, "I fancy myself a sentinel, God's sentinel, I trust, stationed at the southernmost outpost of His great army. A dim touch of heaven surprises the heart with joy, and I forget my loneliness in realising the privilege of being permitted to stand here in Christ's name."

More than twelve years have passed since Mr. Stirling spent those seven lonely months at Ooshooia. Since that time the mission has been going on most successfully. The Christian village which he planned has been built, and is improving year by year, as the Firelanders learn to take more pride in their gardens, and to build themselves neat cottages, instead of the miserable huts or "wigwams" which before they were content to live in.

Until now Mr. Stirling's old wooden hut has been used as the church, but now that there are between one and two hundred Christians in the village, it is

much too small, and a larger and better one will have to be built. They also need a large school-room where they can have entertainments and a magic-lantern during the long winter evenings, and this has just been built. They already have a night school, but some amusement is needed as well as lessons.

You must not suppose that there are no savages now left in the country. Tierra del Fuego is larger than Ireland; there are three different languages spoken in it; and the missionaries in a single village cannot reach all the scattered natives. Before long it is hoped that a new mission will be started in a different part of Fireland.

Yet the blessing of even one Christian village like Ooshooia spreads far beyond itself into distant parts of the island. Natives come from a long way off to buy knives and garden seeds and other things, at Ooshooia. They see the neat houses and grounds of the Christians, and several of them on going home have done their best—though without any one to help or direct them—to imitate what they have seen; and once when one of the missionaries had been giving presents to some of these strange natives, he was quite startled to hear them saying politely, “Thank you, sir!”

A few years ago an English ship was wrecked on the shores of Fireland. In the old times the natives would have most likely murdered the unhappy strangers; certainly they would have robbed them of their goods. But the lessons of kindness and honesty

taught at the mission had not been altogether thrown away upon these poor natives. They did all they could to help the shipwrecked people, and sent at once to Ooshooia to tell Mr. Bridges, the missionary there, what had happened.

When our Queen heard how well these Firelanders had behaved and how honest they had been, she sent a message to say how much pleased she was, and the English Government sent Mr. Bridges money to buy food and clothing for as many of the natives as he thought deserved to be rewarded. The natives were all sent for, and told to come to Ooshooia on a particular day.

Before giving away the presents Mr. Bridges made a little speech explaining what they were given for, and then there were games and races, followed by the magic-lantern, which the visitors thought very wonderful indeed. The Christians of Ooshooia made their guests very welcome, and instead of envying them their gifts one or two spoke of the pleasure they felt in seeing them made so happy.

Yes: these Firelanders are slowly learning to become less selfish, to think of others before themselves. Once when Mr. Bridges and his son were travelling with four or five of the natives from Ooshooia, their stock of potatoes ran short. The natives came to Mr. Bridges and proposed that he and his son should eat all the potatoes, for that they could live upon fish only, and all the fish they caught they shared with the Bridges.

So the work of the mission goes on, not indeed

without some disappointments, yet upon the whole happily, and so as to make all who are interested in it feel glad and thankful. Mr. Bridges, the clergyman who now has the care of Ooshooia, has had to do with the mission for more than twenty-five years.

He knows the Fuegian language well, and he has lately had the happiness of translating the Gospel of St. Luke into Fuegian, so that those of the Firelanders who have not yet learned to read English have now one part at least of the Bible in their own language. Mr. Bridges has a strong band of helpers working with him, and we hear of mothers' meetings and sewing-classes, day-schools and Sunday-schools—always something new being planned for the good of the people.

Mr. Stirling is no longer at Ooshooia. He has been made a Bishop, and has to spend his life in travelling about by sea or road or river all through South America, and visiting all the missions: for the work in South America is spreading fast; instead of only one mission to the Indians there are several in different parts of this great continent, from Tierra del Fuego in the south as far as the river Amazon in the north.

And so Allen Gardiner's dying prayer has been richly answered—his prayer that "whether by life or death the Lord his God might be glorified in him." His work seemed to fail, he seemed to die without having done anything; but the story of his patience, his sufferings and his death, stirred up others to

follow in his steps, and to carry on the work which he tried to begin.

“One soweth and another reapeth.” Allen Gardiner was chosen of God to be the sower. The seed he cast into the ground was lost for a while: “it died,” as our Lord says, but out of such death life springs, and the buried seed has brought forth “much fruit.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

FELLOW-HELPERS TO THE TRUTH.

“It is the will of God to take us for His own fellow-workers. . . . The conversion of the world is the will of Christ, and therefore it is our bounden duty and service. Duty, do I say? Say rather that it is our joy and privilege to be allowed to be fellow-workers with God.”

—BISHOP SELWYN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FELLOW-HELPERS TO THE TRUTH.

AT last we have finished our journey. We have visited some few of the hundreds of mission stations scattered over all parts of the world. We have been in Greenland, and in the Islands of the South ; in China, and on the shores of Western America. We have seen how Christ's command is being fulfilled in north and south, in east and west.

And the more we know of heathen countries—of their false, imperfect beliefs, their cruel customs, the more we feel the need for Christ's holy religion ; the more we understand the meaning of those words, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."*

Missionaries are God's messengers, sent to prepare His way before Him. The service to which they are called is a glorious one, for it is God's own service, but it is, as we have seen, full of difficulties and dangers and disappointments. Again, Christ's missionaries are like soldiers sent out into a distant country to fight a hard and never-ending battle. Often they

* Romans x. 15.

are ready to say with St. Paul: "We are troubled on every side;" but with him they add, "yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." * *Not forsaken*—for they are working and fighting in God's cause, and He never fails them who serve Him.

But now for those who live at home in happiness and in comfort, is there nothing they can do to help Christ's messengers, to lessen their cares and anxieties, and to cheer them in their work? Have those at home no part in the fulfilling of the command? There are three ways in which all may help: three things which all may give—*money, work, prayer*.

And yet there is one gift that must go before any of these three. In one of his letters † St. Paul tells how the Christians of Macedonia, though poor themselves, gave money, out of their "deep poverty," to help the starving Christians at Jerusalem. All the money they could spare they gave joyfully; but first of all, and best of all, they "gave their own selves to the Lord." This is the gift that God values the most, and those who have not begun by bringing this gift will find that their interest in missionary work soon grows cold; for unless people know and love God themselves, they cannot be very earnest in wishing that others should know and love Him.

Those, however, who are really anxious to help the missionary cause may do so, as I have already said, in three ways—by money, by work, and by prayer.

MONEY. Those who have already tried the experi-

* 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9.

† 2 Cor. viii. 1-6.

ment, know well that a small sum regularly given—say once a week, for a whole year—comes in the end to a good deal. As the old Scotch proverb says, “Many a little makes a mickle,” and side by side with this proverb we may put our English saying, “Every little helps.”

But after all, let each one remember that God looks to the giver rather than to the gift. It is the cheerful giver that He loves, and so long as there is first “a willing mind” the gift is “accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.”

WORK. Another way in which we may help missions is by working for them. We may make clothes and prepare little presents to send out for the children in some mission school or orphanage, or we may week by week direct and post some illustrated newspapers for the use of the missionary’s own family. Gifts such as these gladden the heart of many a hard-working missionary, for they are signs to him that there are “fellow-helpers” at home who remember him in his loneliness, and are ready to give, not money only, but time and thought and trouble.

We see in St. Paul’s Epistle to the Philippians, written when he was a prisoner at Rome, how much he had been touched and comforted by the loving care shown for him by his friends at Philippi. Several times these faithful friends had found the opportunity of sending him presents and supplying his wants, and St. Paul, in tenderly thanking them for all their love to him, rejoices in what they had done, for their

sakes as much as for his own; knowing well that there is no greater happiness than to have the will and the power to do good and to help others.

PRAYER. Again, we may help missions by praying for them. St Paul, in another of his letters, to the Christians at Corinth, speaks of a great trouble he had passed through, and tells them that though they had been far away from him, yet they had been helping him by their prayers—"Ye also helping together by prayer for us." *

Constantly in his letters he mentions his friends' prayers for him; and in writing to the Thessalonians he specially asks them to pray "that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified." † They are to pray, that is, that all hindrances may be taken out of the way, so that he may be able to preach and teach freely, and that by God's blessing the word spoken may reach the hearts of his hearers, and bring forth in them rich fruit.

Every day of our lives, morning and evening, we use a true missionary prayer, when we repeat those words of our Lord's, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." The verse we sing so often in church, "That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations," is another missionary prayer; and indeed the Bible is full of passages which may easily be turned into prayers for the heathen, and for those who are working among them.

* 2 Cor. i. II.

† 2 Thess. iii. I.

And how great is the need for earnest, untiring prayer! Even those who care most about missionary work are sometimes tempted to be discouraged when they see how slowly the work goes on; how large a part of the world is still sitting in darkness even after the light has been shining upon it. They long to see the reward of all their work, and to have an answer to their prayers; and there are always people ready to tell them that they are hoping for what can never happen.

But Christ's servants, however sad and weary they may sometimes feel, strengthen themselves with the thought that Christ has foretold a time when "the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever;"* a time when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."†

One brave missionary dies at his post, and another steps forward to take his place. "God buries His workers, but carries on His work." Some have laboured for a lifetime and have seemed to labour all in vain, but at last the blessing, so long waited for, comes, and comes abundantly.

This it is which keeps Christ's missionaries—keeps all who are "fellow-helpers to the truth"—from losing hope: they know that they are upon God's side, "workers together with God;"‡ and knowing this, they know too that their work cannot have been in

* Rev. xi. 15.

† Hab. ii. 14.

‡ 2 Cor. vi. 1.

vain, cannot have been a failure ; and so they can look forward hopefully to the time when the command shall have been perfectly fulfilled, and when missions shall be needed no longer, because “all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest.” *

* Heb. viii. 11.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP MISSIONS.

“What time the Saviour spread His feast
For thousands on the mountain's side ;
One of the last and least,
The abundant store supplied.

“‘There is a lad—five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain :—but what are they,
Where hungry thousands be?’
Nay, Christ will find a way.”

—KEBLE'S *Lyra Innocentium*.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP MISSIONS.

THE subject of missions to the heathen is one in which children readily learn to take an interest. Missionary history has in it an element of adventure and romance which at once excites their interest and sympathy. But such impressions, however genuine, are in their nature passing, and unless they are transformed into active deeds of helpfulness, they quickly fade away.

If, on the contrary, the little listeners are taught that they too have their part to do in the fulfilling of their Master's command, their interest in missionary work will most probably become a permanent one: for any cause for which we have worked grows naturally dear to us.

One plan which has been found to work well has been for the children of a family, a school, or a missionary class to unite in supporting a child in some mission school. Both the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Coral Missionary Society * now have on their lists a certain number of schools in which the practice is followed of opening separate funds for the support of individual children.

Any persons wishing in this way to become responsible for the maintenance of one particular child, should write to the secretary of either of the societies,

* See page 532.

stating to what part of the mission field their help is to be given, and whether to a boy or to a girl. The secretary will then put them into communication with some missionary, or it may be the superintendent of some missionary orphanage, who will furnish the intended supporters with all particulars concerning the child assigned to them, and will from time to time supply them with reports concerning the progress of their little protégé.

In some schools the naming of the child rests with its supporters. Thus we have in a West African school an "Andrew Manitoba," so called from the children of St. Andrew's Church in Manitoba, by whom he is supported. Such a bond of association between Canada and West Africa is not perhaps without interest, and may serve to deepen in the hearts both of the benefactors and the benefited a sense of Christian brotherhood. This choosing of the name is a privilege which the home children delight to exercise, but it may be doubted how far the unfamiliar names bestowed on them are welcome to the little possessors.

The sum required varies according to the general cost of living, from £10 in Canada to 70s. in the orphan schools of South India. In South Africa the cost is about £6; in North India about £4, 4s.

One of the best channels for help of this description is the "Coral Fund Society," a little organisation working in connection with the Church Missionary, and which may fairly be described as the Children's Missionary Society. As its name implies, it seeks to

accomplish great ends by the combination of countless tiny efforts perseveringly continued.

Each of the mission stations upon its list is represented at home by some clergyman or lady who undertakes to give information concerning it, to receive subscriptions, and at stated times to send out parcels of clothing, &c. ; all these co-helpers being united under the superintendence of the editor of the "Coral Mission Magazine." In one mission school alone in South India more than thirty girls are supported by the Coral Fund, as well as a certain number of boys. In one or two cases the money raised by Sunday schools is devoted to the maintenance of an extra catechist in an over-large district ; sometimes it is given to the redemption of a poor slave child ; or, it may be, to the building or restoration of a church in some particularly struggling station. Thus the society seeks to make known, and as far as possible to supply, the special needs of each mission upon its list.

In addition to the reports furnished privately to the various supporters, a general account of the work done by the Society is published monthly in a little penny periodical, called "The Coral Magazine." * All inquiries respecting the Coral Fund should be addressed to

The Editor of the "Coral Magazine,"
Church Missionary House,
Salisbury Square,
London, E.C.

* Publishers : Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

Some people object to this plan of supporting individual children on the ground, that by concentrating their interest on a single mission school they are narrowing the sympathies of the little givers. To this it may be answered that children's sympathies are naturally with what is individual rather than with what is abstract: the weekly penny is more readily dropped into the box for the orphan child at Madras or Amritsar, than for the general fund of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel or the Church Missionary Society. An interest in missionary work once aroused, a starting-point will have been secured, from which it will be easy to work afterwards, and indefinitely to enlarge the sphere of interest.

With older or more educated children it might be well to make choice of some one mission (in India, China, Melanesia, or elsewhere), and by the help of geography book, atlas, and any books of travel that may be available, to learn as much as possible of the climate, customs, and religion of the country thus singled out. By these means the children will become familiarised with the geographical names and the various terms they will hereafter meet with in the missionary narratives, and the readings will not have to be interrupted by endless explanations.

The next step is to relate, or else to read out of one of the many published accounts, the general history of the mission up to the present time, or any episode of special interest connected with its founders, as, for example, the lives of the Judsons or Bishop Patteson, or the account of the labours

of the Church Missionary Society at Red River, or in West Africa.

With minds thus prepared, the following up of the fortunes of the mission, from month to month, in the pages of the various missionary magazines, will become a keen delight to the children. The names of the missionary, and of the leading individuals of his flock, will become as familiar to them as though they were friends of their own; they will enter into all the joys and sorrows of the mission, and take a pleasure in doing whatever they can to supply its wants.

The packing of boxes to go out to mission stations is a specially pleasant task when the senders know exactly what kind of article will be the most acceptable, and so have the satisfaction of knowing beforehand that their gifts are sure to be appropriate. Most missionaries are glad to receive, not clothing merely, but useful articles of all sorts for distribution among the school children. Work-bags, needle-cases, pencils, writing materials and the like, are highly prized in many remote mission stations which have to depend for all such supplies upon the home parcels.

Picture books—Bible pictures in particular—and toys are also welcome. Some of the Indian schools are glad of any number of small dressed dolls for prizes, and the Zenana missionaries can generally find a use for bright coloured wool-work mats and slippers, prepared for grounding, this being a description of needle-work very popular in the Zenanas.

Mrs. Hinderer, of whom mention has before been made, speaks of the delight of her little African children at receiving a box of toys from England; but surely in such a case the pleasure of the receivers is hardly equal to that of the givers!

Nothing has yet been said as to the subject of raising money for missionary purposes, and yet when it is considered that over £10,000 of the Church Missionary Society's annual income is derived from juvenile associations, it will be seen that the help given by the children's pence is not insignificant.

The magazine for children published by the Society gives many useful hints as to the manner of collecting, and reports month by month the various plans for raising money and creating a missionary interest that have been found successful by different associations.

The point, however, upon which it wisely lays most stress is that the contribution, however trifling—and thirteenpence a year constitutes membership, and confers certain privileges, according to the rules of the Juvenile Association—should be systematic. It is wished that the money should be saved by the children themselves, not begged from strangers.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more delightful magazine for children than the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor," better known as "The Green Book." For years past the dear old "Green Book" has been a favourite in many a household; of late it has come out in an enlarged form and with more illustrations, but its modest price of one halfpenny still remains unchanged.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is also bringing out a penny series of bright-covered, well illustrated "Missionary Reward Books," which are admirable as little gift-books. Each one is complete in itself, and a child would specially appreciate any one which dealt with a mission or country with which he had been already to some extent made familiar.

Working parties are a very useful part of children's missionary associations, and working parties for girls are not hard to organise; but as the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor" justly points out: "It need not be thought that one-eyed needles, knitting needles and scissors, are the only tools for a working party, and that such a gathering is only 'fit for girls.' Pen, paint-brush, paste-brush and knife are quite as useful; and drawing, painting, illuminating, scrap-book making, and a hundred other kinds of work, can be found to suit boys' fingers."

The work manufactured on these occasions may be disposed of in two ways; either it may be sent out direct to the mission, or it may be sold at home, and the money raised be sent out. For a class of skilful workers who are able to make fancy articles or elaborate clothes for children, the last plan is perhaps the most profitable; but with village-children it is safer to attempt only plain dresses, undergarments, hoods, socks, &c., such as can be made use of in mission schools and orphanages.

In either case the work should be carefully prepared beforehand, so that none of the short time

allotted to the working party may be wasted. It is very desirable also to have some grown-up person in the room, who shall devote herself to superintending the work, supplying needles and cotton, &c.; or if this is impossible, it will save much confusion if some elder child is chosen out for the purpose.

At these working parties it is usual to read aloud some missionary book, but in dealing with a large class of young children it will be found easier to arrest their attention by speaking to them rather than by *reading*. Frequent references to the map, and constant questioning, keep the children from growing wearied and inattentive, and impress what is taught upon their minds.

Further variety may be introduced by teaching the words of some appropriate hymn, to be sung at the close of the meeting. The class should in no case last longer than from an hour to an hour and a half: the more frequently it can be held the better. For very young workers, not yet expert in hemming and sewing, it is a good plan to have a store of bright coloured wools and coarse knitting needles, and set them to make squares for a counterpane. The squares can be sewn together afterwards, and the quilt when lined will be a very warm one.

It has been suggested that a very good stuffing for these quilts, warm and light, may be made out of the ravellings of cloth, calico, ribbon, &c. Any scraps can be made use of for this purpose, and the unravelling affords capital occupation for boys' fingers.

As regards the scrap-books, which are the grand resource for boys' working parties, they may be of three sorts. Bible scrap-books, general scrap-books (pictures of ordinary English life such as are to be found in "*The Children's Friend*," are very good for this purpose), and missionary scrap-books.

The last would be for home use. Pictures might be cut out of the "*Church Missionary Gleaner*," the "*Illustrated Missionary News*," or other papers, and the description of them written out beneath them by the best writers of the party. How convenient it would be in reading of an Indian wigwam, a Buddhist pagoda, or an African kraal, to have a picture ready at hand to turn to, and how much description and explanation it would obviate!

On this same principle, it is a good thing, wherever it is possible, to show the children any curiosities from distant parts of the world that may bear upon our missionary teaching. A papyrus leaf copy-book from an Indian school; a Chinese book; a pair of chop-sticks—such things as these will delight the children, and very much enliven the lesson.

It is much to be wished that the Church Missionary Society would bring out a new and enlarged edition of its wall map, "coloured according to the religions of the world." The existing map, however, though not perfectly accurate, is yet sufficiently so to be of very great use.

Much of what we learn comes to us almost without our being conscious of it—through the eye. It was the sight of the vast extent of heathenism

marked upon the rude map hanging up over the cobbler's bench, that stirred up William Carey—the father of modern English missions—to devote himself to missionary work. And so it may be that the dreary expanse of black, covering so large a portion of the map of the world, may in the same way impress itself upon the imagination of some child, and inspire him with the earnest determination to do all that in him lies to extend the dominion of the Lord of light and glory.

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